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New York

MIND

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OCTOBER, 1901—MARCH, 1902

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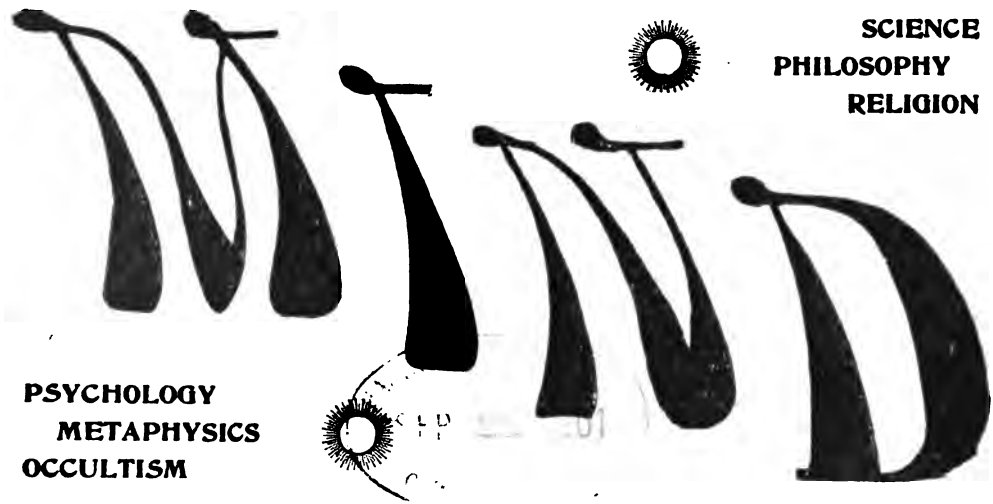

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NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

VOL. IX. No. 1.

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REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

SEP 23 1901

MIND.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 1.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

Objection is sometimes raised against the title, "The New Thought Movement," as the designation of the school of thought and life which MIND represents. There can, however, be no question that our generation is witnessing a newness of thinking which, while not so novel as is ordinarily supposed, is renewing the whole face of the intellectual world and accomplishing the greatest revolution ever experienced in man's outlook upon life.

One aspect of this immensely large subject furnishes the theme of this brief article.

The author of "Robert Elsmere" gave us a brilliant paper, some time ago, entitled "The New Reformation." We may thankfully accept her statement of the fact of the momentous change taking place in theology, as the result of the intellectual renaissance of the nineteenth century; finding in that change a loss of that which is no longer believable, wherein is a recovery of that which is still and always believable—the true faith of the soul. But we need not push on to the conclusions which she drew, as the issue of this change. Her own title confutes her conclusion. It is a New Reformation through which we are passing, a re-formation or re-fashioning of the old theology—not a new formation, much less a mere destruction. It is a movement repeating, on a larger scale, the Reformation in the sixteenth century. The issue of that mighty change was at

the time expected, by timid foes and by over-zealous friends, to prove an utter break with historical Christianity. It proved to be a recrystallization of the old elements of faith, temporarily thrown into a state of flux, in much the same old forms, enlarged and ennobled.

Notwithstanding the vastly greater change now going on, there is good reason to believe that the issue of this New Reformation will be, not the loss of religion, nor yet a wholly new religion, but the old religion purified and evolved, made reasonable and moral.

We have had an unscientific theology and, by reaction, an irreligious science. We may have a scientific theology and thus a religious science. Theology is shedding its skin and preparing to grow a new body—a natural theology. Theology is no longer regarded as an exact science of the divine mysteries, authoritative and final, God's word to man, but as a most inexact science; inexact necessarily, in the grossly imperfect state of man's knowledge; full of the errors and limitations of human speculation—man's thought concerning God. This is an emancipation in itself.

The traditional dogmas of theology prove to be man's more or less crude speculations on mysteries which do not disappear with this age of knowledge, but which still fascinate his mind. He is trying now to retranslate his explanations of those problems from terms of metaphysics to terms of physics and of ethics. He is seeking to re-read his deistic conceptions of the creation into a theistic conception of the universe, and thus to regain that unity of thought in which the antitheses of a mechanical supernaturalism shall be harmonized in a spiritual naturalism.

We have reached a point in the providential leading of man where the path of thought divides. Two broadly marked lines of thinking reach out before the Church—one or the other of which we must follow. Two theologies confront us, by one or the other of which we must shape our faith.

The old theology, as interpreted by many of its champions, teaches that the world was created six thousand years ago, in six days of twenty-four hours each. The new theology teaches nothing whatever about the method of creation. It does not regard itself as called to teach physical science. It accepts from *savants* the generally received theory of evolution, and with it the belief in a vast age of the world and man. It finds in the evolution of a world and of a race nothing more troubling to faith in God and in man's spiritual nature than the old theology used to find in the evolution of each individual out of an embryo indistinguishable, in its earlier stages, from the fœtus of an animal.

The old theology teaches the dogma of original sin—the guilt handed on from the fall in Eden. The new theology translates "original sin" into "the law of heredity," which dowers us to-day with the inherited appetites and passions of the brute man, from the ages past.

The old theology sees in the hereafter two worlds—the one of perfect, unalloyed bliss, the other of hopeless, horrible suffering—into one of which every man passes, immediately, through death, to abide therein forever. The new theology sees in the hereafter all varieties of experience, following upon all varieties of earthly life; each man's lot there being the natural consequence of his character here; the mercy of God enduring forever and the love of God being mighty to save there, as here, unto the uttermost.

The old theology teaches a dogma of divine election, which vindicates the logic of man at the expense of the character of God. The new theology teaches a law of Providential selection, which chooses out the few for the service of the many and calls the elect, not into the position of the petted favorites of the court of heaven, but into the vocation of the servants of the Heavenly Father for all His children.

The old theology sets forth a dogma of sacrifice which sees in Jesus Christ a voluntary victim to propitiate the wrath of

the Father; by his death placing in man's hands a quit-claim from Jehovah for the full payment of all debts of humanity to Him. The new theology sets forth the natural law of sacrifice, which runs through all creation and is an expression of the very heart of God himself; under which individuals and classes and races are all slowly being lifted into the human life divine, as men are found ready to sacrifice time and money and life itself, in the vicariousness of love whose perfect manifestation is in Jesus Christ.

The old theology teaches men to believe in a God outside of Nature, who wound up the mechanism of the universe six thousand years ago, and now occasionally interferes in it, by suspending its laws, in order to attest the mission of his messengers. The new theology teaches men to believe in God as the Spirit indwelling the universe, whose will energizes in its forces, whose mind thinks in its laws, whose nature is imperfectly revealed in Nature, whose character is seen as in an image in man—"Our Father who art in the heavens."

The old theology propounds a dogma of Incarnation which represents God as coming down through space, from somewhere, at a certain moment of history, to embody Himself in a man, whom men vainly tried to think of as being both God and man, being indeed neither very God nor yet very man. The new theology, returning to the original philosophy of the Church, propounds a doctrine of Incarnation which conceives of the Divine Spirit dwelling in the universe, embodied in Nature, ensouled in man, as coming out from within "the abysmal deeps of personality," and so filling one man that "in him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily;"—making him the sacred symbol of the universal reality through which man receives power to become the son of God, a partaker of the divine nature.

The old theology holds a dogma of the Trinity whose historical origin it has forgotten and whose philosophic meaning it has lost; holding it as a hopeless puzzle to the intellect

and a standing menace to faith, to nine-tenths of believers a formula of scarcely disguised tritheism. The new theology lays bare the historical origin of the doctrine in paganism, brings out its philosophic meaning in Christianity, and sees in it the archaic form in which man has ever cast the mystic perception of the threefold mode of being of the one God, who is "above all and through all and in you all;" God as the Absolute Being, transcendent, unknown—the Fount and Spring of being; God as the Immanent Reason of creation; God as the Moral Power manifest in conscience, pushing forward the education of man.

As the practical outcome of theology in life, we have the old theology finding in man no true child of God—partaker of the being of God, begotten out of the substance of the Heavenly Father, endowed with the potencies of the divine life, the heir of God; but a creature made rather than a son begotten, a being separate from the divine being, alien to the divine nature, outside of the divine life; a "child of wrath," a son of the devil—a "totally depraved" being, a thing accursed in creation. The new theology, which finds only one stuff in the universe, finds in man the blood and fiber of the soul of the universe, the substance of God, a being verily "begotten, not made," born out of the innermost being of God, inheriting the powers of his Father, having "dominion" over all things in heaven above, on earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; whose nature is the nature of Deity; who is in that nature good, in the very goodness of God; a being who, as he realizes his heirship, enters upon his dominion and has power over sin and sickness and every curse.

When the process of retranslation is complete, and the average Christian achieves the transition from deism to theism, the new theology will dispossess the old. Then the present painful experiences of doubt will disappear in a religion at once reasonable and reverent, born of the marriage of Science and Faith. That religion will prove no new religion,

but simply a new Christianity—the old religion of The Christ of God.

Then, also, a new ethics will blossom from the new theology; and there will be the new holiness and healthfulness of a New Church, and the new economics of a New State.

Our children will enter into the sweet reasonableness of this New Theology, as their heritage from our stress and strain of soul, and will be at peace—the peace of full-orbed power of life.

R. HEBER NEWTON: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The subject of this sketch was born in Philadelphia, on October 31, 1840. His collegiate education was obtained in the University of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Divinity School. On leaving college he became his father's assistant, first at St. Paul's and later at the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. In 1863 he was called to Trinity Church at Sharon Springs, N. Y., and in 1866 he accepted an invitation to take charge of St. Paul's Church in Philadelphia. His sincerity, earnestness, and broad sympathy, no less than his scholarship and an unusual grasp of the great vital problems that intimately affect society and the individual, soon placed the popular rector in the first rank of the scholarly young men engaged in the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and in 1869 he accepted a call to become rector of the Anthon Memorial Church, afterward rechristened All Souls', New York City.

A number of years ago, when Dr. Newton was being attacked on every side for his advanced views of life and re-

ligion, the writer was deeply interested in everything he could find that tended to bring out the able clergyman's theories. Since then, year by year, he has noted with ever-increasing pleasure that Dr. Newton was not only true to his early ideals but that he had enlarged on them; so that he stands to-day, just as firmly as he did fifteen years ago, in the van of the spiritual and progressive thought of the day.

To know Dr. Newton is both to love and respect him. Gentle and sensitive as a woman, he is withal as courageous as a lion. Having once taken a step perceived by him to be true, no matter what pressure might be brought to bear he would never retrace it. We have many reformers, both spiritual and economic, who are continually trying to "feel the pulse of the people" and to make their utterances accord as nearly as possible with the popular ideas of the day. Such leaders will stifle their own conscientious convictions in order to reap the approval of the high and mighty. But no one can say this of Dr. Newton, who has always seemed to see only the goal before him. Ambition, the approval or disapproval of men, could not swerve him either to the right or to the left.

Of a nature ever desirous of serving humanity whenever and wherever an opportunity is offered, he is careful to render such service in the wisest and best way, because his guiding principle is that of helping others to help themselves. A man of the most generous impulses, he prefers to look for the good rather than its opposite in people. He is thoroughly loyal to his friends—a man who puts truth in advance of creed, and spirituality before form. Browning must have had men of Dr. Newton's stamp in mind when he wrote these lines in "Paracelsus":

> "They grow too great
> For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
> Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
> Rises within them ever more and more.
> Such men are even now upon the earth."

The New Thought movement is fortunate in having this man as one of its leaders. Dr. Newton favored the movement long before it achieved its present popularity. It was with a sense of great satisfaction to thousands who are interested in the advance of the New Thought that Dr. Newton was made President last year of the International Metaphysical League. It required no little courage on his part to accept that office; yet he is beyond doubt the best equipped of any preacher of the present time to accept an office from a body of people looked upon by the Church as perhaps the most heterodox in the Christian world: for this organization does not believe in either creed or form, though it *does* believe in the great essential truths that Jesus taught. To accept such a position brought upon Dr. Newton the inevitable disapproval of many who can see no further than the little theological non-essentials, blinding themselves in thinking that these constitute religion, pure and undefiled.

We could wish that Dr. Newton would write more. His style is clear, forceful, and concise, and it seems regrettable that a man of his literary ability should confine himself so closely to preaching to a single congregation—even if it *is* a large one, and in our largest city—for through his pen he might preach to tens of thousands.

MIND has been more favored than any other periodical with articles from the pen of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, whose contributions have increased the circulation of the magazine and have benefited all its readers. In the present number he briefly outlines the New Theology, making it plain that the old order is rapidly giving place to a new and brighter one. The pessimism, fear, and servility that have degraded the old theology have no place in the new, in which we all are sons of God and joint heirs with Christ. This is part of the real gospel of peace and good will, of glad tidings and great joy, wherein there are health and happiness for all the children of the universal Father.

THE FIRST STEP.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The first step toward a true civilization is to teach woman self-respect; to demand justice, liberty, and equality in all positions in life; to teach lessons of reverence for her to the rising generation. So long as we assign to woman an inferior position in the scale of being and emphasize the fable of her creation as an after-thought—the guilty factor in the fall of man, cursed of God in her maternity, a marplot in the life of a Solomon or a Samson, unfit to stand in the "holy of holies," or in cathedrals, or to take a seat as delegate in a synod, general assembly, or conference, to be ordained to preach the gospel or administer the sacraments—the Church and the Bible make her a football for the gibes and jeers of the multitude.

When such passages of Scripture as the following are read from the pulpit, as coming from the Creator of the Universe, they make woman the mere victim of man's lower passions:

> Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. If they will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church. Let the women learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over a man; for the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man; for Adam was first formed, then Eve.

And yet the Bible itself, in a few grand utterances, in both the Old and New Testaments, denies all this special pleading. In Genesis we find: "God created man in his own image; male and female created He them." Again: "Let them have dominion over all the earth." Here is a simultaneous creation

and woman's equal title-deed to this green earth. And says Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." These great principles are a complete contradiction of all the narrow commands of the apostles.

The Bible gives us, too, some grand types of womanhood: Deborah, commanded to lead the army of Israel—Barak refused to go without her; Huldah, in the college at Jerusalem, teaching jurisprudence and interpreting the "Book of the Law;" and Vashti, who refused obedience to Ahasuerus the king, when he ordered her to unveil her charms in the presence of his reveling court, saying to the messenger, "Go tell your king I will not come." In his tribute to Vashti, Tennyson says:

> "O Vashti! Noble Vashti!
> Summoned forth, she kept her state—
> And left the drunken king to brawl
> In Shushan, underneath his palms."

True, she thereby lost her crown, as the members of the king's cabinet insisted that he must punish Vashti, or all the wives of Media and Persia would be in rebellion against their husbands' orders; so she was dethroned, and Esther reigned in her stead.

Two distinguished Englishmen have given their opinions as to the position of woman under the canon and civil laws. Canon Charles Kingsley has well said: "This will never be a good world for woman until the last remnant of the canon law is civilized from the face of the earth." Lord Brougham, with equal indignation, once said: "The common laws of England for woman are a disgrace to the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century." And yet we have men in high places, born and bred in a Republic, who have no perception of the inalienable rights of the educated woman citizen.

We cannot estimate the widespread demoralization when a man like the Rev. Lyman Beecher Abbott travels to another State to deprive women of their political and civil rights, to person and property, to all those blessings he prizes so highly for himself. It would have been bad enough for Dr. Abbott to have gone before the Legislature of his own State to defraud his own mother, wife, sister, or daughter of justice, liberty, and equality; but to face the highly educated women of Massachusetts, his peers in virtue and intelligence, and in their own capital, under their own flag, to protest against all the most sacred rights of a citizen, is as bad as going into a neighbor's home and denying him an honored seat at his own table. What would Dr. Abbott have thought if he had appealed for the restitution of some sacred right in his own State and Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Ednah D. Cheney, and Alice Stone Blackwell had come in hot haste from Massachusetts to implore the Legislature of New York to deny his appeal? Where did Dr. Abbott get his inalienable rights? Just where they got theirs—in the necessities of their being. They need all these, just as he does, for their progress and development.

These outrages against woman, of daily occurrence, are sufficient proof that she must hold the means of protection in her own hands. We need no further proof of man's inability to establish just government for woman. It is a wild and guilty fantasy to suppose that all woman's interests are safe in the hands of man. Individual conscience and judgment are the foundation stones of republican government and true civilization. If the same respect that the masses are educated to feel for cathedrals, altars, symbols, and sacraments were extended to the mother of the race, as it should be, all these problems would be speedily settled.

One cannot go so low down in the scale of being as to find men who would enter our churches to desecrate the altars, or toss about the symbols of the sacraments, because they have

been educated with a holy reverence for these things. But *where* are any lessons of reverence for woman taught to the multitude? Is not the mother of the race more exalted than sacraments, symbols, altars, or vast cathedral domes?

When good men in Church and State try to suppress outrages on woman they deal only with the evil on its surface, while they should begin the lasting work of securing to her equal honor, dignity, and respect by sharing with her all the liberties they themselves enjoy. To-day in theological seminaries our sons do not rise from their studies of Bibles, creeds, and church discipline for women, with a new respect for the mothers who went to the very gates of death to give them life. Our sons in law schools do not rise from the study of codes, customs, and constitutions with an increased respect for the women of this Republic, who, though citizens, are treated as outlaws and pariahs by our government. In our colleges, where girls are denied equal opportunities for education, the natural chivalry of their brothers is never called forth. The lesson of inferiority is taught everywhere, and in these terrible tragedies of life we have the result of the widespread degradation of woman.

The sentiments of men in high places are responsible for the outrages on woman in haunts of vice and on the highways. The time has come for us to ignore all invidious distinctions of sex, and to place the two great forces in humanity, masculine and feminine, in perfect equilibrium—as necessary for order and harmony in the moral world as is the equilibrium of the centripetal and centrifugal forces in the material world. When woman awakes to the beauty of science, philosophy, and government, then will the first note of harmony be touched; then will the great organ of humanity be played on all its keys, with every stop rightly adjusted: and with louder, loftier strains the march of civilization will be immeasurably quickened.

ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY FRANK ALBERT DAVIS, M.D.

Capital punishment may be said to rest upon a desire for vengeance, regard for the public safety, and the traditions of a by-gone age. But surely vengeance should not belong to civilized man, while history shows that crime in its most hideous forms has ever lurked in the shadow of the gallows-tree, and tradition teaches that the thumb-screw, the rack, and every instrument of torture now rejected with horror were each in its turn defended by the same arguments in days gone by.

This relic of barbarism is a reproach to man's intelligence and civilization, and where still enforced it stands a monument of shame above the tombs of those murdered in the name of the law. Lawmakers have grown to recognize this, and one by one crimes once capital have disappeared from the list, until in most communities murder is the only one now carrying the death penalty. In many places this, too, has given place to imprisonment for life, with the most happy results.

Why this horror of the ages is still tolerated in any civilized land is beyond comprehension, for it is neither practical, scientific, nor moral. To be practical it must lessen the crime for which it is a punishment, and protect communities where it is enforced. That it does the opposite the facts of history abundantly prove.

Cruel laws foster cruelty in the individual, for if human life is not held sacred by the State it cannot be expected to be so held by its citizens. The Reign of Terror in France and the Inquisition offer illustrations in proof of this. During the reign of Henry VIII. it is claimed that over 72,000 persons were put to death in England for various offenses, and that

in one year 1,000 were hanged for poverty alone—while crime stalked everywhere. In those sections of this country where capital punishment prevails, murders have been most frequent and diabolical, while in those States where it has been abolished the crime has been correspondingly less frequent and less hideous in character.

This law is not practical; for the opinion of the most enlightened citizens is overwhelmingly against it, which results in from one-fourth to three-fourths of those drawn as jurors being excused because of conscientious scruples. This often throws the prisoner's fate into the hands of those least qualified to render a just decision, and thus places a premium on unscrupulous ignorance where a higher intelligence should rule. The current of public opinion against capital punishment often renders conviction and execution uncertain, which in itself promotes criminal tendencies. At other times circumstantial evidence or public frenzy brings the innocent to suffer for another's crime. It is claimed that over five hundred *innocent* lives have been sacrificed to this monster in the United States during the last hundred years.

Life imprisonment would largely obviate the evils growing out of the present law and render punishment surer for the guilty and pardon possible for those wrongfully condemned. It is conceded by those conversant with its history that certainty of punishment accomplishes far more than severity of penalty in the prevention of crime, and that death has far less terror for the average lawbreaker than many other forms of punishment, especially imprisonment for life. Therefore, it logically follows that the life sentence would offer greater protection to society than the present cruel law affords.

From a scientific point of view, capital punishment cannot be defended, as evidenced by the attitude of men of science who have given the subject careful study. Physiologists declare that the brains of all classes of criminals show abnormal development, even as those possessing them show abnormal

tendencies. To enlightened medical men crime is but a manifestation of a human brain diseased, and in consequence from medical societies there have come many appeals for the abolition of the capital penalty.

Who can hope to follow the windings of the mental labyrinth hidden in the emotional and ideational centers of the brain of a Jesse Pomeroy and expect to find its beginning or its end? Yet his is but an extreme manifestation of the class to which he belongs. Can any one bring forward scientific proof that a mother will slay her own offspring; that a son will raise his hand against his aged parents; that a husband or a wife will administer deadly drugs to his or her life partner; that a brother will kill his own flesh and blood—*when the mind is in a balanced state?* No; it is only when the mind runs riot —only when mental depravity, fanaticism, anger, or the various forms of insanity hold sway—that such abnormal deeds are committed.

Physically speaking, man is largely the result of heredity and environment; and if these mighty forces, over which he has little control, drag him down to a life of shame, can it truthfully be claimed that justice is done when the State seeks vengeance and destroys his life?

Morally, capital punishment must forever be condemned. It seeks the impossible in asking infallible judgment from fallible men. Its lessons of violence teach men to hold human life at a low estimate. Denying to the individual the right to kill, this monster of the Dark Ages slays in the name of the law. It would stay the assassin's hand by setting before him the unholy example of the hangman's noose and the electric chair.

No intelligent community would recognize the right of two of its members to form a compact that declared, if one violated the agreement, the other, in order to punish the offense, must kill the offender. Nor would the compact be looked upon more favorably if the membership were increased to fifty, one hundred, or one thousand. Yet this is exactly what the State does

when it enforces capital punishment against its citizens; for who can tell what unfortunate one may violate to-morrow the statute to which he agrees to-day, and thus fall a victim to its awful power? Murder thus committed by the State is even worse than that committed by the individual, for no excuse can be offered in its defense that will stand the analysis of logic and reason. It may be called "justice," or by any other name, but it is murder nevertheless.

For centuries the axe has been swinging and the "drop" falling, and hosts of human souls have been hurried into eternity in the name of the law; but there yet remains to be shown any benefit to humanity coming from it all—while great harm and untold suffering have been heaped upon numberless innocent heads. Think of the heart-aches and soul-pains inflicted upon the fathers and mothers, the sisters and brothers, the husbands and wives and children of those whom the law has slain! Why should these innocent ones be forced to suffer the sorrow and odium heaped upon them by this awful curse? How true, indeed, it is that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!"

The voices of eminent men in all walks of life have many times been raised against this evil of the ages. Blackstone says: "Capital crimes increase the number of offenders." Theodore Parker said: "Destroy the gallows and you carry one of the strong outposts of the devil." Gen. Schofield said: "I believe it is generally true that the more experience men have in the sacrifice of human life in battle, the more they shrink from the cold-blooded execution of their fellow-men." Charles Sumner said: "I trust the time is not far distant when Massachusetts will turn from the vindictive gallows, for then, and not till then, will our beloved commonwealth imitate the Divine justice which 'desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live.'" Thomas B. Reed strikes the same chord when he says: "Judges will not charge juries as they would if they knew the man was

to receive a punishment that could be remitted if he were afterward proved innocent."

Those who defend this practise turn to the Bible for authority, and rest their argument on Genesis ix., 6: "Whoso sheddeth the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made He man." But there are eminent scholars who claim that this is a misinterpretation of the original Hebrew, and should read: "Whatsoever *beast* sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be also shed," etc. This interpretation makes the text consistent with the previous one, which declares that man had been given dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. But as it now stands the text is inconsistent; for why should man be killed by man because he is created in the image of God? This view of the case is borne out when we remember that those who figured in early Bible times were not slain by the Divine hand, although many hands were stained with blood; while to us across the ages comes thundering the Divine command: "*Thou shalt not kill.*"

Read the Sermon on the Mount and find, if you can, anything in that wonderful message of love to inspire the shedding of human blood. Or behold the Nazarene writing on the sand, while before him the multitude surged and swayed, clamoring for the blood of the unhappy woman taken in sin; and, as he arose, listen to his voice ringing through all time: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

If this be not enough to prove that the Bible is arrayed against the shedding of human blood by the State, then one should fancy one's self on the brow of Calvary on the day of the crucifixion, where the world's greatest tragedy was being enacted and capital punishment was meted out, beholding the Master with weary limbs stretched on the cruel cross, and, as he raised his eyes toward heaven, hearing his pleading tones: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

TOWARD THE HEIGHTS.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

Why trace again the path thou once hast trod?—
The hand that led thee in it: was it not from God?
Why look in vain regret on wasted hours?—
Were there not also sheaves and gathered flowers?

Why weep with anguished heart o'er vanished years?—
Were there not smiles as well as bitter tears?
Why seek abroad for Pleasure's fabled spring?—
It lies revealed when *thou the cup shalt bring.*

No honest effort e'er was made in vain,
For Justice Infinite the balance holds;
No sympathy was ever lost,—
Thro' it the beauty of the higher life unfolds.

'Tis not the gaining but the seeking that will count
When this small part of life is o'er;
By striving, not attaining, do we climb the heights
While greater heights stretch upward as before.

ANY man is educated who is so developed and trained that, drop him where you will in the world, he is able to master his circumstances and deal with the facts of life so as to build up in himself a noble manhood and be of service to those that are about him. That is what education means; that is what it is for. Knowledge of foreign tongues, a list of historic facts concerning the past, information poured into a man's brain—these things are not education. There are learned fools!—*Rev. Minot J. Savage.*

MAN'S INFINITE POSSIBILITIES.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

In this practical age, positive, exact thought demands scientific evidence or logical demonstration before it will accept speculative deductions. Fondly cherished ideas based on tradition can no longer arrest the attention of the analytical mind. Tacit adhesion to certain formulas of belief has perverted that aspirational investigation which alone can promote the spiritual progress of the race; hence, the corresponding reaction is not to be deprecated but commended. The stagnant waters of thought unrippled by iconoclastic winds tend to impregnate the mental atmosphere with the fogs of miasma, and thus counteract the active energies of healthy stimulation. It is well, therefore, that the commotion of criticism should be exercised in order that we may discriminate between the false and the true.

In enumerating the various marvelous accomplishments of the human mind, as exemplified in our social and industrial operations, we are *apparently* circumscribed by limitations. When we have reached the very acme of mental manifestation surrounding us to-day, we still are unable to transcend the expressions of intelligence displayed in external Nature. The suggestiveness everywhere manifest is positively appalling. Think of the prescience of thought that conceived and involved the innate possibilities of a sunbeam, or a piece of coal! What foreknowledge must have characterized the promoter or promoters of such latent energies that were rendered objective ages ago—while we were in the incipient stages of our spiritual unfoldment! Mark the subdivisions of matter, so called, that intelligence can enlist in promoting the glorious

progress of the race: from the crystal to the planet, from the atom to the sun, from the vibration of an eyelid to the rending of the mighty rocks of earth, from the circumscribed vision of the infant smiling at the mote in the sunbeam to the compass of expression that can comprise worlds upon worlds afar, from the clasping and unclasping of tiny fingers to the controlling of the mightiest cataract to diffuse material light throughout the land!

Truly, "what a wonderful work is a man!" Yet the conservative, orthodox thinker describes him as "a worm, a reptile;" a being "full of bruises and putrefying sores." To maintain in the presence of so unreflecting a mind that man possesses all the attributes and possibilities heretofore ascribed to Deity would be regarded as rank blasphemy worthy of the chastening rod of the Almighty Ruler of all worlds. But spiritual beings who have summered in ethereal realms for hundreds and thousands of years positively declare that man is a very demigod indeed. The writer has been assured repeatedly by these advanced thinkers that, although they possess knowledge as far above ours as ours is above that of a little child, yet beyond are *human* brethren so great, glorious, and mighty that no mortal conception can exceed their divine potentialities. These gods in the hierarchy of the spirit in turn maintain that they too are human beings possessed of feelings, aspirations, and yearnings similar to our own.

When we realize that man never had a beginning, spiritually, and will therefore never have an end—that he *was* in the infinite past, and will *persist* in the infinite future; in fact, that he is now "between two eternities," we feel philosophically driven to transfer the Infinite Intelligence from the *personal* entity to the aggregate of *human* intelligence and power: for what does the Deity of the churches possess that cannot be displayed by man? The attributes that are supposed to distinguish the Deific manifestation from the human are omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence; but man

can display these attributes in proportion to his degree of unfoldment.

The invisible forces of Nature are the most powerful in their operation. We are informed that these factors of activity are in the hollow of the hand of a mighty personal Deity, who ever controls, guides, and determines their particular phase of manifestation; that the electric elements subserve the requirements of this Infinite Intelligence in forming a means of communication with worlds, suns, systems, and starry galaxies, proclaiming wisdom and power to the vast universe of being; that by a thought He can create, and by a thought destroy; that the mighty orbs ever revolving in the infinite are directly under His supervision; and that every heart-beat of the teeming millions acquiring experience and knowledge thereon can be sensed and known by a Personality manifestly circumscribed within the limit of locality.

Let us see if the human can ever hope to attain to such dignity, majesty, and power. If man's activities, mental and spiritual, were confined within the narrow radius of one short physical existence, there might be some diffidence in maintaining that he possesses the possibilities of a god latent within him, as a period would doubtless arrive when his energies would receive absolute expression and progress would cease; but when we see and know that the soul is eternal in its destiny, and that perpetual progression characterizes its experience throughout the infinite future, we begin faintly to realize that man may be a god after all. The old conservative idea of a Creator—a Being who could make something out of nothing—is simply unthinkable to the scientific mind. Matter is but crystallized spirit, and spirit is eternal. Matter can be changed, but not an atom can be destroyed. To go back to the first propulsion of energy, or thought, or intelligence, is of course beyond our mental grasp and perception; but if God has persisted through the ages, why not man?

Look at a child, resting tranquilly and peacefully on the

lap of its mother: it is a repository of infinite possibilities. Now, can we reasonably suppose, as philosophic thinkers, that the babe Shakespeare, for instance, was grappling with matter for the first time three hundred years ago? Nay; how many *ages* of practical operation it would require to endow a soul with such mighty potentialities!

See how nicely a babe can discriminate intuitively, and appropriate atom by atom in the construction of the most complicated machine in the vast universe of being. By what process does it obtain that architectural sense of discernment and fitness of assimilation which is as marvelous as the involution of a sun? No more wonderful manifestation can possibly obtain in the revolution of the millions of worlds that subserve the purpose of man's experience than this *multum in parvo* of spiritual manifestation.

To the mind accustomed to have its thinking supplied by others, this bold assertion—that man is the epitome of the universe—is startling and strange indeed. True, man on earth cannot at present infuse life and animation into inanimate things; but let us follow him in his eternal journey up the glorious heights of the spiritual realm, and mark his dignity, grandeur, and godlike power. There, dazzling with glory as the noonday splendor, he evolves thought that can make the wilderness blossom as the rose. His surroundings are ever changing, according to the moods of his soul. Does he desire the embodiment of the most beautiful flower? Forthwith appears the floral gem obedient to his call. He is one of the tutelary deities who rule, regulate, guide, and control the operations of Nature, and external conditions become obedient to his mighty will. Can such souls infuse *life* into their surroundings? We are assured they can. They can evolve life forms as embodiments of thought.

Seeing, then, that man is eternally progressive; that he is ever unfolding his latent possibilities and powers in the spiritual world; that there are myriads of mighty human souls far

away on the heights of divine unfoldment—beings who by virtue of their spiritual expression are very gods indeed—let us look at man on earth, take observation of the blossoms of promise that he has already displayed, and augur of the future from the present.

The invisible forces of Nature have been seized, harnessed, and controlled by human intelligence and will. Steam has been made to subserve the requirements of civilized man. Air has been arrested, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," for the service of the race. Electricity has been made the obedient messenger of human intelligence and power. Here is omnipotence in degree. The civilized nations of the world can manifest omniscience and omnipresence to some extent, which is an earnest of greater potencies to come. Although the separate governments may be centralized at a certain point, yet by virtue of mechanical operations in the diffusion of intelligence the world can immediately become apprised of their desire.

When the late Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee by the simple operation of pressing an electric button, she entered into communication with her subjects all over the known world. Was not that omnipresence in degree? Should an awful calamity overtake an unfortunate people in any portion of the earth—let it be "accident," earthquake, or famine—and immediately the great heart of humanity is wrung with sorrow. Sweetly responsive to the mute appeal for succor, spontaneous pity is exercised as a benison to the suffering. The wireless telegraphy of the soul, which prophesies omnipresence, is brought into requisition, and sympathy blesses while the hand relieves. When two souls become merged in one absorbing ecstasy of love, though thousands of miles intervene, "sweet as the breeze from ocean's brow, or the perfume of a violet on a dewy morn," thoughts and feelings intermingle, and rapture—mysterious, intense, and indescribable—thrills the innermost recesses of each being. Perhaps some

material object may interlink the thought with the spirit of the loved one far away, and instantly by a subtle soul telegraphy the two are united and become one. Then telepathy across the imponderable spiritual ether blends the minds, and mutual converse bids defiance to all the obstacles of time and space. Can we find a better exemplification of omnipresence and omniscience than this?

In a genuine spiritual séance, all the phenomena displayed in external Nature may be illustrated and duplicated in the materialization of spirit forms. This evidence of creative power may be displayed by *human* beings, possibly dwelling in the earth's atmosphere, who may never have ascended to the spiritual realm proper. What, then, must be the power of our human brethren who have progressed in those regions for ages?

* * *

O thou divine mystery—my soul! Away down the steeps and valleys of time; down through the corridors of suffering, anguish, sorrow, and joy; bathed in the fountains of pleasure and pain; tossed to and fro by the whirlwinds of adversity; clinging to Nature's heaving and storm-tossed bosom; eager to obtain that practical knowledge which could not otherwise be supplied—from thy humble, abject appeal for mercy to the external forces that menaced thee to the firm controlling influence of mastery and power, I mark thy progress upward and onward. By the omniscient perception of the spirit and its intuitive prophecies I see thee far away on the bold headlands of light and beauty beckoning to thy less fortunate compeers to press forward to sweeter joys. From the inexhaustible central spiritual Sun, unpersonified and unindividualized, thou art sustained, uplifted, infused, and inspired. No person or individual can alone supply thy requirements and those of the myriads of thy compeer souls. The grand aggregate of progressive thought and soul food must proceed from that

which is ever unfolding but never consumed. The fire of thy intense attractive appeals will demand more than a *perfect* (and therefore unprogressive) *personified* being can possibly unfold; and all thy brethren, clamorously soliciting sustenance and power proportionate to their advancement, will submerge a "personal" being in the infinite vortex of progressive life!

OUR Lord took his apostles aside when they were fatigued, and said, "Let us rest a while." He never drove his over-tired faculties. When tired, "he sat by the well." He used to go and rest in the house of Martha and Mary. He tells us all to let to-morrow take care of itself, and merely to meet the evil of the present day. Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future.—*Ullathorne.*

BE pure; be strong; be wise; be independent. Let the world go, if it is necessary that the world should go. Serve the world, but do not be the servant of the world. Make the world your servant by helping the world in every way in which you can minister to its life. Be brave; be strong.—*Phillips Brooks.*

WHILE a healthy body helps to make a healthy soul, the reverse is yet more true. Mind lifts up, purifies, sustains the body. Mental and moral activity keeps the body healthy, strong, and young, preserves from decay, and renews life.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

A HANDWRITING on the tablets of our hearts proclaims that the service of others is our divinest freedom, and that the law of love is the charter of our liberty.—*George Brown.*

EVERY minute of our tranquillity is purchased with patience. It is the great sacrament of peace, the sanctuary of security, the herald and the badge of felicity.—*Vaughan.*

THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

"The glorious creature laughed out even in sleep.
But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
He shall start up and stand on his own earth,—
Then shall his long triumphant march begin,—
Thence shall his being date,—thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him.
When all the race is perfected alike
As man, that is; all tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far:
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God."

—*Browning's "Paracelsus."*

Health is essential to man's well-being, since happiness and success in life are alike dependent upon it. Man cannot appear at his best in any line of activity if his body is diseased. Believing health to proceed from accurate knowledge of and conformity to the laws that regulate and control the life of man, I desire, as concisely as possible, to point out their nature and operation. I do not believe that there is any good reason why any one should be ill, but good health does not come to an individual without the exercise of some effort on his part; and the compensation is far greater than that accruing from the same amount of effort put forth in any other direction.

We all wish to be well and happy. There is only one way to reach this state. In the past we have sought it in the tangible substances of the world that lies all about us—to make our bodies well through the use of so-called material remedies —and sometimes they seemed to help, though usually affording no relief. Thus we have experimented year after year, trying first one thing and then another; or perhaps we have

had no belief in drugs but have been very careful about our diet; or we may have studied the rules of hygiene and regulated our lives accordingly. And yet how few, with these aids alone, have been able to express perfect health and strength! We may not be censured for employing them, for most others do the same until they find through experience that none of these things bring perfect wholeness or happiness.

There is another realm, however, to which we have access —the world of the invisible, the world of cause, the world of the soul. "But," says one, "it is so far away that I can only hope to know it when the labors of this life are finished and God's kingdom is reached—when health and happiness shall be mine eternally." Is this the true view to take of human life here and now? Did not Jesus say that God's kingdom "cometh not by observation;" that we cannot say, "lo, here!" or "lo, there!" for "behold, His kingdom is within you?" Did not one of his disciples teach that "ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Even now is the day of salvation. Can the salvation that lives in a diseased body be complete? Is not the fulness of God's salvation offered for our acceptance at the present moment? This is the message that Jesus tried to convey to the minds of men—the glad tidings of which the angels sang: that the Father cares for his children and freely offers health and happiness to all who will accept these blessings.

All good things are true because they have their source in God, in whom is "neither variableness nor shadow of turning." The "turning" has all been done by us. We have turned away from the proffered gifts. We have not realized that all things are ours to enjoy. But before we can enter into the enjoyment of our universe we must have a *knowledge* of good in our individual lives. We must *know* that God is ever present, and that He "worketh within us to will and to do." When we have learned this truth the greater revelation awaits us: that God is the All-in-all, and that the soul, our real self, is sub-

ject to no law but the law of God, which is the law of love. When this illumination enters the life it becomes changed; the old ideas pass away and all things are made new. The "new heaven and the new earth" have come into the life eternal, which is here and now. Only as this truth is *lived* and consciously *realized,* does it become a living reality in the individual life.

Let us consider some of the things necessary to the adjustment of our lives to this divine law. A little study of self—a study that is perfectly honest and sincere—will bring to our minds many things of which we do not fully approve. At times our minds become anxious and even fearful; perhaps we allow anger, or malice, or jealousy to find lodgment therein. This wrong way of thinking and feeling makes the mind discordant and unrestful, expelling all real happiness and mental peace. Moreover, mental discord and unrest are manifested in physical sickness and disease, because our bodies and souls are more dependent for health and strength on mental harmony and brightness than on either food or drink. We have been very solicitous as to our bodily diet, but frequently we are heedless of the more important food of our minds.

In reversing this erroneous course, let us be careful to start right. Perhaps for years we have been regarding ourselves as material beings, who might at some future time become spiritual, live in a distant heaven, and be and act altogether different from what we are and what we do on earth. Yet the fact remains that heaven is *within* us. The spirit is the quickening power, not the flesh; and if the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in us our mortal bodies shall also be quickened through the same agency.

What a change of mind would result if only these truths were realized—God working in our lives to will and to do; the spirit within us the quickening power; the body only the temporary house that the spirit has builded for its use! In this realization the saying of Jesus is plain: "Destroy this temple,

and in three days I will build it up." The ego is more than its body, and when we get the thought clear in mind that we are spiritual beings we will lay far less stress on the physical and pay more attention to our real selves. There is no other force or power in the world than *spirit*. God has given to each of us a mighty kingdom to rule. By the control and direction of our individual lives through the immortal spirit we can realize the truth of this. It is only when we grasp more power than we know the use of—more than we have rightfully developed—that there comes the misdirection of energy that causes mental and physical disturbance.

Sometimes through wrong thinking we shut off our spiritual reservoir of power—we limit ourselves. This condition comes through paying too much attention to the gratifying of worldly desires and not enough attention to cultivating the desire for higher things. The natural growth of anything should be as harmonious as that of a flower—accepting each day, each hour, as it comes, all that has been provided for its growth; yet we often ignorantly close the channel through which alone all things essential for our perfection can come. Only to man has God given the conscious power to control his personal life; to make for himself what condition he wills; to create for himself a heaven or a hell. If the spirit dominates his life and he realizes his God-mind power and trusts absolutely to it, enlightenment and guidance will come through the indwelling spirit and he will express mental and physical health and strength. We should not seek to rule the kingdom that is beyond us, nor the one that is below us. Let us rule to-day, in the only kingdom that is ours, and day by day its powers will be revealed and we will reverence the God *within* the temple by keeping holy (whole) and sacred the sanctuary in which He dwells.

Light enough is given to rule each day in our kingdom, but not enough "for the morrow;" and peering into the future will not enable us to live stronger or better lives. We live day

by day, and if we live to-day thoroughly poised in mind, taking no anxious thought concerning anything, we will have fitted ourselves to live the morrow when it comes. Let us keep the mind clear and bright, fill it with wholesome thoughts of life, and be kindly in our feelings toward others. Let us have no fear of anything, but realize that we are one with universal power,—that power which can supply our every need,—that health, strength, and happiness are our legitimate birthright, that they are ever potential in our inner lives, and that our bodies may express them now. If we take this mental attitude and adhere steadfastly to it, the body will very soon manifest health and strength. There is no other way, and time is only wasted in seeking elsewhere the kingdom of God.

The control of self, the direction of the whole life, has been committed to our care. We are to be faithful and not shrink from any of the responsibilities connected with it; for through such fidelity we shall hasten the time when health demonstrated shall be made manifest on earth "even as it is in heaven."

"How beautiful become all the 'little' things of life when we see more of divinity in the human! Straightway we learn there are no 'little' things. It is the human consciousness, untransformed by divinity, which belittles or magnifies until all right proportion is lost. The world waits, creation waits, for the anointing of our blind eyes."

THE energy of disappointment and despair produced by limitation and defect, the energy of sorrow for our dead, of hopeless passion and of ruinous loss, the energy of noble shame for good things left undone and ill things done—all this can be transmuted into energy of use and good and helpful holiness.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

LIFE, true life, is not mere guarding against sin, but growth in good and toward good.—*Brooke Herford.*

THE RELATION OF FEAR TO SUCCESS.

BY J. MULOCK JACKSON.

Every man determines for himself the measure of success that shall attend his efforts in any direction solely by his mental attitude toward the enterprise. Conditions to be met and undertakings to be accomplished are without intelligence in themselves; they depend for their solution upon our conception of them. Success is not obtained at haphazard, however much chance may appear to be responsible for it. Perseverance *per se* does not necessarily mean success. Even a combination of fortuitous circumstances does not of itself insure this result.

The law of Mind demands of every man, as the one essential condition, that he shall possess the conviction of success before he can succeed. This law requires that every act, no matter how simple, must be accomplished first in our mental consciousness before it can be demonstrated materially. In more familiar language, we have got to see our way to doing a thing before we can do it.

We sometimes hear it said of a person, "He is a born leader," which means simply that he believes in himself and his ability to accomplish a specific object. If a man is to succeed he must believe thoroughly in himself. Then others will believe in him.

Fear or doubt in some form is responsible for all failure. It is woven and interwoven into the fabric of human existence—the most uncompromising and devastating foe in all lines of human activity. But man, who apparently inherits fear on this plane, is endowed also with intelligence; and intelligence always dominates fear. Thus man is enabled

at all times to assert his supremacy over this ignoble condition.

We have reason to be proud of our accomplishments. They represent our triumphs, conscious or unconscious, over fear. Our triumphs over our fears are the measure of our real success. No man can achieve success until he has subdued his fears.

The reason we do not earlier attain that which we most desire is because we usually fear it may be the most difficult to attain. Hence, we generally attain it last. If a man fears or doubts, even though he strive mightily, he cannot succeed. If he fears not, but is consciously confident, methods will take care of themselves; he will compel opportunity, and success will crown his efforts. Not until we become tranquil in mind may we achieve our ambition.

Have we not often heard it said of a man that success came to him too late in life to be valued? In reality it only came to him after he had ceased to fear or doubt—and not till then.

Let us consider for a moment one notable instance of success. What enabled Blondin to cross the rope over Niagara's gorge? Was it not belief in himself and his ability to perform the act? Does any one suppose he doubted his ability to cross? Could he have done so if he had doubted? No, even if he had crossed a thousand times before, and doubted his ability this time, he could not have succeeded. In other words, he must have accomplished the task mentally before he gave the physical exhibition. If fears or doubts ever presented themselves, he must effectually have mastered them, and certainly did not limit his ability to perform the act.

To take a homely illustration: Do we ever doubt our ability to walk upstairs or walk on the street? We are so convinced that we can perform these simple acts that we never think of doubting for an instant, and therefore do not fail. Really, it is this attitude of positive conviction that enables us

successfully to accomplish the acts. Did we ever slip or fall that we did not first entertain the possibility that we might do so?

If we examine in this light the ability of children, drunken men, and sleep-walkers to come scatheless through ordeals that a man in full possession of his senses would not attempt, we obtain a flood of light as to the cause. It has been said that "a special Providence watches over children and drunkards." In reality the cause of their immunity is that fear is not developed in the child and is temporarily dormant in the drunkard. Fear of a thing or of our ability to accomplish a definite purpose thwarts our best efforts. Fear is the attitude of mind that, consciously or unconsciously, invariably limits our endeavors.

This leads to a consideration of the subject of limitation, which is a phase of fear. Intelligence, the gift of a supreme governing Power, with which all men are endowed, is infinite. Who can bound it? It is unlimited, and only by our doubts can it appear to be circumscribed. We may interpose an object between the sun and ourselves, but this does not prove that the sun is not shining. It only limits our view and postpones the approach of the sun's rays. This is precisely what our fears do.

Why are some people noted for their versatility, and why are some more versatile than others? Who but himself says a man may not succeed in this or that line, or in many lines of human effort? Who but himself limits him to one line, or declares he shall not succeed at all? We talk of this as an age of specialization; with the wisdom or economy of this view it is not our purpose to deal, but by common consent the statement is accepted. Yet there is no law that prevents a man from attaining success in many lines except this so-called law of limitation, established by man himself and to which by almost universal consent he has subscribed. The fact that many men and women have been and are distinguished for

their versatility is proof that this law of man's making may be set at defiance.

Limitation and failure are the penalties man pays for doubting and fearing, and they spring from a limited conception of his endowments. Fear is the flaw that enters into nearly all our plans and purposes, to be met by the understanding that our capacities are illimitable.

"All things come to him who waits"—and works—with intelligence. Let us see that we do not manufacture obstacles faster than we can surmount them.

FOR safety and for swiftness, for clear light and successful labor, there is nothing like the present. Practically speaking, the moment that is flying holds more of eternity than all our past; and the future holds none at all, and only becomes capable of holding any as it is manufactured piecemeal into the present.—*Faber.*

"THE new dignity that comes to human life by regarding it in its true relation to the divine is a significant factor in its transformation. It lifts it from selfishness to service, from the passivity of desiring to be helped to the noble activity of desiring to help."

THE souls that would really be richer in duty in some new position are precisely those who borrow no excuses from the old one, who even esteem it full of privileges, plenteous in occasions of good, frequent in divine appeals.—*Martineau.*

WHAT a man can do best, that is the task given to him by God. What his neighbors most want, that is the path to which he should direct his talents. No scorn is to be tolerated toward those everyday duties which God has given to us.—*R. L. Carpenter.*

NEVER think yourself too insignificant or the thing too mean. You and it have an infinite capacity for absorbing, storing away, raying out glory.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PLAGUE.

As time passed, there seemed no particular change in my daughter save in physical development. In figure, hair, and features she reminded me of her mother: her complexion was a radiant pink and white, and she possessed a magnetic presence that was irresistible when she chose to make it so. The servants seemed to have great respect for Mata—mingled with a sufficient amount of fear to keep them well in subordination; and the work of the household was accomplished with the same regularity that had prevailed when the nurse was with us. I had no reason to complain, therefore, of my daughter's management.

My own life was nothing but a treadmill, with the same duties over and over again till it seemed as if I were becoming like a timepiece in regularity—so many minutes for this kind of work and so many hours for that. For six years this sort of thing had been going on, with nothing to break the monotony of my life, when one morning, as we sat at breakfast, Mata remarked:

"You are aware, I suppose, that this is the twentieth anniversary of the birth of my body."

"Yes," I said, "I am fully aware of the fact."

"After to-day I shall assist you in your professional work."

"You?" I asked, in surprise. "I did not know you understood medicine. How can you assist me?"

"A terrible epidemic will sweep over this city. You and all the other practising physicians will be entirely unable to cope with it, and I shall take a place in the medical ranks as an assistant."

"But the laws of the land will not allow you to practise medicine without the proper credentials."

"Do not be alarmed about my credentials. In less than two days the plague will be upon us, and there will not be time to procure them, even if I wanted to—and I do not."

"What form will the epidemic assume?"

"You will believe it to be the black diphtheria. It will be incurable by your method of treatment; but I have a remedy that will give instantaneous relief if it is taken before mortification begins. I shall accompany you to the office and be prepared to meet the coming trouble."

Knowing that she would not make this statement unless it were true, I became considerably excited, and on reaching my office found that many "calls" had been left during the night. Hurrying from patient to patient I found that nearly all were suffering with the same symptoms—pain in the throat, throbbing temples, and raging fever. All day and until late at night I drove from house to house, and reached home at midnight to find Mata waiting up for me. When I told her of the increase of sickness and described the symptoms, she said:

"Yes, and it will be much worse to-morrow. However, I shall be ready in the morning."

The next day my daughter accompanied me to the office, where we found my assistant manifesting symptoms of the dread disease. Taking from her bag a bottle filled with a golden liquid, Mata permitted two drops of the mixture to fall into a gobletful of pure cold water, and in an instant the preparation assumed the color of blood. Giving the young man a teaspoonful of the medicine, she told him to continue taking it once in thirty minutes till he should feel better. Then she called me into the private office, and, taking two large bottles of the liquid from her bag, proceeded to give me directions for using it:

"For every patient you will prepare this mixture as you saw me prepare it for the young man. In severe cases it must

be taken once in fifteen minutes; but for the early stages of the disease a teaspoonful once in half an hour will be quite enough. You will not use other remedies, but will trust entirely to this. Now, if you will give me your team and driver and order another for yourself, I will attend to the patients on the south side while you visit those on the north side of the city. At noon we will meet at this office and arrange for the rest of the day."

Although I had witnessed wonderful manifestations of her wisdom and power, yet I hesitated. My lower nature was still so strong within me, she had so suddenly assumed control of the matter, and it was so entirely unexpected, that my miserable doubts—which had always assailed me whenever anything arose out of the general course of events—caused me mentally to ask, "And if this remedy should fail, what then?"

As quickly as if the question had been asked aloud, Mata replied: "I have not the time now to explain; but you should know that I would not assume this responsibility, and put all other remedies aside, had I not a thorough knowledge of the efficacy of this preparation. I will, however, if you desire it, explain further when we return home—which will not be to-night, because neither of us will rest or sleep for three days to come."

I was half convinced that she understood the state of affairs better than I, and since she had foretold the coming of the disease it seemed very probable that she had prepared for it. So I took the bottle and started out upon my round of visits. Such suffering as I witnessed during the next few days I had not supposed to be endurable. Entire families—servants and all—were stricken with the terrible malady. The whole city was affected; business places were closed, and, excepting drug stores, physicians' offices, and undertaking establishments, there was nothing open to the public. For several days I met funeral processions on almost every street, and the only signs of active life to be seen were the hurrying doctors and wild-eyed, pallid-faced sufferers hastening to physicians for relief.

Mata was as self-possessed as if she had always been accustomed to the work. We met at noon and compared lists, to guard against neglecting anybody.

At the end of the second day I began to feel depressed. I attributed this to hard driving and sleeplessness, but Mata quickly detected my condition and insisted upon my taking a few doses of the remedy. All my doubts regarding its efficacy were instantly dispelled the moment I tasted it, for a feeling of exhilaration thrilled through my veins and immediately relieved the fatigue that had been pressing upon me.

Other physicians seemed powerless to aid their patients, and it soon became whispered about that Doctor Bennet and his daughter were the only practitioners in the city who had the least control over the disease. As a consequence, my office became crowded with people, who wildly begged for medicine for themselves or to take to their friends. Mata proposed that one of us should remain at the office to give out the medicine, while the other should visit the sufferers too ill to come or send for it. She prepared a large quantity of the mixture, which she bottled and labeled. Writing the directions for its use, she gave a bottle to each person with a promise to refill it when needed. Her manner was so methodical and her self-possession so perfect that men who came into her presence in a frenzy of fear left her with courage and determination to conquer the disease.

Toward the end of the third day I began to fear that the remedy would fail us in quantity, and asked her what we should do under such circumstances, but she replied: "There is plenty at home, and no anxiety need be felt as to its giving out;" so we continued for nine days to fight death in almost every home in the city. At the end of the tenth day there were signs of an abatement in the ravages of the disease, and on the twelfth day we were permitted to go home and sleep all night—a boon that I appreciated, since I was almost prostrated with fatigue. When all traces of the scourge had disappeared, I

took to my bed and was unable to rise for three days. But Mata, tireless in her efforts, took my place at the office and attended to all my patients—and to myself as well. When able to leave my room, I found a budget of letters awaiting my attention. They had been brought during my illness, but Mata had forbidden that they be given to me till I should be able to bear their contents. From her remark I knew she understood their purport, although none had been opened. The first one was from a brother physician, and read as follows:

"Jamestown, Dec. 12th, 1860.

"DR. BENNET:

"Dear Sir—Perhaps you can inform me whom you have installed in your office? This person is visiting patients, writing prescriptions, and giving medicine to suit herself. She is supposed to be your daughter, but on account of her having no diploma this work must be stopped at once. The matter is being investigated. Yours, etc.,

"M. P. CINDER."

"Here is a great ado about nothing," I mused. "Investigate Mata's credentials! Just as I expected!" I opened the next letter. It was from another physician, and read:

"Jamestown, N. Y., Dec. 10th, 1860.

"DR. BENNET:

"Dear Sir—Your daughter will be prosecuted at once. She is illegally practising medicine, and you may be prepared for her arrest at any moment. Yours, etc., T. H. BUTTON, M.D."

Six of the letters were from as many physicians, and all declared hostility toward Mata. The cause was obvious, since we had not lost a patient during the epidemic and all who had persisted in taking the treatment of these doctors had died.

Calling a servant, I sent for my daughter, and when she appeared I showed her the letters and asked her opinion and advice.

"We shall do nothing but await results," she said, quietly.

"But they will arrest you!" I exclaimed.

"Let them," she replied.

"What will you do?" I inquired.

"When the emergency arises I will show you. It is never well to anticipate an annoyance. There is a great deal of good to be gained sometimes in the simple act of waiting. Perhaps you do not know that many calamities are precipitated that would be avoided if we did not rush around with such haste to escape from them."

While we were speaking the bell rang and a servant announced "a gentleman to see Miss Bennet." My fears told me that it was concerning the threatened prosecution the man had called, and so I took the liberty of following her to the parlor. There I found an officer of the law, who, because clothed in authority a little above that of the street-laborer, was sternly reading a warrant for my daughter's arrest. Mata stood before him seemingly indifferent to his display of pompousness, and when he had finished she bowed respectfully and replied: "I shall accompany you at once." But I was completely upset, and, losing my temper, I threatened to horsewhip the man for his impudence in treating my daughter as a criminal.

After a good deal of confusion and considerable delay at the stable, my carriage was brought round and I accompanied Mata and the policeman to the office of the magistrate. Appearing before that functionary, in answer to the charge of practising medicine without a license, she pleaded guilty and asked for a continuance of the case in order that she could become better prepared to explain her position. Her request was granted, and I signed her bail bond with a hand trembling so violently that an hour afterward I would not have recognized the signature as my own.

That evening Mata invited me to her apartments, and it was with great pleasure that I again entered the rooms I had not seen since the night of her never-to-be-forgotten fourteenth birthday. Many additions to the furnishings of the apartment had been made since then, which gave it the appearance of a boudoir; and Mata looked very sweet and womanly in her yellow silken robe, which fell in pretty soft folds from neck to

feet and trailed behind her on the carpet. The sleeves were long and full and reached to the hem of her gown, and the whole garment was bordered with a broad band of embroidery of peculiar design in blue. She had unbound her hair, and it hung almost to her feet in a curling, waving mass—greatly adding to the lovely picture she made when, after offering me a seat, she threw herself half reclining upon the couch and declared a willingness to talk upon any subject that would interest me most.

I had never realized till then how widely apart were our respective states of consciousness: she living under the same roof with me and the rest of the household, yet as distinctly different from us as are the people upon separate globes. Outside the door of her own apartments she was the stately, unapproachable Miss Bennet. Behind that magic door she was a beautiful, courteous woman, with a store of knowledge that would do credit to a philosopher.

I began the conversation by asking if she were fully aware of the gravity of her position.

She replied:

"Yes, and before undertaking the work I knew what the results would be, because the medical fraternity is only a part of the undeveloped portion of humanity, which contests, even to the point of destroying, anything and everything it does not understand. The doctors know that were it not for the remedy I used during the epidemic the city would be nothing but a scene of desolation to-day. It saved their own lives as well as those of the people at large. Not enough men would have been left to bury the dead had it not been for the golden liquid. They who are preparing to prosecute me sent their servants to me—and I gave the medicine to them as freely as to any of the others. They have tried to analyze the mixture and have failed; hence their unwillingness that it should be used by any one else. I am sorry to be obliged to use the unpleasant measures that will be necessary before this trouble is over; but I

shall *not* stop healing the sick. My work must go on, just as if these men were quite willing that it should."

"They will put you in prison," I said.

"No, they cannot," she replied, quietly.

"You do not understand the law," said I. "They certainly will imprison you."

"We shall see. I shall secure a suite of rooms for the reception of my patients—independent of your own, because I will not implicate you in the trouble that is coming. No regular fee will be charged, but a box will be placed in my reception-room and a request will be made that such patients as are able and willing shall contribute what they can spare toward the maintenance of the hospital that is soon to be opened to receive the sick who shall be in need of such a place. This hospital will be for the accommodation of all who are ill. Entirely unsectarian as it will be, religious beliefs will not be questioned before an applicant is received. The rooms in my institution will not be too clean nor the beds too nice to admit *any* sufferer; and, with the aid of such nurses as will be needed, I shall attend to the patients myself."

"But you will not be permitted to do this without the proper certificate from the State Board of Health," I insisted.

"Wait and see," she calmly remarked.

"Could you pass the required examination?"

"I could, but will not bother with it. There is at present great need of helpers from both sexes to work for the good of the race. Humanity has reached a stage of selfishness and greed that will result in its ruin if certain conditions are not changed for the better. Such scourges as we have just passed through will become frequent till many cities are destroyed. These epidemics will take different forms—sometimes they will appear as smallpox, and again as spotted fever, or diphtheria—all originally produced by the impurity of the thoughts of men."

CHAPTER XXV.

OCCULT PHILOSOPHY.

"People wonder what causes the riots and uprisings of labor against capital; also the suicides, murders, and fiendish assaults and robberies that disgrace our civilization," continued Mata. "They do not know that *everything* that occurs is the direct result of a mental condition. Some believe the financial depressions and failures of our time are directly caused by the mismanagement of the Republican Administration. Others think the licensed selling of intoxicants is the source of all evil and that 'prohibition' would save the world. Many declare that destruction of certain great monopolies would immediately scatter broadcast the vast amount of gold being accumulated in a few centers and making the rich richer and the poor poorer. But the real secret—the cause underlying all these effects—has not been discovered; nor will it be, till the people have learned the power of their own thoughts.

"You may not believe me when I say there never was an accident. Every event of our lives is the direct result of a cause or causes that may have been for a shorter or longer time in operation. Here is a truth known to but few at the present time. Above this is the plane of thought, and, although invisible to you in your present development, it is more real than the one you now perceive. On that plane exists everything sent forth from the mind of an intelligent being at any time. Those thoughts are as much alive for good or ill as the physical brains whence they emanate, and which they outlive. Thought is the real creator. Nothing on this material plane was ever formed until a mind had thought of it; therefore, the plane next above this is the creative one.

"If you will consider this matter seriously you will see that evil thoughts produce evil effects. Since men and women are constantly thinking of their individual supremacy and aggran-

dizement, regardless of the rights, comforts, or even the necessities of others, how can you expect that these wretched disasters will not continue to come upon them? There are people in this city to-day who, in their blind selfishness, would be glad to see the whole country depopulated if they could be left alive to enjoy the remaining wealth. Such ones have no love or sympathy for their fellow-beings, and each and every one is thinking the thoughts that are bringing upon us these scourges. While one man is desiring the downfall of his neighbor, the latter is wishing the same thing for *him*—the result being that both shall be destroyed. Deluded creatures that they are—precipitating upon their own heads the catastrophes that they secretly hope may befall their fellows! Men think their thoughts are hidden, and, so long as they are able to keep their evil *deeds* concealed, they feel secure in their wickedness; but they do not see the storms that are gathering as the result of those thoughts.

"As the beauty or imperfections of your physical body are reflected by the mirror, so are the material things of this world but reflections from the thought plane. Man in his stupidity and blindness does not look beyond these reflections to see what has produced them, but, like the ugly dwarf in the fairy tale,—who sees for the first time the grinning, gesticulating copy of himself in a mirror,—smashes the glass, in his idiocy hoping to kill the other man who he believes is his enemy.

"But when men cease oppressing and begin to help one another; when the rich man learns that the poor man is his brother, and realizes that the great ocean of life supplies each with vitality without money or price; when the rich man discovers his dependence upon his poorer brother, and that stealing from him means stealing from himself: then has he begun to learn the rudimentary lessons that shall dispel the clouds hanging over his head."

"But is there no escape from this—by seeking, for instance, forgiveness of God through Christ?" I asked.

She smiled as she replied:

"There is no escape from consequences, whether pleasant or unpleasant. It is an utter impossibility for one to assume responsibility for the sins of another. Such a scheme to escape justice is cowardly, and was never invented by Deity; it was planned by man himself, who in his selfishness and cowardice hoped in this way to escape what he knew he richly deserved. The doctrine to which you allude is that of the vicarious atonement, which is doing more harm than good, because it fosters the selfishness of the animal man by holding out the false hope that even at the last moment of a wicked life the sinner may escape the full results of his bad deeds and receive something he has not earned and does not deserve."

"What do you think about everlasting punishment?" I asked.

"If I were to strip my body and go out and lie in the snow, would the illness following it be a punishment? Would it not be a result naturally following the cause—imprudence or ignorance? Would I ask or expect a superior being to interfere and save me from the suffering I had brought upon myself?"

"Then you entirely reject the doctrine of eternal damnation?"

"Since a man can learn only by experience, would it not be an injustice to compel him to suffer forever in a spiritual condition for the sins he may have ignorantly committed during twenty years or so upon earth? It is true, ignorance of the law does not release us from its discipline. The lessons are ours to profit by *if we choose.* The wise ones refrain from a repetition of the offenses from which they have once suffered; but the foolish blunder on with their eyes wide open, and at last are overtaken and overwhelmed by an avalanche of destruction that sweeps them off the earth."

"Then what happens?" I asked.

"These deluded beings remain in the land of souls for a number of years, only to be forced back to earth again and into

new bodies, that they may learn the lessons they failed to learn before."

"Are all men subject to this law?"

"Not one can escape it. Can you not see that this is the only way justice can be done? To correct his mistakes, man must return to the plane upon which they were made, and each individual must come back and restore to his fellows whatever he may have robbed them of at a previous time."

"The man who built the stairway believed as you do. Will you tell me something about him?" I asked.

"There is not much to tell, because I am bound by a promise of secrecy; but I may say this—he belongs to the brotherhood of which I am a member, and he promised to do this work for me a hundred years ago.

"You consider that a strange statement," Mata said, "and are inclined to doubt it; but that man was my Guru in my last life and to him I owe much that can only be repaid by handing on to others what he gave to me. I had been forty years in my last personality when I met him, and it was during the time I was studying with him that he promised to do this work."

"He did not look as old as you did when I first saw you, and yet he must be very much older."

"I believe it is something like two hundred years that he has used his present personality. You do not understand how this can be; but it is possible for men to use invisible forces to regenerate their physical bodies and prolong their use for many years more than the average age of individuals of the present race. I could have used my personality much longer than I did had my studies been begun earlier in life. Before commencing to study along this line I had lived the life of a nobleman, and in my early youth had formed habits that had injured my body to a certain extent. I married quite young, and, although my marriage was not a love match and was arranged by our respective families, yet I was not unhappy. Lady De Anno died at the age of thirty and left me with two children, a

son and daughter, who married and bore children. Mata was the grandchild of my son; therefore, I was her great-grandfather. There is much about my life that I could tell, but I do not think it best to do so. After my wife passed from this plane of consciousness I was suddenly seized with an intense desire to travel, and visited almost every inhabited portion of the globe. In the beginning I did not know what I was searching for, but wanted something,—a new experience,—and after ten years of wandering met the gentleman of whom we were speaking. The moment I saw his face I knew my search was ended—the object was found. Settling myself in a habitation not far from his home, for many years I was under his direction and tutelage, learning many things that cannot be given to the world till mankind is fitted to receive them.

"When Mata was born the people of her country were suffering from a great scourge. Cholera swept over Italy and her family were all stricken and died, leaving her, when but a few months old, in the care of hirelings. Realizing that my body was growing old and that I must have a new one, I arranged the matter with my Guru to go and get the babe, take her to America, settle in a quiet home, and rear the child. You know how you found us and what has happened since."

"Will you tell me why you selected me for the husband of your grandchild?" I asked.

"While traveling in America, before meeting my Guru, I was thrown from a horse and had my leg broken. Your great-grandfather, an honest New England farmer, took me into his house and cared for me till I was well. Being with the family for several months caused me to become attached to all its members. Your grandfather was then young and unmarried, and was a fine specimen of manhood. The kindnesses received from your ancestors at that time were never forgotten, and upon returning to this country with Mata I took great pains to look up that family of Bennets and traced you out by following the thread from father to son. Unobserved by you, I studied

your character, learned the date of your birth, cast your horoscope, and found that you and Mata were suited to each other. Your family as far back as I could trace it was free from dishonor; you were struggling to gain a foothold in life and I knew that you deserved and needed assistance—so I sent for you and gave into your hands the management of my affairs. I knew a body born of Mata, with you for its father, could not inherit bad blood; and for that reason I desired to possess it.

"Your doubts of me and of my ability to keep my promise were perfectly honest, since you had been reared in the belief common to most Americans. You obeyed my directions, however, and that was more than many a young man would have done. When this personality was born, you remembered the promise I had made; but with your limited knowledge you were unable to understand how the soul of an old man could assume the female personality—so you looked with grave apprehensions upon the peculiar mental development of your child."

"Why did you assume the female personality for this life? Would you not have done better with a male one?"

"Since the earliest history, women have been oppressed and ill treated by the male portion of humanity. In many countries woman is not so well cared for as the dumb brutes, and is often compelled to bear burdens for which her strength is entirely inadequate. Men oppress her because it has been the custom to do so. Woman submits because she does not know how to throw off the yoke; moreover, she considers it her duty. In *this* country, which boasts of its freedom and bravery, woman is subjected to many indignities, although her condition is better here than in many other regions. But even here she is not allowed an equal standing with man in social, political, or parental privileges. She may own property and buy or sell as she pleases, but is obliged to pay such taxes as may be decreed by laws in the making of which she has no voice. If she com-

mit a crime she must suffer the penalty the law prescribes, but she has no voice or part in either legislation or execution.

"In social matters woman's condition is very peculiar. In polite society she is respected so long as she retains her virtue. But all virtuous women are considered legitimate prey for libertines and scoundrels of the male sex; and if a woman can be induced to step aside from the path of rectitude she is forever disgraced, and will be trodden upon by men and women alike. While the man who led her astray continues to hold his position in society as securely as before, she is despised, and his friends often laugh and admire the 'heroism' displayed in accomplishing the downfall of one weak woman. Other women smile upon him and seek to entangle him in the meshes of the matrimonial net; and if one of them succeed in catching the prize, she is envied by the unsuccessful ones.

"In the maternal relation the woman is again subject to injustice. If the father of her children be *not* her husband, then she is allowed full control of them; but if he be her lawful protector he has the power to rob her of every child that she has borne and place it where she cannot even see it. All this and much more is heaped upon woman in the 'land of the free and the home of the brave,' and I hope, through being one, to be better able to assist them out of many of their trying positions."

"Will you tell me how you produce the strange light with which this room is illuminated? It seems to me something quite supernatural," I said.

"Let me correct your erroneous impression at once. There is nothing in all the universe that can be correctly characterized as 'supernatural.' All results that you see are produced by the operation of natural law, under the direction of consciousness —or of consciousnesses. Light, heat, color, sound, and every material thing are produced by rates of vibration peculiar to *them*. By a thorough understanding of the law and of the conditions of its manifestation, the individual *will* can create

(or cause to disintegrate upon the plane of effects) whatever *it* desires. I desire a blue light in this apartment at this time, and I am able to produce it, in either a subdued or refulgent quantity, by my power to control the rates of vibration of the atoms in the atmosphere contained within the four walls."

"Could you teach me to do this?" I asked, eagerly.

Mata smiled pleasantly. "You could be taught," she said, "but not in the course of an evening; and there are other matters demanding our attention at present."

"Will you tell me something about the wonderful remedy you provided for the cure of the dreadful disease we have had to battle with for the last few days?"

"The remedy is simply the extract of an herb that grows in the East. The knowledge of its medicinal properties was taught me by my Guru a good many years ago. In individual cases I never depend upon medicine as a cure for disease, because the power of *mind* is more effective than any medicine. But—like the brazen serpent of old, with Moses and the children of Israel—in a case of epidemic like that we have just passed through some *material* thing had to be given because of the ignorance and fear of the people affected. They must have something to look at, taste, or feel; otherwise their fears would have killed where the epidemic did not. I gave the golden liquid highly magnetized and specially prepared for this crisis, and it proved to be the brazen serpent upon which all who looked could be saved. But while their thoughts were concentrated upon the material medicine, and *its* power to cure, I was quietly putting into operation an invisible force that restored harmony in their bodies and souls.

"As a natural consequence of the expenditure of so tremendous an amount of occult force upon material things or forms, a great reaction must and will come to the person putting that force into operation. The legal proceedings are the first indication of the reaction; but before the matter is finally settled you will probably be a witness to such acts of brutality

on the part of those upon whom this force acted most strongly as to surprise you. However, I am fully prepared to meet every emergency and to defend myself against this reaction at every point; so you need have no fears for my safety. But had I ignorantly used this force, and were I unable to control the reaction proceeding from the use of it, I should be entirely overwhelmed at this time, and—as many another has done before me—lose my life or liberty in return for my efforts to help my fellow-men."

When she ceased speaking I rose to go, and bidding her good-night I sought my bed. Vainly did I try to sleep; so I rose and dressed, replenished the fire, and sat down before it to ponder the story this strange being had told me. Recalling the principal events in my own life, I could see how—while I believed I was following the dictates of my own will—that great Law was shaping my life; and the question arose in my mind if it were not my duty to give to the world the heterodox knowledge that had in so peculiar a manner come to me. I decided to write the story of my life—and so this narrative was begun.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

The next morning Mata was ready to select the rooms for her offices. After consulting with me she engaged a suite that pleased her, and the remainder of the week was occupied with the fittings and furnishings. When they were ready, I went to inspect them. There was a reception-room supplied with a few easy-chairs, and a table covered with books and magazines. Beyond that was a private treating-room containing a Turkish couch, an invalid's chair, a writing-desk, an office chair, and the box that was to receive the contributions. The floors were covered with matting, and, with an occasional rug here and

there to relieve the monotony of the coloring, had a very comfortable appearance.

"Simply and plainly arranged, but you will not be permitted to use them long," I said.

She smiled, but did not reply. The next day a notice in the *Daily Journal* read:

"A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

"Those who may remember the benefit received from the treatment given by Dr. Bennet and his daughter, during the recent epidemic, will be glad to know that Miss Bennet will continue to treat all diseases at her office, No. 574 North Main Street, Jamestown, N. Y. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m."

In the course of the next few days many questions were asked me concerning my daughter—where she had studied medicine, etc. To each inquirer I gave the same answer—that her studies began at the age of fourteen, and now she was well informed and perfectly competent to handle any case. Callers were soon coming from all quarters of the city, and with a dignity that aroused great comment she treated both men and women. Many fashionable persons who believed this to be some kind of a fad were shocked and humiliated by the straightforward manner in which she told them of the excesses that had produced their diseases. She not only relieved their physical ailments but gave them a correct history of their conduct, showing them their true characters and reading their secret thoughts so accurately that many left her presence with the knowledge that to one person at least their festering sores of iniquity were uncovered. Many begged that their secrets be kept and promised to reform from that moment; but she never agreed to any kind of concealment, and quoted from the Scriptures: "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." For many, one visit was enough, and nothing could have induced them to reenter her presence. Others came again and again, and continued to express interest in her knowledge and skill.

When the time came to appear at court, Mata admitted that she had no certificate to prove her ability to heal the sick, but said she had studied medicine for many years and was competent to prescribe remedies for any disease known to the medical fraternity. Concerning the medicine we had used during the epidemic, she said it was prepared for the occasion. She declined to name its ingredients, but declared that the beneficial results ought to be sufficient proof of its efficacy. Much to the surprise of the prosecution, she pleaded her own case, using good logic and expressing herself in a manner that indicated accurate knowledge of the technicalities of medical jurisprudence as well as *materia medica.* But, notwithstanding her eloquence and wisdom, the case was decided against her, and she was sentenced to pay a fine of two thousand dollars or be imprisoned in the penitentiary for five years. When Mata was asked what she would do, she declined to pay the fine, saying that of the two penalties she would prefer the imprisonment.

I was greatly surprised at her decision, and, while I wondered what her object was in making such a choice, the next case was called. Immediately she rose from her seat, adjusted her wraps, and, passing under the very noses of the officers and lawyers, coolly walked out of the court-room. The confusion that followed her departure was ludicrous. "Arrest that woman!" shouted the opposing lawyer. "The prisoner has escaped!" yelled half a dozen voices in chorus. The officer who had made the arrest rubbed his eyes and scratched his head as if just waking from a dream; and when his scattered wits reassembled in his cranium he rushed in hot pursuit of his former prisoner.

Following the crowd, I saw Mata walking leisurely up the street and the officer running at top speed to overtake her. Suddenly, as he attempted to seize her, his outstretched arm dropped helplessly at his side, and with eyes bulging from his head he stood motionless in his tracks, while she passed on as

if nothing had occurred. Soon a crowd gathered round the man, who stood gaping after Mata's receding form.

"What's the matter with you?" asked a gentleman who had been one of the principal instigators of the movement.

"Why didn't you arrest that woman, you blockhead?" asked another of her enemies.

"What are you waiting for?" inquired a third.

"She'll get away!" exclaimed another.

"Arrest the devil!" exclaimed the officer, ruefully. "Didn't I try to arrest her?"

"Well, why didn't you succeed?" inquired several voices at once.

"I don't think I'll ever swing my club again," he dolefully remarked, as he gently rubbed his right arm with his left hand. "I believe my arm is paralyzed for good and all."

"Paralyzed!" shouted the crowd.

"How did it happen?" the first gentleman inquired, as he stepped nearer to the officer. I, curious as the others, crowded close to the fellow, who had rolled up his coat-sleeve to look at the disabled arm. It was as cold as that of a corpse; the hand and fingers were stiff and had the appearance of being frozen. The limb seemed perfectly bloodless.

"Does it pain you?" I asked.

"It's numb!" he replied. Then, looking fiercely at me, he said: "I believe you're the father of that she-devil, and I'd like to know what's the matter with her!"

Thinking it time for me to withdraw, I went to Mata's office and found her seated in a low chair, seemingly in deep meditation. After a while she looked up and said: "Well?"

"You have created quite a sensation in town this morning," said I. "The officer who attempted your arrest declares his arm is paralyzed."

"No lasting harm has been done to him," she said; "he will recover the use of it in an hour or two."

"What did you do to him?" I asked.

"Simply prevented him from touching me," she replied. "I have appeared in court to answer to the charges brought against me and have explained that although the required certificate was not in my possession I am competent to practise medicine. These men fear to have me enter the medical ranks lest I take some of their glory as well as their gold. I knew this would come, and am prepared to meet it. I do not wish to rob them, but I do desire to relieve the sufferers they fail to help. I shall neither pay the fine they impose nor submit to imprisonment to please them."

At that moment the bell in the reception-room rang, and, as I expected, the caller proved to be another officer who had come to arrest Mata. Walking into his august presence as calmly as if he were a patient, she asked what he wanted. The man was greatly excited. He was a burly, broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, and towered like a giant above the slender, girlish form of his prospective prisoner. In his hands was a pair of hand-cuffs, with which he evidently intended manacling his prey. Mata quietly waited for him to make known his business, and, after wheezing and gasping for breath for a while, he bawled out: "I've come t' 'rest ye; and you'll find ye can't come none o' yer tomfoolery on me like ye did on the other feller!"

The expression in Mata's eyes denoted danger to somebody, but she did not utter a word. It was evident that he expected to frighten her into subjection by his threatening aspect and defiant roar. After delivering his little speech he strode forward, seized her roughly by both arms, and gave her a violent jerk toward him—treating her as if she were a child whom he was about to chastise. As quickly as if struck by lightning, the man lay sprawling in the farthest corner of the room, although Mata had not made a visible motion nor spoken an audible word.

For a few moments the officer lay unconscious, and then, opening his eyes and raising his head, he looked round seem-

ingly unable to remember just what had happened. When his gaze rested upon me his anger seemed to rise again, and, struggling to his feet, he muttered: "Resist an officer of the law, will ye? I'll 'rest you too!" Picking up the hand-cuffs, he snapped them on my wrists, and then, flourishing his club threateningly over my head, he roared: "I've a mind to pound ye to jelly fer that, ye old cuss!" The man believed I had knocked him down, and, since I offered no objections, he produced another pair of manacles from his pocket, and, shaking them under my nose, shouted: "D'ye see them bracelets? I've got the old bird an' now I'll have the young un;" and, turning toward Mata with the ferociousness of a mad bear, he grabbed her more roughly than at first. Then I heard a report like the crack of a rifle, and the burly officer was again knocked head foremost into the corner. The crash was so fearful that I believed the man was killed. He lay perfectly motionless, with his eyes wide open and his face as white as that of a corpse.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

AN INTERESTING NEW FEATURE.

ONE of the differences between the New Thought and Christian Science is that in the former the personal equation is almost wholly eliminated. The growing movement of which MIND is the leading exponent embodies the idea of spiritual democracy. It has no "authorities," and recognizes no rulers within its domain. It has not a representative whose dictum is law to any one but himself. Neither does it appeal for sanction to any book—its sole court of last resort is demonstrable Truth. The researches of some of its students, however, have been profounder than those of others. A few are so gifted with a capacity for the discernment of principle as to qualify them for the presentation of its truths in books or on the lecture platform. From such investigators formal instruction is obtained; that is, hints are received from the results of their work that call into activity the latent powers of the individual learner.

In New Thought circles it is the custom to regard these teachers of advanced thought as "leaders" of the movement, and a certain amount of curiosity as to their personal appearance is natural and inevitable among those to whom they are known only by their works. Perfectly consistent, therefore, with the impersonal nature of the teaching we aim to expound is the attitude of MIND in its latest innovation—the publishing of a series of portraits of New Thought leaders. Beginning this month with the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the magazine will present in each issue, as a frontispiece, the picture of a well-known author or teacher,

with a biographic sketch and occasionally selections from his or her published works. The portraits will be vignetted half-tones, of uniform size, style, and finish, and will appear monthly during the ensuing year.

In marking the inception of our ninth volume with this new and attractive feature, we feel that a positive benefit will accrue to our readers through the opportunity thus afforded to familiarize themselves with the personality and thought of the most conspicuous adherents of the Metaphysical movement; for the leading article of each number will be from the pen of the subject of the frontispiece portrait. Editor Patterson will contribute the biographic sketches to the essay department, in lieu of his series of articles that closes with "The Laws of Health" in the current issue. They will be found of interest and value, for they shall be based on a very wide acquaintance and deep insight into the literature of the New Thought. J. E. M.

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OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE November MIND will contain a portrait and a suggestive outline of the life and work of Mr. Henry Wood. The opening article will be from his able pen and will be a consideration of the question, "Are there Fresh Revelations of Truth?"

Another feature of our next issue that gives us great pleasure to announce is a symposium that will bear the title, "Has Spiritualism Had its Day?" The contributors are: Dr. J. M. Peebles, A.M., a pioneer investigator of psychic phenomena and an author of worldwide reputation; Harrison D. Barrett, editor of the *Banner of Light*, of Boston; and Willard J. Hull, editor of the *Light of Truth*, of Columbus, Ohio. These writers are in a position to speak authoritatively on the growth and significance of Modern

Spiritualism in this country, and their conclusions will interest all students of religious and scientific progress.

In addition to the concluding instalment of the occult story, "Mata the Magician," and a number of thoughtful essays on timely topics of New Thought interest and importance, our November number will contain a practical article on "Absent Treatments in Healing," by Karl H. von Wiegand, which will be accompanied with some editorial comments on the development of commercialism in Mental Science. J. E. M.

"LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW."

It is a strange reflection upon the obtuseness of human reasoning that the meaning of this simple statement of a New Testament writer has been so long in piercing the gloom that has hung like a pall over the intellects of our so-called Christian people; and it is surely the result of failing to understand or feel the stirring of universal love in their own life experiences. Love of family, love of country, love for certain religious dogmas, have all been experienced; yet the dark pages of the world's history teach that these lesser loves are but remnants of the animal nature after all—for have they not led humanity to deeds of violence, bloodshed, and cruelty that would put a tiger to blush (that is, if we are to believe the "Jungle Tales")? The love that is now stirring the pulse of humanity and vibrating through all human activities is more nearly in accord with the love that actuated the Master of Nazareth and caused him to realize that it would fulfil the law of God and man.

Few, indeed, realize the strength and influence generated by those who have learned to find the Supreme Power within their own souls. It is with the *mind* that man may recognize God as the principle of righteousness, which he may make use of as he does the principles of harmony and numbers. By using the principles we create the love that is Christ-like, which gives birth to the spirit of universal brotherhood.

There is not a doubt that many of those who will be drawn into the coöperative movements of the near future will come without this higher love in their souls, and it will need the highest and best thought of those who have experienced it to maintain harmony and the peace of communities.

If humanity stand the test, there will be a civilization founded that will lead to advantages and blessings that the ideal theorists have failed to imagine; but if the balance be lost between human selfishness and the spirit of altruism, those who have studied the history of past ages from a sociologic standpoint can foresee that the coöperative movements of the next century may become disintegrating and retrogressive.

The age of feudalism had in it the communistic germ, and it would be possible for communism again to drop into feudalism. In the push and pull of universal evolution there has been a continual dropping back into old conditions.

Again and again a high tide of civilization has swept the earth —only to spread out in shallow, stagnant pools filled with the miasma of human suffering: a lack of the spirit of universal brotherhood. The spirit of *love* must be acknowledged as the cause of the progressive periods in ethnologic history. Let every one, then, who stands for a coöperative movement brace himself with solid principle, not only accepting and promulgating theories but by every-day practise: in hourly strife to reach the highest individual realization of the God principle—that he may manifest it in all business transactions and in family and social life.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

GROWTH.

There are three distinct and indispensable factors in the order of growth—whether it is being healed of disease, demonstrating over poverty, or rising to a more spiritual plane. True, thought is the actual builder, but thought cannot work unaided. Love is the force, "the power behind the throne." Will is the determining executor.

Leading up to these three factors is always a *why*, a *wherefore* —an incentive. This is *desire*. If you would use your thought to the betterment of your conditions, first decide upon what you desire more than all else in life. The second step is to rouse your will and put it in command of your thoughts; not for a few moments each day—the will must be in active control every moment. I do not say your will or thoughts must be steadfastly fixed on your desire, but that your will must say when and how often your thoughts need rest and recreation; and it should control that rest, else the thoughts become weak and vacillating—one moment desiring one thing and the next moment another—and little or no results are obtained.

When the thought is fully focused by the will on the thing desired, the force must be put behind it, else 'tis like an engine without steam trying to pull a train of cars. Though fully equipped with masterful machinery, it will not budge an inch till the force (the steam) is applied. Love is to your thought what steam is to the engine. You are as fully equipped to generate love as the engine is to generate steam, and unless you apply the love the thought will be ineffectual. Put your love force behind your thoughts and push them into visibility—not merely love for the thing desired, but love for all humanity; for, truly, God is Love.

ANNA MCGOWAN.

AN eminent physician now proclaims that the ancient and general opinion that the nose is an index to character is a fallacy. And it may be proclaimed with fully as much confidence that there is nothing which any eminent physician knows to be so that other eminent physicians do not know to be "ain't so."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

WE must go in contemplation out of life ere we can see how its troubles subside and are lost, like evanescent waves, in the deeps of eternity and the immensity of God.—*James Martineau.*

"THEY can who think they can" is the philosophy of the new century.—*Boston Herald.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

COMRADESHIP.

"Such a sweet, thoughtful little daughter you have!" one lady was heard to remark to another at an afternoon club tea.

"Yes," said the mother; "she is a great comfort, but it has taken most of the time since she was born to make her what she is. In all the fourteen years of her life she has never slept away from home unless with me, has never had a friend closer than her mother, and never read a book that did not in some degree present beautiful ideals or make suggestions of the *best* in Nature and life."

"How could you keep her from wanting other companions and other books? I"—— and the questioner sighed.

The mother smiled as she replied: "One word covers it—*comradeship*. That has been my aim all her life: to be a comrade. I can't begin to tell you how many books on natural history, Nature, and literature I have read in secret in order to be entertaining to her in our conversations and stories. Her mind has been so happily occupied she hasn't missed other things."

"But where did you get the time? I am hurried to death to get even a few minutes a day for *my* child."

"I simply looked over my duties and my privileges, social and otherwise, and found, if I were to mold Miriam according to my ideal, I would have to *choose* that as my principal work; that it

would be positively necessary to subordinate every other interest to this."

"But you do not *appear* to neglect anything, even your neighbors!" was her friend's puzzled comment.

"It is only a question of managing so that time and opportunity work together. I make a practise of rising an hour earlier than the rest of the family. I have time for many things in that way."

"But you surely cannot keep up with the clubs?"

"I do not try. My aim for Miriam and the home would not permit me to belong to more than one club, and that one is most helpful. Others are excellent, but time is too limited to try to keep up more than one at a time and go to others occasionally."

"I really believe this is the reason we are so limited," interrupted a little woman who had been listening. "Why, when I get home from the Ladies' Aid Society, or the Waldersee Club, or the Tourist Club, or the Society for Historical Research, or the Weekly Whist Club, I *really* am too tired for anything, and the children annoy me dreadfully. They say they always hate the club days, for mama's so cross!"

"Dear me, *I* have my hands full with two clubs a week; and, although I try to spend every Saturday evening with the children, they are so restless and unruly I'm always glad when it's over," said another voice.

"Really, whist is like a hungry lion ready to devour every one who comes in its way. I have just about concluded to give it up. I find it is not only taking *my* time and thought, but Harold and Fred have taken so mad a liking for it that it is taking all *their* time, too, except of course when some other game is more absorbing. I can scarcely get them to do a thing for me any more." This from a jolly-faced woman in the corner.

"Do tell us, Mrs. Rowe, how you have taught Miriam such perfect manners. My little Adele says she is the sweetest girl in school."

"Yes," added the friend who had begun the conversation with Miriam's mother; "and if it is a practical receipt I'm sure we would all like to know it."

Mrs. Rowe flushed a little as she replied, with a tender tremor

in her voice: "I have no receipt, friends, but to keep always in a state of *love, patience,* and *fertility of mind.* I may be a little odd in my ideas, but I fancy it is only necessary to keep a child *unselfishly happy* in order to bring out what is in him. You know what Emerson says: 'Speak to a man's *heart,* and he suddenly becomes virtuous.' A happy child is always *disposed to the good.* He can be molded, then, even unconsciously, and, out of his good will and desire to do something, his manners will spring as naturally from his loving heart as the delicate bloom on the petals of the rose."

A silence fell on the little group, and presently a soft low prelude on the piano began. It was time for the musical and literary program.

* * *

The clubs of to-day are doubtless doing more to educate and broaden the ideals of the race than any other factor in existence; but even good things can be abused, and when there is a general irritation over small things, and a postponement of duties in any direction because of the club (or clubs), it is time to pause and survey the situation.

The trouble almost invariably lies in having undertaken too much. We believe in and warmly advocate the membership and service given to one club, possibly two; but if there is fatigue, the least sign of flagging interest, in the home and its special duties, or a failure to make practical application of the club teachings, something must be lopped off. Time is too crowded to be profitable.

We plead then for a just and candid consideration of every factor in the life, home, and environment of the mother concerned. If she has duties, to whom? If she has children, how can she best improve her mind in order to give to them in another and perhaps more attractive form what she has gained in her deeper insights and larger knowledge of the world and its wisdom? Can she do it better through attendance at *many clubs?* In her world, large or small as it may be, there are many people and conditions claiming her attention, aye, her best self. How shall she so apportion her time that she will be able to do justly by all, that she will even

have the time so to recruit her own forces, both physical and mental, that at any time and under any circumstances she will be ready to spring to action at any demand?

John Wesley's mother had seventeen children; yet she spent an hour every day in prayer and meditation, in order to bring them up properly! We cannot all be the mother of even one Wesley, but we can all spend an hour each day in fitting ourselves to be the worthy mothers of the children we have.

It is not *alone* by prayer and meditation, but that is surely essentially the sign and seal of mother-love. Think of the riches of literature—even current literature—from which to provide for and read with the children! It is certainly as necessary to provide the right mental pabulum for the little men and women as food for the body. Given this, think you there would be so many neglected twelve and fourteen year old boys and girls roaming about in search of amusement, in the village streets (some of them), anywhere and everywhere they can find a meeting-place? True, *your* children may not be in this category, but there are many in your town or neighborhood who are; and though yours may not be on the street they may not be any better mentally or morally, or any more worthily employed.

It is the empty, dissatisfied mind that instigates mischief, that craves and seeks constant excitement. Many a child that has beautiful clothes, a palatial home and servants to serve the most dainty food, is *starving* for lack of right mental nourishment. And here is where comradeship means so much. A mother or father who is *comrade* to the child or children does more to feed the mind and heart, even though too poor to furnish more than the plainest clothes and the simplest food, than the parent who can pay for every luxury the world affords—but refuses to give *himself,* his heart-love and companionship.

Yet withal it is the *stimulus* to independent and creative action rather than set forms and rules of conduct or occupation. We must never forget that it is to bring out that which is within—to awaken the sleeping energies of mind and body to high purposes and worthy activities—that we thus set ourselves to educate our children by being their loving comrades.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Why, I am October, it's easy to see!
Some people there are who are fonder of me
Than of other fall months. . . . . .
* * * * * * * * *

"'Tis September's endeavor to bring you in line
For the work of the year. But I hate to confine
You too much. Now, go nutting and tramping about
On my brightest days after school hours are out.

"For my days are arranged with especial care
To give you a chance for the out-of-door air.
Be sure I would like to help you alway
To enjoy to the full both your study and play.

"If you come to the woods during October days,
When the sun is still bright and a soft, gentle haze
Has settled above the brown, beautiful earth,
That invites you to study as well as to mirth,
You'll find that you've gotten much knowledge that's good
Of the birds and the trees that live in the wood."

—*Jane A. Stewart, in Modern Methods.*

GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

When I was a little girl the pleasantest thing in the world to me was "going to Grandma's house." First, we had to take the steam-cars, and at the end of that part of the trip my uncle Augustus would be waiting for us with the comfortable, roomy old carriage and the two farm-horses with big collars on their necks that meant some hard pulling over the road.

After we had driven to the grocer's for provisions and to the mill for "feed," the horses' heads would be turned toward home, and they would settle themselves into a steady "jog-trot," knowing there were ten long miles ahead of them and many hills to climb.

Very beautiful is the country in western New York. One of

the most interesting sights are the hop-yards that cover acres and acres. Tall poles are set a few feet apart, and strong twine is stretched from pole to pole. Over the poles and string the dark-green vine clambers, hanging out its tassels of pale-green hops in dainty clusters; and the hop-yards are made into row after row of airy bowers with nodding leaves and blossoms. I used to feel quite sure that fairies and elves had merry frolics swinging on those vines.

While we were driving up and down the long, steep hills, Uncle "Gus" would tell us all the news—how the hay was all in; how the corn-house had been burned down; how Fanny, the dear old mare, had a lovely little colt all chestnut color with a white star on its forehead; how Tommy Snaffler drove into a hornet's nest while mowing: and how Tommy didn't care anything more about mowing!

Uncle Gus always knew just the right time to bring out from some mysterious place under the front seat some sugar-cookies that Grandma made. No other cookies ever did nor ever will taste so good. Then, of course, we had to stop at a farm-house for a drink of water, and while Uncle Gus was drawing up the water-bucket I would peer away down into the deep dark well, lined with mossy stones on which tiny ferns nodded here and there. Dear little ferns! How bravely and cheerily you grow wherever there is even the slightest foothold!

Well, finally we would reach the "jumping-off place," as we called it. To look ahead a little way one would think the road ended right in the air. But as we came close to what seemed the end, there we found the road still went on, pitching down, down one of the steepest hills that ever a road was built over. And far below spread out the long, narrow, pretty valley where Grandma's house was.

How exciting that drive down the steep hill! How Uncle Gus had to call to the horses to do this and do that! And, when we were down in the valley, how glad we all were—especially the horses; for all the difficulties of the journey were over now, and there were only two level miles between them and home and supper.

Long before we reached the house we could see one end of it

gleaming through the trees. How my brothers and I used to watch for that first glimpse of Grandma's house! There is no sight I have seen since I grew up that has seemed to me so beautiful as the dear old white house shining through the green leaves of the cherry-trees that Grandma set out when she was a young girl, and that grew to tower far above the house and in the spring were a mass of snowy, perfumed bloom and full of the hum of happy bees.

And then, when we reached the house, there on the porch—with its white, wooden, fluted pillars—stood Grandma waiting to give us welcome. She always took us directly into the dining-room and gave us maple-sugar made into star and heart shaped little cakes. Oh, that was the best maple-sugar! I must tell you about the tree it came from.

This tree was the biggest maple-tree I ever saw. It grew on a little island formed by a brook that divided and flowed round a bit of high ground. The roots of this mighty tree filled all this island, and its head reared itself far above any tree within sight. Long before the white people settled in the valley the Indians called this tree "the great tree." They tapped it in the spring for the sap, which, when boiled down, made an almost white maple-sugar instead of the dark brown it usually is; and the flavor was very peculiar, but delicious.

What happy days we had at Grandma's house! What fun to go into the great dark attic, full of spinning-wheels, looms, heavy old furniture, and old, old books! Then there were the early pears spread on the floor to ripen—how good they smelled and tasted! And the nuts were stored up there—butternuts and hickory-nuts. There was one tree on the farm that bore hickory-nuts that had three kernels in each shell instead of two. These were put away by themselves and were kept for special occasions, like birthday parties. But Grandma made parties for us without waiting for birthdays. At these we always had a great frosted "pyramid cake," sprinkled with pink and yellow candies. This stood in the center of the supper-table and was wreathed with dark-green myrtle that grew so plentifully in the old-fashioned flower-garden.

Not far from the back of the house began the "gully," as it was

called. In some places the steep sides to this half-mile-long ravine were two hundred feet high. The end of it was walled up by a precipice of jagged rock, ninety feet high. Over this tumbled a stream. In the spring it fell over with a thundering voice; but in the summer it trickled down the rocky face like silver rain, hitting here and there the airy little ferns that grew away up to the very top of the precipice. This ravine was filled with slate, and we had great fun writing; for we could always find plenty of slates and slate-pencils. Grandma used to put up fine luncheons for us, so that we could spend hours by the "falls."

Perhaps the happiest time was in the evening, when Grandma told us stories about the early days when there were wolves about and before the Indians had gone away. There was one story we never tired of hearing, and Grandma never tired of telling it because she saw how we enjoyed it. This is the story:

Grandma's house was built away back when the first settlers drove the hundreds of miles between there and their homes among the Connecticut hills.

One day, when Grandma's mother was busy frying doughnuts an Indian came into the kitchen and said, "How!" and looked longingly at the big platterful of hot cakes. Great-grandmother passed the platter to him and he opened his blouse and poured all the doughnuts inside—and walked away!

A short time after, the same Indian came into her kitchen again when she was all alone in the house. I am sorry to say he was drunk. You know we white people have wronged the Indians in many ways, and one of the cruelest wrongs we have done them is giving them "fire-water," as they call whisky, thus bringing drunkenness into their lives.

Well, this Indian dropped on the floor his bottle of fire-water and it broke. Then he became very angry and jumped up and down fiercely stamping on the broken bottle with his bare feet until they were terribly cut. Great-grandmother was ever so frightened at first. Then she remembered that God was everywhere and would protect her if she would have faith and trust. So she tried to calm the poor, drunken Indian, and finally persuaded him to let her put some liniment on his wounded feet and to bandage them.

A few mornings later, while at work in the kitchen, she was greatly surprised when a number of squaws came in with quantities of handsome baskets—you know the Indians make wonderfully fine baskets—crying, "Take some baskets! Take some baskets!" In this way they showed their gratitude for Great-grandmother's kindness to the Indian, who was their chief.

At Grandma's house we were never lonely, for Grandma had always something for us to do, or something to do for us, that made us happy. And when I look back and remember how many little children she made happy, how many grown-up people must often think of the brightness that came into their lives through her, I understand that Grandma's house was so beautiful to me, because the radiance of her life of unselfish devotion to others transformed everything about her with its glow. Not only that, but in the hearts of many of those she comforted and made happy she implanted the desire also to do for others that they too might feel how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Several years ago Grandma went to her Father's house, where there are many mansions. Surely, she who made home so beautiful here must dwell in one of the fairest mansions in the Father's house!

F. P. P.

A BIRD WALK IN GREENACRE.

Did you ever walk through the woods and fields of Greenacre, a beautiful tract of land that lies along the Piscataqua River, in the State of Maine?

Alice, Marcia, Florence, Frank, Harlan, Miss Robinson the Nature-teacher, and I, all with our opera-glasses, started out one bright July morning to see how much we could learn about the birds. It was my first walk with the little class of bird-lovers, and you may be sure I was glad to be one of the party.

We crossed a field where a farmer was mowing. Several bobolinks were singing over our heads, occasionally dropping into the tall grass. We supposed there was a hidden nest there, but we did not like to walk through the grass, for we knew it

would be harder for the farmer to mow it. We all hoped that if the nest were there it would not be destroyed by the mowing-machine.

We went close down by the river to see a cat-bird's nest that the children had been watching for several days. We were so sorry to find that the high winds and the rain of the night before had dislodged it, and the one little blue egg was just on the edge of the nest. Harlan quickly climbed the tree and carefully replaced the nest and thought that the mother-bird and father-bird would be so glad to find their home all safe again.

We then crossed a brook on a fallen tree, climbed an old board fence, and sat down under some graceful white birches to rest for a few minutes. We had not been there long when we noticed two bluebirds fluttering quite near us and we wondered if they could be living in the old apple-tree just across the brook. The children had not found a bluebird's nest in their walks, and of course eagerly watched the birds to see if they would not show us their home.

Presently, the mother-bird, with a worm in her bill, perched on the fence, and, after looking us all over very carefully to see if she could trust us, disappeared behind a fence-post. We were quite sure then that she must have some little ones in a nest in a hole in the post. We sat quite still for about ten minutes watching the birds, with food in their bills, appear and disappear; and then one of us ventured very quietly to investigate and see the little birds for ourselves. It was such a snug little home, all lined with grass, and quite deep enough so that the birds could not fall out, and well protected from the heat of the sun. We thought them very wise birds to choose so safe a home. We each took a little peep into the nest and then quietly stole away, for we did not wish to frighten the birds.

I think I never saw so many song-sparrows. They were perched all along the fences and on the low bushes, singing so joyously amidst their work, teaching us how joyfully *we* might live. The children then showed me a cuckoo's nest, which they had found while the little ones were still in it. It was so loosely woven that they had been able to see the young birds through the twigs.

Just before we started for home we all sat down under a fine old pine-tree and played a bird game.

We each in turn played we were a bird. We told how large we were, what kind of food we liked best, what color our dress was, and if we were able we told what kind of a song we sang, and then let the others guess our name. It is an interesting game and will teach you to observe carefully.

In our next walk we hope we shall be fortunate enough to find the homes of some of our other little feathered friends.

MARY P. SPINNEY.

MOTHER.

Who is it that makes sacrifice
Of comforts and of all things nice—
Who yields them gladly, in a trice?
Why, Mother!

Who is it that will often stay
At home from op'ra, party, play,
While *you* may go and be so gay?
It's Mother!

Should there not be enough for each
Of luxuries within the reach,
She never cares for luscious peach,
That Mother!

Of garments there is scant supply,
Yet for these how you strive and vie!
What you reject she'll take. Ah, why?
She's Mother!

Pray, don't accept such sacrifice
Of pleasures and of all things nice
From one whose love's above all price—
Your Mother!

FANNY L. FANCHER.

AN OPEN WINDOW.

" 'There is no need to worry. When God shuts a door He opens a window,' " Grandfather had said in little Pete's hearing one day.

"There's a great deal of truth in that Italian proverb," Pete's mother had answered.

But they might just as well have been talking "gibberish" so far as the little fellow was concerned. He did not seem to listen.

* * * * * *

Pete stood at the entrance of the wood. How beautiful it looked in the early afternoon! The trees formed a refreshing shade for the little boy who wandered around, picking flowers and occasionally trying to keep up with a stray butterfly as it flew swiftly before him.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! how pleasant this is!" said Pete to himself as he sat down under a tree and watched, through half-closed eyelids, a squirrel playing hide-and-seek through the thick foliage all around him. This was drowsy work for a warm afternoon, and in a very little while Pete's eyelids were tightly closed and he was in Dreamland, where he saw imaginary squirrels chasing imaginary little boys all through a wonderful wood where not a ray of light could be seen. Squirrels and boys were bumping against the trees in a remarkable fashion.

If Pete had been awake he would have known that the blue in the sky had given way to the blackest of storm-clouds, that the birds had gone twittering to their nests, and the squirrels had sought a shelter in the hollow of an old oak-tree. But he was sound asleep, and it was the rain pelting down on his curly head and making rivulets across his flushed cheeks that wakened him at last.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what will I do now?" thought the distressed little boy.

"There is no need to worry. When God shuts a door He opens a window." These words flashed into Pete's mind as the thunder roared and the lightning gleamed on the blackness of the sky.

Pete tried to recall which way he had come, but all to no pur-

pose. So he decided to stay where he was. He kept close to the trunk of the tree, shut his blue eyes once more, and tried to keep his thoughts fixed on the words his grandfather had said.

After a while the thunder and lightning ceased and the rain fell as softly as only a summer rain can fall. It seemed to Pete as if he heard the sound of wheels, as of a team coming through the woods.

"Here I am! Here I am!" called the little fellow. "Whoop, whoo-oo-oop! Here I am—Pete Delavigne, Grandpa!"

An exclamation of surprise, the sound of hasty steps coming in the direction of Pete's voice, and sure enough there stood Grandpa Delavigne gazing down at the face of his grandson.

"Didn't you know I was lost, Grandfather?" asked Pete.

"Indeed I did not," said Grandpa.

"It's all right, just the same," said the little boy, as he sat close to Grandpa in the wagon. "'When God shuts the door He opens a window.'"

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

LITTLE DOT.

When Dot was born there were four other little puppies at the same time; and so, because there were so many little mouths to fill, Dot did not get enough bread and milk to make a really respectably-sized dog of him, and that was why he was named Dot. His master was very poor. "This little midget," said the master, "isn't worth the raising."

But Dot had in his little round head a splendid brain. There wasn't anything worth seeing that he didn't see; there wasn't anything said but his little ears heard it.

It was a sad day when these five little pups were separated, and one was taken in one direction and another in another, and they didn't even have the comfort of giving one another a good-by kiss. For it all came about so unexpectedly. And little Dot had to go too. Whatever became of his four brothers he never knew.

Dot had the sweetest sort of a disposition. You couldn't make him take offense at anything.

Now, the lady who adopted him wanted just such a little pet, and she carried him about the house for a long time in a small silk blanket. And he was as happy as happy could be, lying in her lap or being "toted" about in his soft blanket.

The lady's husband was a big gruff man that didn't like pets anyway, and he seemed almost ashamed to own up that that little dot of a thing belonged to him. But just like a sunbeam was this little dog even when he heard his master say he didn't like dogs. Dot never laid it to heart, but would run to the door and give his master the biggest sort of a "send-off," in a "Bow, wow, wow!" And then again at noon or at night, when the master came home, Dot would run round his legs in such a network of whirls that Mr. Breen couldn't move a step where there wasn't a Dot! Perhaps it was because his body was so small and he had so much life that Dot had to keep on the run all the time. He couldn't stay in his cushioned basket—only long enough to shut his eyes for the shortest bit of a nap; for there was always somebody down-stairs that he wanted to see and bow-wow to.

Sometimes his master would look very crossly at him, but all the more Dot wanted to play tag with him. After a while Mr. Breen just *had* to love Dot. He couldn't help it! And everybody loved the little dog, for, you see, Dot loved everybody.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

WHAT BECAME OF THE FAIRIES.

Far away back in the beginning of things, when this gray old earth was young, fairies were as common as flowers are now. In fact there were no flowers at all, but the fairies were everywhere. They flitted about very much as our butterflies do now and did not seem to be any busier. But the truth is they were never idle a moment. From morning till night, from springtime all the year round, they worked—painting the birds' eggs, burnishing Robin Redbreasts' coats, patching the sycamore bark, whittling the pine-cones into shape. Indeed I couldn't begin to tell you half the busy work they did, for they did all that was done to make old earth's furnishing beautiful. For fairies love beautiful things and they

are wise enough, too, to know that what is beautiful helps us as much in our living as what is useful, only in other ways.

Of course, there was no need of flowers while fairies filled the woods and meadows with their many-colored wings that were like gauze of woven sunshine or bits of broken rainbow. Even now, you know, some of the trees and shrubs—the pine, the cedar, the fig—put on no blossoms in their joy-time. Perhaps they are still lonely for the days when fairies were abroad in the land, for that was indeed a happy time.

When little children began to come into the world the fairies were delighted and did all they could to make the children happy. They were never too busy to guard a runaway ball from rolling into the brook or to keep a kite-tail from getting tangled in the trees, and the children loved them dearly. But as they grew up to be men and women a change came over the hearts of some of these children. They remembered how useful the fairies had been, but they forgot that their chief business was to keep the thought of the beautiful queen-mother, whose name was Beauty, fresh in the hearts of all living things. They forgot, indeed, all about the queen-mother and began to make the fairies work very hard for things that were not beautiful while they stood by and folded their hands. Imagine a great strong man asleep all day under the shade of a tree while thousands of tiny fairies, no bigger than butterflies, harvested his wheat or gathered his berries!

Well, when the queen-mother of all the fairies, whose home was far away on the golden-shored Island of Once, in the Land of Long Ago that is east of the rising sun, saw what was happening on the earth she determined that something must be done or the little children she had once loved would grow so selfish and lazy that they would be very unhappy. Fairies love their human relations very dearly—too well, indeed, to allow them to do anything to harm themselves and so spoil their lives. So they called a great council, and after many days and nights of serious discussion they decided that the best thing to do was to turn themselves into flowers and still make the world beautiful, but in a way that could not easily be turned to other uses. The work of coloring the leaves and staining the strawberries and polishing the nuts they would leave to the brownies, the night-fairies who work when nobody

can see them. Of course it was a great trial to the sunshine fairies to be fastened down to roots and twigs instead of being able to fly about anywhere they pleased the whole day through. So, to make it easier for them, the queen-mother of them all told them that each might choose the shape and color of the flower it would rather be, and that when this flower withered or was picked to make a bouquet the fairy that was the soul of it might then come home to her to live on the golden-shored Island of Once, in the Land of Long Ago that is east of the rising sun. Also, that on midsummer-night—the night that follows the longest day of all the year, when the fairy flowers have had to stay longest on their stems and keep their flower-eyes wide open for the longest trip of the sun across the sky—they might drop their flower-dresses and turn into fairies again, for that one night, and dance about on the moss in the moonlight and swing in the cobweb hammocks and toot the elfin horns till the first ray of sunlight raised its warning finger above the mountain-top. At that signal they must all hurry back to their stems, so that, when the sun's round face peeped up behind the hill's high shoulder, every flower and bud would be in its place, ready, hand in hand with the sunshine, for their day's long work of making beautiful the world. Fairies are the soul of things and keep them alive and *meaningful.* When you see a flower wither you may know the fairy soul of it has gone home to the fairy queen.

So now you know why this dear old earth of ours is full of flowers—why the clouds in the sky wear such wonderful colors; why the sunlight is so gold and the moonlight such pure silver, and why, too, there are no fairies in the world for a little while—only a little while, however. For as soon as men and women begin to hark back to their childhood time and remember the fairies and their queen-mother and the real meaning of her name—which some people call Soul and some Life, even—as soon as they understand that a beautiful thing is as truly worth while, as meaningful, as necessary, to our real living as any of the great inventions or manufactures—any of the things we buy and sell, eat, wear, and walk upon—then will the soul of things come out to meet our eyes. Then will fairies fill our earth once more and faith our hearts.

ESTHER HARLAN.

We may sacrifice everything for truth, but we must not sacrifice truth for anything.

We have a right to throw away our lives for a truth, but we have no right to throw away a truth to save our lives.

—*Prof. George D. Herron.*

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we cast the gift of a beautiful thought into the heart of a friend—*that* is giving as the angels give.—*George Macdonald.*

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

—*Wordsworth.*

"If there were a ladder, Mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of the Bible,
I would bid you all good-by,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found the ladder,
With angels coming down."

. . . . . .

"Ah, darling," said the mother,
"You need not wander so
To find the golden ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is a wondrous ladder,
With angels on the rounds."

—*Mrs. M. F. Butts.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE. By Henry Wood. 302 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston.

The latest work of this popular author manifests to the fullest degree the profound research, the optimistic spirit, the clear comprehension of principle, the logical analysis, and the beauty and plainness of utterance that characterize all his writings. Mr. Wood is a deep thinker and a close reasoner, and the altruistic but conservative tone that pervades every product of his pen has done much to modify the senseless criticisms of the enemies of the spiritual philosophy of health and happiness. The present volume, in many of its chapters, may be regarded as an admirable treatise on the New Thought. It deals with fundamentals, with basic facts, in so lucid a way that the superstructure of form and adaptation is immediately suggested to the mind of the intelligent reader. It is preëminently a twentieth-century book—epitomizing the progress of mankind up to the latest development of scientific thought, rationalizing and simplifying the teachings of modern psychology, and foreshadowing the new era of spiritual evolution in which religion and science shall complement each other. It will appeal with peculiar force even to minds that are unfamiliar with the metaphysical view of life, and to followers of the New Thought will serve as a text-book of the higher philosophy.

NEW MODES OF THOUGHT. By C. T. Stockwell. 150 pp. Cloth, $1.00. James H. West Company, publishers, Boston, Mass.

The gifted author of "The Evolution of Immortality" has furnished in this new book a most important link in the chain of individual research that marks the present period as an era of transition. In accepting the conclusions of physical science he imparts to them a new significance, pointing out the possibility of a rational materialism and the inherent progressiveness of law. The book is constructive and unifying to a degree. It

brings a conviction of spiritual truth to the stagnant materialistic mind while preserving the transcendentalist from a too close adherence to the abstractions of metaphysics. It is a sensible, luminous, and instructive work that will tend largely to bring out the scientific elements of the New Thought and commend them to thinkers that hitherto have been hostile to spiritual teaching. It invests with a new meaning the scientific instruction of the schools, and will aid considerably in fitting the minds of modern students for the investigation of life's problems in the light of the new day. We heartily indorse Mr. Stockwell's attractive volume as a compendium of facts and suggestions that no aspiring reader can afford to ignore. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOOD VALUE OF MEAT. Practical Dietetics. By W. R. C. Latson, M.D. 72 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. The Health-Culture Company, publishers, New York.

SCIENCE; or, The Ancient Hebrew Significance of the Book of Genesis. By Frank Wood Haviland. 2 vols., $1.00. Published by the author, 247 W. 125th St., New York.

ONE YEAR. (Reprinted from *Expression.*) By Alma Gillen. Cloth, 144 pp. W. Isacke, publisher, 211 Edgware Road, London, W., England.

THE PURE CAUSEWAY. By Evelyn Harvey Roberts. Cloth, 264 pp. Charles H. Kerr & Company, publishers, Chicago.

WHITHER? A Study of Immortality. By the Hon. William Edgar Simonds. 113 pp. Cloth, $1.00. John B. Alden, publisher, New York.

SOLARIS FARM. A Story of the Twentieth Century. By Captain Milan C. Edson. 447 pp. Paper, $1.25. Published by the author, Washington, D. C.

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EDITED BY
JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

VOL. IX. No. 2.

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MIND.

VOL. IX. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 2.

ARE THERE FRESH REVELATIONS OF TRUTH?

BY HENRY WOOD.

Truth is ever seeking recognition and demonstration. We may almost imagine Reality, or that which *is*, as a charming personality earnestly knocking at our door and awaiting our intimacy. It is positive and even aggressive in its nature. A rounded philosophic unit must include both a principle and its application. Truth has been waiting for man, and his search for it also has been untiring. Like supply and demand, they are mutually attractive and in due season must come together.

In considering recent illuminations that have flashed into the mind of man, we may generalize briefly, preparatory to a review of those psychical and spiritual laws which bear more especially upon the multiform ills of humanity—their meaning, assuagement, and healing. Any full survey of Reality must include both its abstract and relative aspects, and these must be carefully discriminated. Abstract moral and spiritual principles may be regarded as fixed, but subjective verities are elastic and variable. Relatively, they are not quite the same for any two individuals and are not to-day just what they will be to-morrow. Practical truth is a law for human action, and therefore is personally differentiated. Truths—which are fractions of Truth—when held out of due proportion in the human mind have an element of falsity, but there is progressive purification. No one can recognize that which

is above his capacity, and it cannot be revealed to him. Growth is not in the truth, but in the suitability of human channels.

Thirty years ago the abstract truth about electricity was not true to the world, but a larger measure of it has now found human instruments for its revelation. Exactly the same is true of psychical laws and forces. They are pleading with us, and in our behalf, for recognition and exercise. That higher law which defines just the next step for the individual, and furnishes him with a working plan, is his truth. For the brute, the moral law is not true, and the same was the case with pre-Adamic man.

Truth is only a familiar name for divine method. It is God's plan that the progress of all his creatures, of whatever grade, shall be orderly and educational. Man can deal with conditions only as fast as he comes to them. The perfect abstract, to him, will continue to be an abstraction. Love to God and man is the sum of the whole "law and the prophets," but the statement is too concentrated for man's ready assimilation. It is profitable to hold as abstract truth, but it must be rendered into terms of actual living. To be transmuted into spiritual fiber, it must be presented in all possible combinations and circumstances, seen at all angles and in different lights, and tested in its application to varying ages and social conditions. Its essence must flow into life upon different planes of development, and each man will catch some aspect not quite like that of any other. It is a great unit with many sides, a melody with endless variations. The instruments of its revealment are without limit.

If Truth be a revelation of divine method it is a revelation of God. Even in human relations the method reveals the man. God is ever seeking to be outwardly expressed and mankind must furnish the suitable channels. There has been a prevalent impression that divine revelation was formally closed, but man can never seal his own spiritual nature nor cease to feel the influx of inspirational light and love. These

disclosures are continuous. God pours himself into every human channel that is consciously opened.

There is truth which is above intellectual logic. If the summit of man's aspiration and possibility has been reached already there is no truth in evolution. There must be either growth or stagnation. No compromise is possible. But to satisfy every exacting logician will not be easy, for no man can gain a wide outlook from a valley. The world will not halt in its progress because some men find themselves stranded on the shores of their own intellectual limitation. The whole moral order is a grand scheme of education.

The Bible, itself, makes it plain that the "Spirit of Truth" is the "Teacher" which is to supplement and transcend its own measure of divine reality. Inspiration is not a technical and supernatural gift but a quality that inheres in degree in all that practically inspires. Was the prophetic office and quality ever formally abolished, or is it not rather the legitimate exercise of the higher zone of man's nature? Has spiritual vision become obsolete, and was there a door between God and man which has since been closed? Said that great soul, Phillips Brooks, in one of his Yale lectures: "Oh, the souls that have been made skeptical by the mere clamoring of new truth to add itself to that which they have been taught to think finished and final!" The beginning of the twentieth century marks a new era, well begun, of higher illumination and practical idealism. With the displacement of dogmatic and scholastic limitations, there is clearly a spiritual renaissance of unwonted power. The "Holy Spirit"—never sent, but always present, even though unrecognized—is in active demonstration.

It is true that, superficially viewed, there is a great countercurrent of materialism, sensationalism, and conventional stress which is much in evidence. But every profound student of human development must be impressed with the numerous symptoms of a spiritual hunger, which is limited to no class

or condition. That craving is being satisfied in increasing degree. The developments in science and philosophy startle us by their brilliancy, and not less by their distinctive spiritual trend. Truth is being woven into common life. All that is demonstrable in science, vital in religion, and rational in philosophy are visibly converging. Religion is finding its scientific side and that its development in man is through psychology. Neither can be pent up by itself. Conventional moral philosophy formerly sliced man into so many departments and categories that he almost forgot he was a unit. Unless the specialist keeps in constant touch with outreaching relations he narrows and finally comes to a point. Nothing can successfully detach itself from the great Whole.

Without the key of the higher evolution the enigma of life is insoluble. The passing of the materialistic hypothesis of development of three or four decades ago, with its selfish theory of "the survival of the fittest," and unmoral interpretation of cosmic law, is manifest, and psychical, unselfish, and spiritual unfoldment now well established. The order of the physical sequences of Darwin and Wallace remain, but, from being primary, they are now seen to be expressive, secondary, and correspondential. Progress is not in the clay of seen forms, but in that which animates and molds them; not that the forms are unworthy of study, for they translate the character and relate the story of what is back of them.

But if late recognitions of Truth and a higher interpretation of life are to remain only as pleasing theories, destitute of embodiment, little has been gained. This era is nothing if not practical. If there are new revelations of Truth, we want to know what they are good for. If man is proved to be constitutionally a spiritual being, should he not lawfully claim some increasing rights, uses, and privileges? Is it possible that there is new light, progress, and growth everywhere outside of himself and none within? Is he a mere animated lump of clay; or rather a dynamic spiritual entity, of divine

relation and sonship? Is he to remain in complete bondage, not only to objective conditions but to the handful of dust that he has shaped into his own organic form? Once admit that the basis of man's nature is psychical and spiritual, and the rest resulting outward articulation, and a thousand former doubts and difficulties are dissolved and a new vista opened. The radical change of viewpoint introduces a general transformation scene, comprehensive, potential, and beautiful.

If the premises already outlined have valid foundation, the principle that provides for the rectification of human ills from within is entirely evident. But though the principle be flawless it may be admitted that the crudeness and unreadiness of the material to be wrought upon render the operative power gradual and relative rather than immediately absolute. The order of causation and control—from the center outward—is almost axiomatic. Should the man be expected to rule the dust, or the dust the man? If the former, what an increase of human dignity, poise, and future assurance! Healing from within, therefore, is not "miraculous," nor even strange, but normal and in the nature of things. As already intimated, it will not in the least weaken the force of the exact truth to admit that its practical realization among "all sorts and conditions of men" must be tentative, conditional, and gradual. Evolution may be rapid, but it makes no wild leaps. Still further, the race is so unified, and in lock-step, that no fragment, however promising, can perfectly detach itself from the prevailing materialistic inertia. In practise, therefore, no individual unit can entirely fill his highest ideal, but the ideal must not be lowered for that reason.

The clear-cut lines of spiritual law run through the constitution of man, and not only its requirements but its potencies and rewards are written in his deeper nature. The great educational ideal now should be the dominant development of a spiritual consciousness. Without this strengthening and illuminating understanding, man is "cabin'd, cribb'd, con-

fined." Its absence in religious systems renders "faith" but an emotional hope, destitute of a logical basis. With half of the Apostolic commission disregarded, spiritual Christianity is seriously enfeebled.

We must cultivate a conscious oneness and contact with the Divine Mind, and know that the influx of spiritual truth and power has never ceased or been withdrawn. God is everywhere except in the closed human consciousness. Man's freedom being inviolate, an entry will not be forced but must be invited. The developed spiritual consciousness includes the normal cultivation of the thinking faculty and the recognition of its creative and reformatory power. It involves the mastery of external conditions and the growing command of the physical organism in a degree entirely beyond that attained by any accepted system of the past. It establishes a firm psychological and scientific basis for the healing of mental and physical ills, and reveals the *modus operandi* of the "wonderful works" that have occasionally cropped out during past ages. Even pure superstition may temporarily set psychical healing forces into action.

Error, disorder, and disease are at the negative pole of positive Truth. To sense-consciousness they are only evil, but when understood they have a negative educational utility in urging men forward to an acquaintance with Truth. Their penalties and pains are not vindictive, but kindly compelling toward purification and salvation. They are the darkness in the basement of self-consciousness, to escape which man must ascend into the light.

The therapeutic potency of the new philosophy is both a revelation and rebuke to scientific materialism, the current of which has run so strongly through modern life. It brings to light unseen and eternal forces that assume their normal supremacy over those which are seen and ephemeral. Man comes into the conscious possession of his lawful heritage as a child of God. Christ is interpreted as the divine sonship

in mankind, thus widening the exclusive local and historic significance of the term and office.

How can the vital principles already outlined be most readily introduced into concrete daily life and made dominant? As before indicated, thought is the motor, and it must be trained with intelligent care and persistence. If we choose our ideals, *and dwell with them,* they in turn will give shape and tone to our consciousness.

Life may be likened to a continual repast, and we always have a mental *menu* spread out before us. Glance at the list and note what an endless conglomeration: Fear, love, anger, grief, joy, envy, peace, tragedy, harmony, lust, sensation, spirituality, disease, health—the temporary and the eternal, the ugly and the beautiful. Out of this heterogeneous mass it is our privilege to make intelligent selection, and only consume what we wish to assimilate, become like, and express. While on account of former carelessness we cannot fully bar out some unbidden and unwelcome thought material, yet we can discriminate in our hospitality. If the body outpictures mental quality, is it strange that inharmony is universal and that psychical and physical disorders prevail? As well select moldy bread and decayed vegetables for the body, as pessimistic and disorderly pabulum for the inner man. Paul was an expert psychologist as well as an Apostolic religionist. Note his exact statement. After an enumeration of things which are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, he states the law in the simplest terms: "*Think* on these things." He then mentions the logical beneficent result.

Mind has its habits, its well-worn channels, its favorite resting-places, and its concentrative possibilities. These powers and forces must be intelligently utilized in order to the formation of a symmetrical consciousness. As the body is a correspondential transcript of the psychical totality, two problems are solved in one. But chronic mental as well as physical habits are persistent, and "eternal vigilance is the price of

liberty." If certain ideals are to be built into the actual and external they must occupy the "chief seats" in the consciousness. If elbowed one side by mere sensation, mental or physical, they will have no molding force.

Thought, being architecturally constructive, and always busy, makes ideal thinking an art—indeed a fine art. Endless illustrative examples show that, as a photograph is the likeness of the negative, so a given personality is the sum of complex antecedents. The "pattern in the Mount" is that which is framed by one's own highest spiritual aspiration, and in proportion to its clearness and continuity one grows into its image. An ideal is not a shadowy future hope, but a present potentiality. To recognize it as now specific and real is the scientific means to its full materialization. The most efficient methods are oft-repeated self-suggestion and affirmation. Through the exercise of this law the reservoir of the subconscious realm gradually becomes filled with its quality and potency.

"The word is made flesh;" but to transmute a mental structure into visibility requires more than the cold formal thought of the head. It must be translated into feeling. There are psychical as well as physical gymnastic exercises. At convenient seasons the body should be relaxed and made receptive, for all tension bars out practical responsiveness. Technically, the great nerve ganglion known as the solar plexus seems to be a kind of bridge between the unseen and the seen. Spiritual concentration and aspiration may cause it to thrill with a responsive vibration reaching to the outermost extremities. Thought of such a depth has a wonderful potency. But conventional physical inertia and solidity are resistant, so that effective responsiveness is a matter of patient cultivation. Said that eminent poet-prophet, Robert Browning:

> "There is an inmost center in us all,
> Where truth abides in fulness: and around
> Wall upon wall the gross flesh hems it in,
> This perfect, clear perception—which is truth."

The aggressiveness of the seen and external renders it important that at suitable times we should lift ourselves into a condition of inner stillness and receptivity. Then it is the soul's privilege to expose itself to its divine ideal until its features are deeply impressed. This is no impossible or unmeaning exercise, but practical, helpful, and inspiring. Bondage to the seen is veritable slavery, and the fact that it is common does not render it normal. The laws of man's threefold constitution demand that the spiritual zone shall be supreme, with the psychical and physical respectively in subordination. All are good in their own place, but any inversion of their order is discordant and abnormal.

The saving forces should receive constant encouragement, but the reverse is usual. If an offending organ be classed as bad or disordered, it tends to intensify the condition. "I have a weak heart." The more you put that affirmation upon it the more it will be likely to express your estimate. This is not sentiment, but positive law. "Oh, I shall die from this heat!" Do not thus pave the way for a sunstroke. To affirm strength and goodness for our members is like a lubricant to machinery.

The fact that telepathy or direct thought-transference is well founded proves that a positive healing influence can go out and produce a sympathetic vibration in the subconscious realm of another. But it is beyond the scope of this paper to take up this phase of the subject. It would require volumes, rather than so fragmentary an outline as is here practicable, to discuss with thoroughness the laws and principles of human development. Every one who will interest himself in the practical power contained in the new philosophy of life will find abundant reward. Life will be rendered fuller and richer than would be possible otherwise.

To BE faithful in darkness—that is the supreme test to which the human spirit is subjected.—*George S. Merriam.*

HENRY WOOD: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The impression received by the thoughtful reader of Mr. Henry Wood's works is that the author is a man who speaks from within. The conviction grows upon one that his message is not a mere repetition of another's gospel but is the fruit of his own life-experience; so that a keen interest in the man, as well as in his writings, is soon aroused.

It is a matter of surprise to many when they learn that this writer, who is preëminently of the prophetic type, evinced in early life a great aptitude for business. Indeed, his energies were largely devoted to the building up of a successful business in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and afterward in Chicago, until ill-health necessitated his retirement from active life. But, as we come to know somewhat of Mr. Wood's deep faith in the universality and beneficence of law, his later career as a writer on metaphysical subjects seems the natural outcome of his earlier experiences.

Henry Wood received his early education in the public schools of Barre, Vermont, where he was born on the 16th day of January, 1834. He also attended the Barre Academy and later took a course in a Boston commercial college, preparatory to his chosen occupation, which drew him westward, where he remained till his forced retirement from business in 1870, since which time he has lived in the vicinity of Boston.

It was owing to ill-health, from which he suffered for several years, that Mr. Wood's thought was turned in the direction of metaphysical healing. After having exhausted the list of remedies proposed by the medical profession, and having spent a year in Europe in a vain quest for health, he

continued to suffer almost hopelessly for some years before he was finally persuaded to try the metaphysical treatment. The results were so remarkable that he became deeply interested in the fundamental principles of life, and henceforth devoted himself to proclaiming the *good news* in regard to which he could speak so authoritatively.

The knowledge that his message would meet with opposition from the orthodox world did not prevent Mr. Wood from giving utterance to his convictions. "The penalty of being regarded eccentric or inexcusably visionary," said he, "will not in the least deter me from giving out this truth to the best of my ability." Doubtless it is his intense desire to introduce others to the truth that has made *him* free that gives him his concededly great power as a writer.

Mr. Wood's books treating of metaphysical subjects and related topics have had a very wide circulation in this and other countries—one book in particular, "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," being repeatedly ordered by booksellers in Australia and New Zealand. Although he had contributed an occasional article to American magazines and newspapers, he first came into prominence as a writer in 1887, on the publication of his book, "Natural Law in the Business World." The book attracted much attention because of the author's original handling of the problems of sociology and economics. Quite recently the greater part of this book, together with the "Political Economy of Natural Law," published some years ago, has been recast by the author and appears under the title, "The Political Economy of Humanism," which has already passed through five editions.

Mr. Wood has also entered the field of fiction—his "Edward Burton," dealing with New England types and abounding in graphic delineations, having met with most cordial approval. This book appeared in 1890 and is now in its eighth edition.

The works, however, on which Mr. Wood's fame will

chiefly rest are his distinctly metaphysical books, such as "God's Image in Man" and "Studies in the Thought World," the former having been published in 1892 and the latter in 1896. In referring to "God's Image in Man," the *Christian Union* (New York) characterized it as "a volume of deep and suggestive ideas from the standpoint of the theology of the divine immanence." The book is not in any sense a theological one, but is rather an interpretation of the laws of life from the spiritual standpoint.

"Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography," issued in 1893, has produced most gratifying results in the letters that have been written to the author in acknowledgment of the great benefit received from conformity to its teachings. The key-note, the systematic cultivation of the *higher consciousness,* which runs through the book, cannot fail in bringing about most helpful results.

Mr. Wood's other works—"Victor Serenus," a novel of unique interest, and "The Symphony of Life," which has just been issued—are well worth careful reading, both on account of their subject-matter and of the author's fine literary style. A pamphlet, entitled "Has Mental Healing a Valid Scientific and Religious Basis?" has had a circulation of about thirty thousand copies and is full of interest to those who are turning toward the great truths emphasized in the New Thought movement.

One can hardly select a page at random from Mr. Wood's works without receiving inspiration from his evident and earnest belief in the existence of a universal and redemptive Law. In "God's Image in Man," we find such thoughts as these:

"Life is a continuous divine communication. While it appears broken into a vast number of disjointed fragments, there is but One life. . . . The ultimate acme of humanity is universal brotherhood. This will not be attained by means of any new departure in sociology, perfected legislation, nor ideal political economy, but from a higher consciousness which will fuse and unify heart and character."

"Within the boundaries of ***human*** evolution the three great planes or stages of progress may be classed as instinct, reason, and intuition, or as animality, intellectuality, and spirituality. This is the only order in which they can come, and sooner or later every member of the human family must pass over the King's highway which runs through them. . . . Evolution is progression in life, and not in matter. All the great steps are different qualities of attained internal character."

"There is no space, place, nor condition where there is exemption from Law's imperial dominion. . . . Man thinks, wills, imagines, and develops mentally and spiritually, by Law."

"Pain appears like an armed and vindictive enemy, but it is in reality a friend in disguise. If we look beneath its mask and recognize and accept it, it takes us by the hand and gently leads us back from the thorny thicket through which we are plunging at the behest of passion, ignorance, or weakness into the smooth path which Law has made perfect for our resistless progress."

Such truths as these come with irresistible force when we realize that the writer is one who has experienced both the judgments and the blessings of Law.

The great danger to the New Thought movement comes not from its enemies but from those adherents who unconsciously divorce the ideal from the actual. In Mr. Wood, however, there is a rare combination of idealism and practicability. He has also been most successful in keeping personality in the background, and while not thrusting his opinions on his readers he expresses them in a most telling way, giving the impression that his one desire in life is to be the free channel of impersonal truth. It is owing to this that many find it difficult to know the man himself, so quiet and retiring is he; yet, as acquaintance deepens, his reserve force becomes more and more evident. There is no question that the work of Henry Wood has been of world-wide influence in shaping and giving coherency to the metaphysical movement.

It seems to me so natural that the soul should be conscious of the influence of God that I accept the blessed experience when it comes, and believe in it as the gift of the Father to his children.—*Richard A. Armstrong.*

HAS SPIRITUALISM HAD ITS DAY?

I. Its Religious Message.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, A.M., M.D.

My attention having been called by a distinguished writer to several misleading statements relating to Spiritualism by the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, in his work entitled "Christianity in the Nineteenth Century," I gladly accede to the request for a statement of my views concerning a subject involving in a measure the interests of time and eternity.

Reduced to the last analysis, there are but two dogmas extant touching the origin and destiny of the human soul. These are Materialism and Spiritualism. Materialism, resting upon the sandy foundation of matter (if matter there be) and force, is not at present under consideration. While the existence of matter (not *substance*) is questionable, annihilation is unthinkable.

Spiritualism—a word of far-reaching and momentous signification—is rooted and centered in God, who, as the Christ said, "is Spirit," and therefore necessarily infinite and all-energizing, embodying force, motion, life, consciousness, purpose, will, wisdom, and love. Thus inhering in and originating from God, and being allied to the religious and spiritual constitution of man, Spiritualism stands defiant upon the rock of eternal truth. And further: God, according to the Neo-Platonian Proclus, being Causation, and, according to the Nazarene, Spirit, immanent and immutable, and man being made, as the prophet taught and science confirms, in the "image of God" a self-conscious, spiritual being, it is just as natural for spirits, incarnate and discarnate—men and angels —consciously and mutually to converse under proper condi-

tions as it is for musical notes and chords to respond to the tones of differently constructed instruments by the law of sympathetic vibration.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." No truth interwoven in the web of cause and effect is absolutely new. Human conceptions of it only are new. Spiritualism, in its true sense, is not modern. Its uplifting inspirations and its psychic phenomena, through sensitive intermediaries, existed under some name and in some form through all the elder ages. It has been confined to no single race or nation. Confucius and Socrates, Jesus and Joan of Arc, Minucius Felix and Victor Hugo—all conversed with invisible intelligences. Its temple is the universe; its creed is the law of love; its prayers are good deeds. It was and is God's living, tangible witness of a future conscious existence. Through it Paul knew of that "house not made of hands, eternal in the heavens." Fraud is not any more Spiritualism than prayer is Mohammedanism, or embezzlement finance.

That highly inspired rabbi, Jesus of Nazareth, standing upon the very apex of Hebrew Spiritualism, holding a séance upon the mount, enabled Peter, James, and John to talk with the spirits Moses and Elias, who had long summered in the spiritual world. The apostles were all mediums. They were chosen, not because of their erudition, but because of their susceptibilities to spirit influx—healings, prophecies, clairvoyance ("discerning of spirits"), and other spiritual gifts. Peter, whom Christ called "Satan," was temporarily obsessed by an undeveloped spirit. Paul wrote to the Romans, "I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gifts." "He that believeth in me," said the Christ, "the works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do." That these "gifts," "works," and "signs" were to extend as witnesses through all time is evident from the words of Peter, "The promise is to you, and to your children and to all that are far off." The Spiritualism of to-day—a science, a philosophy,

and a religion—is the complement and the only competent interpreter of apostolic Christianity: the Christianity, not of Rome or Augsburg, but of the living Christ.

It will not fail to be noted by the literati that the clergyman above referred to, in his lectures, committed the very common error of confounding Spiritualism and spiritism. The words are not synonyms. They should not be used interchangeably. Suffixes are not only modifiers but they enshrine and often enwrap a profound moral quality. No accredited philologist would confound *office* with *official,* or *idea* with *ideal;* then why *spirit* with *spiritual,* or *spiritism* with *Spiritualism?* A spiritual (or spiritually-minded) man, in the body or out, is almost infinitely superior to a mere spirit, especially such a "lying spirit" as the Lord deliberately sent out to "fill the mouths" of certain Old Testament prophets. It is regrettable that ecclesiastical "lying" did not end with the Jewish dispensation.

Spiritualism, differentiated from spiritism, is demonstrative, constructive, and profoundly reverent. And spiritism, grotesque as it has often been, had its uses. Its astounding phenomena—from Peter's midnight release from prison to the Hydesville concussions and since—have arrested public attention. They have proved thunderbolts to an atheistic positivism. They have directed befogged materialists to the overbrooding uncaused Cause as the Source of life, consciousness, intelligence, and purpose. They have demonstrated to investigators the continuity of existence hereafter, thus proving to thousands that the so-called dead were the most alive. Unfortunately spiritists did not always sift, analyze, and carefully tabulate these phenomena—showing their relation to moral science, religion, philosophy, and the geography of the overarching and underlying spheres of existence. Some in their folly invited into their ill-ventilated rooms the demon dwellers of the Tartarean regions. Others found bewitching mirth and amusement in the phenomena; some used them for hunt-

ing Captain Kidd's buried treasures; still others made them a menagerie for getting trivial and fun-provoking "tests," thus lowering those grand psychic phenomena to the plane of old Babylonian necromancy.

On the other hand, Spiritualism—in perfect harmony with the inspired teachings of the New Testament, thoughtful, constructive, reverent, and enriched by such spiritual sustenances as inspiration, illumination, open vision, angel voices, and impressions from the Christ-heavens of love and wisdom—cannot be stuffed into an evangelical creed or bound up in a gilt-edged prayer-book; nor is it bounded by the horizon of promiscuous phenomena, the genuineness of which is often questionable. But, as aforesaid, Spiritualism is rooted and grounded in God, the Infinite Spirit Presence—"our Father and our Mother, too," using the inspired words of Theodore Parker; and it constituted the foundation-stones of all the ancient religions. It proffered the key that unlocked the esoteric mysteries of antiquity. It was the mighty moral force that gave to the world its inspired teachers and immortal leaders. Buddhism was based upon Gautama's vision, synoptic Christianity upon a dream, and Mohammedanism upon the angel Gabriel's command to Mahomet while wrapped in his mantle in a desert place.

Critically searching and finding thousands of well-attested scientific evidences connected with trance, vision, clairvoyance, clairaudience, premonition, apparition, prophecy, automatic writing, and the gift of tongues—all bearing upon immortality —theistic Spiritualists find the inquiry of the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?" definitely answered in the affirmative. With them, touching a future life, belief has become knowledge, hope a grand reality, and faith fruition.

"Had Spiritualism been content to promote psychical research," said Dr. Lorimer, "there would have been little occasion to refer to it in these lectures." That is, if Spiritualists had been "content" to collect psychical phenomena in proof of

a conscious after-life (which the Church dare not or will not do), without classifying and drawing the necessary inferences, all would have been pleasant to Christendom. But to be ecclesiastically or scientifically "content" is to petrify. There is no horror like monotony. Nature's command is: Grow or die!

Unfortunately for orthodox dogmas, the intelligences from the spiritual world have with marked uniformity stoutly denied such cardinal orthodox doctrines as a war in heaven, a Satan in Eden, the fall of man, total depravity, the Athanasian trinity, the resurrection of the body, vicarious atonement, and endless torments—all "doctrines of devils," to use Paul's expression; doctrines "irrational and at variance with evolution," said Herbert Spencer; and, I will add, doctrines that have made more pronounced atheists and irreligious scoffers than all the Ingersolls, Humes, Paines, Rousseaus, Volneys, and Voltaires that ever lived. In fact, institutional Christianity, crimson with the blood of the millions of "heretics" that its dogmas had made, crowned the measure of its iniquity by consigning their souls to eternal torture.

"Representative Spiritualists," we are further told in these lectures, "declare that under the latest economy the spirits of the departed are the ordinary ministers between God and man." Another misleading statement! They "declare" nothing of the kind, but distinctly state that intelligent and exalted spirits are the intermediary message-bearers between the worlds visible and invisible. Beneficent, they voluntarily come to prove their existence and identity beyond the grave. They come, not to "supersede" the Christianity of Christ, but to aid in extirpating that priest-begotten Churchianity which is pregnant with creeds, black with persecution, and red with the dripping blood of fifty millions of victims slaughtered for opinion's sake. They come to show that we shall know one another in those Elysian fields beyond the tomb—that memory is undying and love immortal. They come to comfort the disconsolate and dry the

tears from mourners' eyes. And yet this clergyman makes the appalling statement that, "as a religion, Spiritualism is a religion without a message." Why, it is the only religion that *has* a message—the living message of immortality. It is the *orthodox* religion that has no "message"—no present messages from ministering angels or departed friends. Modern theology offers us a religion living, or struggling to live, on the echoes of old messages delivered to polygamy-practising patriarchs and Palestinian Jews. Twentieth-century thinkers cannot feast on either Israel's manna or New Testament history. God is alive. He speaks just as frequently and fatherly to us as he did to treacherous Jacob, or to David of doubtful morals. Noah's ark could not serve for our transoceanic travel.

"Without a vision," said the inspired prophet, "the people perish." But evangelical Christianity has no vision, no trance, no message from the loved in heaven; hence, Spiritualism is radically supplanting it. Christian churches must accept present spiritual phenomena or die. Confessions of faith are already being "revised." The Athanasian creed is actually dead. Science and psychism, having buried its putrefying carcass, are now deodorizing its temples.

Churchianic religion talks of the *dead* Jesus, of the *empty* tomb, of offerings to the Lord of "goat's hair and ram's skin dyed red," and of the "atoning blood" that punishes the innocent in place of the guilty—salvation by substitution! The corn that yellowed in Kedron will not suffice for this century; neither will the leathern girdles nor wild locusts of any wilderness Baptist. Blessed be Spiritualism, with its presence of the living Christ, its ministering spirits, inspiring phenomena, constant baptisms, and messages that tell of abiding love and eternal soul unfoldment!

While Spiritualism is unpopular in hospitals for the feeble-minded, State penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, and church club-rooms, it is accepted by thinkers and philosophers—by the

brainiest men of the world. Sir William Crookes, after eight years of crucial investigation, avowed his acceptance of Spiritualism. Several times he honored me with a seat in his séances. I met Victor Hugo but once, and that was in Mrs. Hollis-Billings' séance-room in Paris. He wept tears of joy when receiving a message from his departed son. When on my way to a consular appointment under President Grant, in Asiatic Turkey, I was the guest of Leon Favre, Consul-General of France and a writing medium. The distinguished Hindu, Keshub Chunder Sen, informed me in Calcutta that he had talked with Jesus, Moses, Elias, and other prophets. Why should not he as well as the profane and lying Peter? Peary Chand Mittra, a Hindu scholar and Calcutta author, assured me that he conversed daily with his beloved wife in heaven—and her message was: "Patiently wait till your mortal work is done, then sweet and divine will our reunion be." Ke Loo Can, a mandarin of Canton, interpreting to me the divine teachings of Confucius and Lao-Tsze, declared that he, himself, frequently conversed with his ancestral friends and the deceased philosophers of his country. He added: "Roman Catholic missionaries came to us with a professedly new religion; English Churchmen soon followed, contradicting the religious tenets of these Catholics; then came Presbyterians and Baptists, disputing between themselves about immersion; then came Methodists, and last of all Unitarians—all at loggerheads among themselves. Finally we told them all to go back—back to Christian Europe and America—and agree among themselves what this religion called Christianity really was, and then return." Well, Christianity recently returned to China in the form of allied armies, waving war-banners, "looting" missionaries, and shooting civilization and orthodox Christianity into the bodies of the Chinese to save their lost souls and to extend the religion of the "Prince of Peace." I say "looting missionaries" because our army officials so report, and because the Rev. Dr. George Reid writes an essay in the *Forum* upon "The Ethics of Loot."

These allied armies, mad to fight, had, like the British and the Boers in South Africa, their chaplains. These devoutly prayed, while Christian generals and Christian soldiers fought like infuriated devils. During the Franco-German War, 88,500 lives were sacrificed. Both the contending nations were eminently Christian. When Germany achieved one of its greatest victories, the Emperor William thanked God, church-bells rang, and thousands marched through the streets of Berlin making midnight hideous by singing:

"Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below—
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

Would not some supplanting of sectarian Christianity with Buddhism and Spiritualism be of incalculable benefit to humanity? Already has it effectually uprooted atheism, modified materialism, enlightened the churches, and made hell both comfortable and productive. Traveling a few years ago through the Scriptural valley of Hinnom,—Gehenna: the hell in which the worm was never to die nor the fire to be quenched,—I found that the "worm" had died, that the "fire" had been quenched, and that luscious grapes were there growing. Surely, journeying by railway in Palestine and eating delicious grapes in hell is a magnificent exhibition of the law of evolution!

As previously said, the profoundest thinkers and the brainiest men of the world have been, or are to-day, Spiritualists. Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., the compeer of Charles Darwin, pensioned by the late Queen Victoria for his scientific attainments, publishes this statement: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism, in their entirety, do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences; and it is not denial nor quibbling that can disprove them." Dr. Robert Chambers, of whom Scotland is so proud, was a confirmed Spiritualist. J. Herman Fichte, the eminent German philosopher, said: "I feel it my duty to

bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism." M. Thiers, ex-President of France, exclaimed in a public address: "I am a Spiritualist, an impassioned one, and am anxious through it to confound materialism!" William Howitt, English book-reviewer, and himself the author of some seventy volumes, was a writing and drawing medium. William Lloyd Garrison was an outspoken Spiritualist. Writing of the manifestations, he said: "They have spread from house to house, from one part of the country to another, across the Atlantic to Europe, till now the enlightened world is compelled to acknowledge their reality." Prof. Robert Hare, emeritus professor of chemistry and natural sciences in the University of Pennsylvania, wrote a large volume entitled "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated." Judge J. W. Edmonds, pride of the New York bench, a jurist of unimpeachable integrity and keen discernment, accustomed to weighing evidence and an authority on international law, not only was a Spiritualist but was endowed with fine clairvoyant gifts. His daughter was a superior medium. Several times was I honored with a seat in his Thursday evening séances. Dr. T. J. Hudson, in his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," uses these pungent words: "The man who denies the phenomena of Spiritualism to-day is ignorant, and it would be folly to attempt to enlighten him."

Richard Hodgson, M.A., LL.D., of Cambridge University, England, and Jena University, Germany, lecturer upon the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, says: "I went to Mrs. Piper with Prof. James of Harvard University about twelve years ago, with the object of unmasking her. To-day I am prepared to say that I believe in the possibility of receiving messages from what is called the world of spirits. I entered the house profoundly materialistic, not believing in the continuance of life after death, and to-day I believe. The truth has been given to me in such a way as to remove from me the possibility of a doubt."

But why adduce further testimony? Why pile Helion

upon Ossa? There are now those so creed-incrusted that, like the bigots of old, they would not believe though "one rose from the dead." They can easily believe that God made woman from one of Adam's ribs, that the sun and moon stood still, that a big fish swallowed Jonah, and that Patmos John saw in heaven a "great red dragon, drawing with its tail a third part of the stars"; but they cannot take the testimony of their life-long neighbors, of distinguished jurists, of careful, plodding scientists, of professors in universities, of metaphysicians, historians, and the literati of the enlightened world!

All cultured persons know that there are thousands of people—noted for their intelligence, conspicuous for their honesty, famous for their scientific attainments, noted for their good moral characters, scholarly standing, and profound erudition—who solemnly testify that on strictly scientific principles they have investigated and demonstrated the fact of a future progressive life through present spiritual phenomena. Their testimony is as direct and overwhelming as it is unimpeachable. And yet "no light has been thrown on vexed problems" by Spiritualism, writes Dr. Lorimer; "we know no more of God . . . or destiny than before." If the Doctor had used the personal pronoun—"*I* know nothing more of God or destiny"—the statement would be readily accepted. Neglected opportunities often compel the most humiliating confessions. Non-knowledge should never be put in the scale against knowledge and wisdom. "O priests," exclaimed Israel's prophet, "ye have been a snare on Mizpah!" Spiritualism has removed from the pantheon of God that angry, jealous, fighting, Jewish Jehovah that complacently saw Samuel hack Agag to pieces, and replaced him with a God of infinite intelligence, power, justice, wisdom, and love. Fain would I acquaint evangelical Christians with the true God.

As to knowledge of "a destiny," all that the wisest know about it has come through the phenomena and philosophy of

Spiritualism. Even the "law" was received "by the disposition of angels." God is neither dumb nor dead. He speaks to all races through immutable law; speaks to the individual conscience from the silence; speaks through angels and his ministering spirits. Some of our intermediaries are intromitted into the spiritual world, whence, seeing things before which the far-famed valley of Cashmere would pale—things too transcendentally beautiful to be described in human language—and hearing enchanting rhapsodies when Mozart and all the great masters played in unison, they reluctantly return to their mortal tabernacles.

Spiritualists know that what the world calls death is but birth into a more ethereal state of existence—to be there met by their departed loves; that the heavens and hells are conditions made by morally responsible beings themselves; that it is character rather than creed that saves; that automatic penalties follow all violations of law; that happiness is predicated upon goodness and holiness; that spirit life is an active life, a social life, a constructive life, and a progressive life, aflame with reason, love, and aspiration. They know that in those spiritual spheres and summerland zones there are refined, etherealized fields, forests, fountains, gardens, groves, meandering streams, schools, lyceums, conservatories of music, massive libraries, magnificent art galleries, grand educational universities, mighty congresses of angels, great parliaments of savants—everything to educate the mind, to charm the intellect, to unfold and spiritually enrich the former inhabitants of earth.

Progress through the circling ages of eternity; the lower rising toward the higher; spirits becoming angels, angels becoming archangels, and archangels becoming celestial seraphim; traversing the measureless spaces, ascending, meeting, and mingling in ecstasy with those mighty planetary spirits that people the shining spaces of infinity: such is the glad message—such is the beatific vision—of Spiritualism, of which God is the divine Author.

II. Its Scientific and Moral Aspects.

BY HARRISON D. BARRETT.

Since November, 1847, various phenomena outside the realm of physics have challenged the attention of the thinking people of the world under the name of Spiritualism. So insistent and persistent have been these manifestations that the wisest minds of all nations have been constrained to study them in order that they might determine their origin and ascertain the value of that which they revealed. Out of their investigations and analyses has grown a system of thought of transcendent beauty and power. New light has been thrown upon a multitude of abstruse problems, and rational conclusions have been drawn from what hitherto have seemed obscure premises. It is by no means assumed that these peculiar phenomena in themselves have been the means of producing the results named. They have only been helps to the student in his search for the truth, and in his analysis of them he has been led into the glorified world of Reality, where he has found revelations of the greatest value to the human mind. In fine, he has discovered a message of the utmost importance to mankind in the form of a broader religion—a higher system of ethics—than has ever before been made known to man.

Dr. Lorimer, in his Lowell lectures, declares that Spiritualism as a religion has no message for men. Such a statement might well be expected from one utterly ignorant of the subject of which he is speaking, but not from a man who, like Dr. Lorimer, delights in exactness in his references and truthfulness in his speech. Yet Dr. Lorimer refers to the movement as a "craze," and seeks, throughout his discussion, to throw reflections upon the mental and moral standing of those who have embraced the teachings of Spiritualism. This is not fair criticism; neither is it warranted by the facts of the case.

That Spiritualism has a message for the world is recognized, not by the unthinking, not by those living on the lower planes of life, but by the brightest minds of the world and by the most cultured moralists of both hemispheres. It is now a demonstrated truth to scientist, philosopher, and clergyman, and is influencing the mental activities of men to a greater degree than any other religious system now extant.

The frequent recurrence of psychical phenomena under the name of Spiritualism made it imperative that the Society for Psychical Research should be organized. For nineteen years this organization has done excellent work, but it has only succeeded in verifying that which Spiritualism had claimed and proved to be true ever since the first phenomenon was manifested fifty-four years ago. Spiritualism has compelled Science to take hold of this question, and has thereby done much toward the advancement of the education of the race. But Spiritualism had a higher mission than that of promoting psychical research, important though that work was. It was to reveal man's soul to himself; to give him light upon the problems of his origin and destiny; to give him a religion that was rational, inspiring, restraining, and ennobling in its influence; to show him the pathway of duty and teach him how to walk therein; and to prove to man his relation to God through his kinship to all his race.

At the time of the reappearance of Spiritualism, the teachers of the world were rapidly drifting into Materialism. The scientists and philosophers of the Old and New Worlds recognized nothing outside the realm of matter, and their leaders even went so far as to declare that in matter they found all the promises and potencies of life. Theologians, pulpiteers, churchmen—all were powerless to stay this trend of thought on the part of the scholars of the world. The latter had material—phenomenal *facts*—with which to deal, while the former dealt only with speculations, vague mysticisms, and unwarranted assumptions, and dogmatically asserted that their ipse

dixits, and those of traditional church history, must be accepted as the only hope of salvation. Faith and hope were the means by which men could approach the realms of the spiritual, and when they asked for evidence they were accused of infidelity and called blasphemers. It was a choice between materialistic science and dogmatic theology, with its frightful error of eternal torture. Rational thinkers could not but take the former, even though the pitiless edict of annihilation went with it.

Spiritualism came and controverted both positions with vigor and power. Its message postulated Life as the antecedent Cause of all things, and at once introduced evidence to prove its postulate. The anthropomorphic conception of Deity was overthrown by the array of facts that were marshaled to prove the universality of Life and its Infinitude. Analysis showed that matter was the unreal, changing element, and that intelligent Life alone was permanent. The demonstration that *one* finite being had survived the change called death proved that that being did not originate in matter, and clearly showed that Life was infinite in power and possibilities and laid down the principle that Life involved all existing things. In short, it declared God's universal Fatherhood and Motherhood. As finite life is intelligent, so Spiritualism declared that Intelligence is involved in universal Life; hence the term *Infinite Intelligence* in the vocabulary of the Spiritualists.

To limit or circumscribe Infinite Life, or Intelligence, was no part of the message of Spiritualism; for any attempt to do so would inevitably result in failure. Life *is,* and because Life is all things *are.* Life is not definable in form, shape, or substance; yet it permeates all space, involves all things in space, and fills immensity itself. This concept, of course, overthrows the anthropomorphic ideas of the orthodox Christian and substitutes a larger, more beautiful, and more rational idea of God. In brief, it relates man by the ties of spiritual kinship directly to the Father-Mother of the Universe. Not alone an over-ruling Power, but also an inner-ruling Principle,

was Infinite Life shown to be, from which the soul of man could not be divorced. Spiritualism, then, in its teachings, was and is far from being without God in the world, but rather rationalizes man's ideas of God and settles the question as to his nature by proving his spiritual character. In a word, it reverses the statement of the materialistic scientist, and declares that Life contains all the promises and potencies of matter. In reversing material science in this single instance, Spiritualism has done more for the world than has any evangelical church or body of churches.

The message of Spiritualism next dealt with the personality of Jesus Christ and the nature of his teachings. It proved that the phenomena he wrought were similar in character to those of modern times, and drew the logical inference that they were produced by similar causes. The study of his life and work proved that he was a *psychic* of exceptional power, differing only in degree, not in kind, from the mass of humanity. Spiritualism made his life of value to the people of to-day by showing that what he did may be done by all, provided they live the life of the spirit and enter into the larger lights of soul-wisdom as he did. Spiritualism's message also interprets the teachings of Jesus Christ as no other religious system has ever rationally done. Instead of rejecting his so-called miracles as myths, they are shown to be the results of natural law —and that law, we claim, is in force to-day as much as it ever was. Spiritualism declares that there can be no special revelations made to one age and people, but that they are universal in character and are the property of all ages and peoples. What Jesus taught, interpreted in the light of the spirit, is simply the ethics of noble living and the certainty of reaping as men have sown.

Spiritualism next takes the Bible and its records. It does not throw them away, but simply saves their spiritual truths to the world. If the spiritual evidences were removed from that book, even the Christians would have to reject it. The

facts upon which Christianity is built are accepted by Spiritualism, and their universal character is proved by their reproduction to-day. Special providences are unthinkable, for Universal Life and Law can act only in harmony with their own powers. Spiritualism demonstrates that the so-called miracles of the Bible are in reality spiritual phenomena that transpired to arrest the materialistic tendencies of the people of those days, just as psychic phenomena are doing in our time. Without Spiritualism's message, the Bible finds no rational interpretation, and its evidences of the continuity of life beyond the grave become valueless to all progressive minds. The Bible, through Spiritualism, has a helpful message for all mankind; without it, there is very little left, save an imperfect history of a crude and semi-barbarous people.

Spiritualism next emphasizes spirit return as a part of its message to the world. After arresting the attention of science, rationalizing man's views with regard to God, Jesus, and the Bible, it is but natural that it should deal with the destiny of man's soul. If it is a product of Infinite Life (and it has been shown that Infinite Life involves all things), then it is but sequential that it will continue to exist so long as the force that projects it into being exists. That means eternal duration. Spiritualism offers a series of proofs that man survives the change called death. It proclaims that in that survival man retains all his mental faculties—his loves, hatreds, memories, and all other qualities that characterized him as a thinking individual while on earth. The phenomenal proofs are only calls to mankind to determine their meaning, and are not by any means mere playthings to please the senses and to cause momentary wonder. It is not necessary to enumerate the various proofs presented in this manner; it is more to the purpose to consider what spirit return really means to the children of men.

In the first place, it gives positive knowledge of another state of existence, and thereby does more for humanity than

any or all of the Christian sects of modern times have ever done or can do. It next removes the fear of death, and harmonizes man with life and its environments. It takes away the agony caused by the transition of a loved one by the comforting assurance that he still lives. It rolls away the stone of doubt from the sepulchers of human hearts and reveals the Angel of Life in all her beauty. It dries the tears of the sorrowing, heals the wounds of the mourners, drives away all doubts as to the condition of loved ones in the other life, and gives to all the sunshine of immortal joy by revealing the glories of the realm of the soul. In doing these things for men, Spiritualism proclaims a sunnier, happier gospel than any religious system ever has since the first three Christian centuries. No church to-day gives its devotees more than faith and hope—it has only apples of despair for the heart-broken mourners who seek comfort at its shrine. "Have faith in God, who doeth all things well," becomes stereotyped and meaningless when uttered to a mother in search of knowledge of her lost darling. It is even heartless thus to address a sufferer, unless the speaker can offer *evidence* of continued life to the heartbroken questioner. At such moments Spiritualism supplants faith with knowledge and turns the shifting rainbow of hope into the golden stairway of fact. Thus has it a tenderer, truer message for the world than has ever been voiced by preacher, philosopher, or theologian; for it gives joy for sorrow, pleasure for pain, and life for death. Can any church do likewise?

Spiritualism speaks also with no uncertain sound with respect to immortality. All sensible Spiritualists admit that the mere fact of spirit return does not of itself prove immortality. It only proves life beyond the tomb. But when a multitude of spirits unite in testifying that they are taught that life is unending—when proofs are offered that human spirits have survived the change one year, ten years, a century, a thousand years—Spiritualism asserts that it is perfectly

logical to assume that they will continue to exist throughout eternity. The Church cannot do this. It has no evidence of another life save that of *faith,* and can only *hope* that immortality may be a fact. Again, Spiritualism asserts that Infinite Life is self-existent and eternal; hence, it declares that that which is evolved from Infinity must have an existence coincident with its Source. The Church affirms that only those "elected" by God's special fiat are to survive the grave in a state of happiness, while the rank and file of the race must either suffer annihilation or endure the pangs of eternal torture. Viewed in this light, which has the sweeter, truer, tenderer message for humanity—Spiritualism or the Church? Inferential evidence, intuition, spirit messages, and pure reason unite in Spiritualism to prove immortality.

What of life in the spiritual world? This is naturally the next question. The Church asserts that those souls who are so fortunate (or unfortunate) as to get into heaven are to enjoy a life of eternal idleness, breaking the monotony only by singing songs of praise to God, before whose throne they are prostrated. According to some teachers, they are occasionally privileged to look down into hell to witness the torments of the damned, thereby increasing their joy at their own escape. In this place of torture are myriads of souls whose groans are sweetest music to the singers in heaven. Spiritualism asserts that heaven and hell are states of consciousness, rather than places of abode, and that men and women create both by the fiat of their wills. It also postulates that man enters spirit-life precisely the same being he was when he took leave of his body—that death is only an incident in the soul's experience, and hence works no immediate change in it. It also asserts that man's life in the realm of spirit is one of activity, and that each one is compelled by the fact of life itself to engage in some pursuit that will add to his store of knowledge. By "pursuit" is meant search for instruction, or aiding by mental action those less fortunate.

Spiritualism further asserts that man earns his place in the spirit world by the life he lives on earth—that he has the shaping of his life in his own hands. If he live meanly on earth, meanly will he live in spirit.

Progression is the affirmation of Spiritualism with regard to man's soul in the after life. He may remain inert for a time after his change of worlds, but ultimately he must begin a course of progressive improvement. It is progression or retrogression on earth, and the same law holds good in the soul spheres, which, after all, are the only real planes of being. "The soul man is the only real man," declares Spiritualism; hence, that soul, when divested of its fleshly covering, must cast aside all its hatreds, jealousies, malicious thoughts, and other ignoble attributes if it would rise in the scale of being as it should. There are sin-sick souls to succor, sorrowing hearts to cheer, darkened minds to be illumined, unloved lives to be brightened by affection, dormant beings to be awakened, and myriads of other afflictions and necessities to be ministered to. These tasks are set before the enfranchised souls in the higher realms, all of whom rejoice in being able to do good. By helping others they grow in wisdom and goodness themselves. The future life revealed by Spiritualism is filled with pulsing activity, helpful service, and true soul growth. The hoped-for future of the Church is idleness or torture. Which of the two is preferable? Which has the better message in this respect—Spiritualism or the Church?

Upon the question of morals, Spiritualism speaks with assurance and has a message that can be perfectly understood by all. Right thinking as well as right acting is emphasized, and the consequences of the former proved equally potent for good or ill as the latter. The *law of consequences* is reiterated by Spiritualism until its every follower knows that there is absolutely no forgiveness for sin, no salvation from evil, save that of individual action. There is no attempt to cast aside the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, or any

other ethical principle the world has ever received. Spiritualism urges its followers to put them all into operation in their daily lives, supplemented or preceded by pure thoughts and noble aspirations. Man is essentially his own savior, and he has no chance whatever to escape from the effects of his own actions. He must pay the penalty to the uttermost farthing.

Spiritualism's ethics is an all-compelling *Must* to momentary right thinking and right living. It cannot be put on on Sunday and thrown off on Monday for business or social reasons. Neither can a man sin for fifty years with impunity and escape the consequences through the suffering of another. He alone is responsible. There is no shirking, nor opportunity to shirk, in Spiritualism. Any one who casts his sins and throws his responsibilities upon Jesus or any other being is a moral coward and a shirk. It is as just for a man to ask his brother to do his work for him as it is to ask or expect salvation through the sacrifice of another. There is no place for idlers in Spiritualism, and no chance for the shirking coward to escape. In the Church Jesus pays it all, and even the eleventh-hour men receive the same reward as the honest toilers of the full day. In Spiritualism each man gets what he earns, no more and no less. Which is the truer and nobler ethics?

In Spiritualism, again, there is the incentive to pure thinking and living that inevitably springs from the thought of grieving some loved one by wrongdoing of any kind. To the Spiritualist, the watchful eyes of father, mother, friend, or teacher are or may be ever upon him. Does he dare, within his soul, to think or to live ignobly under their loving espionage? He will not grieve them thus, and by casting out the baser elements from his nature he rises in moral power until he reaches the plateau of true selfhood. In the Church the fear of God's wrath, the tortures of hell, and the displeasure of the saints may act as deterrents to sinners, but the other thought that Jesus will interfere in their behalf too often over-

comes their scruples, and they plunge into the wildest excesses with no regard for consequences. They can repent at the eleventh hour and yet be saved. This is not Spiritualism, but it is essentially the position of orthodox Christianity. Which is the higher moral code—that which induces right thinking and noble living through love and respect, or that which restrains through fear of hell fire or gives the vilest sinner a chance to escape scot free through the atoning blood of a Saviour?

Spiritualism breathes over the world a message of Peace. The jarring strife, the militant spirit, the factional contests of men—these are no part of its teachings. It comes to the world to fulfil the saying of old: "On earth peace, good will to men." To this divine end, it seeks the good in all things and ever aims to find the spark of divinity in even the most degraded beings on earth. War and bloodshed are abhorrent to it, and its messengers from the soul-realms have always pleaded for the establishment of the law of love as the governing power among men. Spiritualism teaches purity of life, rectitude of conduct, and nobility of purpose. It proclaims that there is something in life of greater value than gold; it rates the commercial spirit of to-day as mammon-worship, and war as being on the same low plane. The quarrels among Christians, the mad scramble for place and preferment, the exaltation of wealth—these have no place in its ethics. It urges its followers to find that which is true in all forms of religious belief, to ascertain the points of agreement rather than of difference, and by every possible means to establish the brotherhood of the race. Such a message has long been needed by our sorrowing world—and now it has come to meet man's every want.

From every one of its seven hundred platforms, Spiritualism pleads for the abolition of war, capital punishment, and all other kinds of murder. From its every rostrum, the religion of love is proclaimed every week. All attempts to

overreach one's neighbor, to betray innocence, to injure one's fellow-men, to make the lives of children miserable, to blacken character, or to destroy confidence are frowned upon and reproved.

All intelligent Spiritualists admit that there is a vast amount of fraud attached to the phenomena as now presented, but they are a unit in denouncing counterfeiting and are boldly exposing all forms of fraud. Spiritualism rests upon truth, not error; hence, every exposure of fraudulent practises makes the genuine all the more valuable. The residuum of genuine phenomenal facts is large enough to afford a broad field for study and scientific research for many years to come. Even *one* intelligent communication establishes the fact of life beyond the tomb, and presents a problem for study that cannot fail to interest, instruct, and uplift every seeker for truth.

Spiritualism does not proclaim its coming by the trumpet's blare, nor by elaborate ritualistic ceremonials. It enters the heart quietly, as a comforter, and speaks to the questioning soul as an instructor. Its sacred temples, shrines, and altars are the love-guarded and love-guided homes of its people. Indeed, its fanes are human hearts, its temples human souls. Its voice is more clearly heard in the Silence, proclaiming the potency of Love and Peace, than in the market-place where the clink of gold drowns the call of the spirit. There, in the Silence, it brings man face to face with his own soul and compels him to see himself as he really is. Every blemish and every virtue is indelibly recorded, and man is forced to meet the effects of his own life alone. His wine-press must be tread unaided; his anguish must he endure alone. He must work out his own destiny and grow through his own efforts. Every scar upon his soul's being must remain until his tears of honest regret, applied by the soft hand of repentance, wash it away and leave only a tender memory of the untoward event.

To the dying, Spiritualism conveys the message of eternal life and reveals the smiling faces of loved ones gone before.

To the mourners, its message is one of joy in that the departed still live and love them as devotedly as before. To the sorrowing, it has a voice of comfort through its gentle reminder that pain of the body disappears as the spirit rises in glorious victory over seeming death. To the heavy hearted, it has the solace of rest and peace through the removal of all burdens from the despairing soul. To those in search of wisdom, it has a tender message of encouragement and shows them that by prayerful aspiration they can overcome all things. To those in doubt it has a revelation of truth's all-potent light, and sets them in search of their own souls. It bids its followers rise higher and higher in moral, spiritual, and intellectual power through the daily exercise of the soul's muscles in prayer. All self-seeking, all base desires, and all ignoble living are forbidden. The good of others is always first, and its motto is: "All for each, and each for all." Altruism is its watchword, and Love is the power by which it means to heal the sin-sick world.

III. Its Ethics and Economics.

BY WILLARD J. HULL.

Periodical attacks on the integrity of Spiritualism have become so common and so futile that to refer to them as a whole would be a waste of time. The latest attack, however, has a grim humor about it and may be alluded to in passing. Just now the secular press, religious press, a few magazines, and some preachers are industrially circulating the obituary notice of the greatest movement of modern times in language befitting the occasion, viewed from their varying standpoints. This disturbs nobody at all acquainted with the subject, and is in fact the best kind of evidence that Spiritualism is a power and a light which these intellectual bats flutter around with just sense enough not to singe their wings. But that is really

all they know about it. However, printer's ink and valuable space are not used on funeral notices where the subject is of such small importance, unless there is some great anxiety behind it all.

Jesus the Christ founded no church and wrote no books. He uttered and lived the unwritten principle of all religion, viz., the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. That was his message to the world, and it has beaten its way against the barriers of ignorance and the menace of ecclesiasticism for nearly two thousand years. The religion of Spiritualism is precisely that message shorn of the fabrications and forgeries of priestcraft, designed to bolster up and perpetuate the officialism known as Christianity.

The Christianity of Jesus and the Apostles, although not known by that name, held all that Spiritualism as a religious movement aims to establish in the world. History is a round of recurring periodicities, and the same opposition that confronted the religion and ethics of Jesus and his followers has confronted for wellnigh fifty years the modern renaissance of that religion known as Spiritualism. Yet it has grown to such proportions that all the opposition can do now is to write startling but innocuous obituary notices of it.

The message of Spiritualism is the Brotherhood of Man. Spiritual beings have affirmed it always, and the trend of modern thought presages it as the next great step in the evolution of human progress. Spiritualism postulates God as the universal Father-Mother of all life forms. The logical sequence of that postulate is that all forms of life are intimately related, and in human life that all are children of the universal Father-Mother—hence brethren. Auxiliary to that is the fact of spirit return, which demonstrates that which official Christianity has never demonstrated—the personal, conscious immortality of every human soul.

It is in vain that materialistic sages and savants, Christian or heterodox, in scientific verbiage and grandiloquent sophistry,

seek to break down the facts of Modern Spiritualism. Their efforts only serve to show the millions who know the truth the abortiveness of preachments and the sad travesty that prejudice makes of the holiest and loftiest subject that can engage the mind of man.

No religion can be religious without a message to mankind. In its essence religion is One, as all life is One, manifesting in myriads of forms governed by race, clime, and intellectual development. The only question with us is: Did Jesus the Christ live and teach a religion adapted to twentieth century progress? We answer, Yes. Christianity by its life and teaching answers, No. And yet, because Spiritualism as a religion stands for the religion of Christ, it is traduced and vilified by official pretenders to true Christianity who by every thought and act pronounce upon themselves the judgment Jesus said would come upon those who in these latter days would call on him in vain.

The message of Spiritualism is reaching hungry souls everywhere and feeding them with glad tidings of great joy. Church formulas and doctrines are tottering to their final fall, and nowhere is the rescue of Christ from the officialism of Christianity, by the insistence and persistence of Spiritualism, to be seen to greater advantage and with more gratification than in the churches. Men are better than their creeds, but Spiritualism will not have filled its mission and delivered its message until men dwell together in amity and equity.

He is a bold man indeed, and he must perforce be a fool to be thus bold, who attributes this great transformation to anything other than the affirmations of Modern Spiritualism. It has revealed the real man, who lives forever, and he is found to be in prison. Liberty is not yet born.

Allied also to this mighty religion is the principle of economic equality—the economic leveling of the base upon which all of God's children move and have their being. The world will look in vain for a stable and just State until the absolute

independence of every man, woman, and child is guaranteed by the very principle of government itself.

The economic teachings of Jesus the Christ have never been put into practise. Christianity as organized, the State as manipulated, could not endure a week's trial of the teaching and practise of Jesus. The message of the religion of Spiritualism carries with it those teachings and those practises, and wherever there is a head above the waves of the monstrous maelstrom of capitalism and plutocracy there is to be heard a voice crying out for justice for the submerged majority. That was the message of Jesus. It is the message of Spiritualism. Jesus was not heard in his day. Spiritualism is not heard in our day. Even among its own adherents the significance of the tremendous forces at work for our common good is scarcely thought of.

But there is a higher uplift of the margin of safety in the Republic, and there is our hope. Men are thinking. Preachers, newspaper managers, and many magazine writers do not think. The thinking now is with the great middle class that is being ground between the dead weight of the lower class and the whirl and fury of the upper or capitalist class. The religion of Spiritualism is vitally concerned in this struggle. In fact the forces behind all phenomena are of the spirit, and to that is due the grind now going on. Out of it all will gradually rise the columns and capitals of a new temple, wherein Christ will be made welcome—whether he appear as a Tolstoi or a Booker Washington; whether he rap out his message on the communion table or appear in archetypal form in nave and transept.

THERE is a gracious Providence over us: never doubt that. The spirit of truth and of God is blowing around us like the wind, invisible, mysterious like the air. We cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes. But it is coming and going evermore in all parts of the earth, in every human bosom.—*W. H. Furness.*

ABSENT TREATMENTS IN HEALING.

BY KARL H. VON WIEGAND.

The domain of occultism, Spiritualism, psychology, and metaphysics in general has from time immemorial been a rich field for fraud, trickery, and deception; and at the present time those branches of advanced thought that deal with healing methods in particular, especially treatment at a distance, offer many opportunities for securing money under false pretenses. These have been grasped by many unscrupulous persons who have either entered the New Thought ranks for the sole purpose of "conquering poverty at some one's else expense" or have fallen from their high estate and noble purpose of alleviating the ills of humanity—and receiving just compensation for services actually rendered. Some of these persons are now engaged in fleecing would-be students and suffering mortals who frequently do not turn to the New Thought for light and help until all else has failed. They soon fall easy victims to one or more alleged absent "healers," who are more readily reached through their sensational advertisements than their modest, truthful, and more honest brother or sister who declines to attract students or patients by such methods.

Recently this particular phase of healing has been brought before the public in no enviable light through the action of the postal authorities in prosecuting and convicting certain so-called "healers" in our Western States upon the charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. This action has not been taken without justifiable grounds, despite the claims of members of certain cults, divine and otherwise, who seem to regard it as malicious persecution on the part of those who differ with New Thought teachings—similar to the legislative restrictions that medical doctors periodically attempt to

foist upon our statute-books for the highly commendable purpose of "protecting the public."

A little investigation will easily establish the fact that there are many practitioners of mental healing whose methods of giving absent treatments are open to criticism. While some are knowingly dishonest, a much larger number are really ignorant of the very laws they claim to exercise in their laudable attempt to "turn an honest penny." That such methods have brought absent healing into disrepute in certain quarters there can be no doubt, for many candid inquirers are asking, "Is absent treatment really a legitimate factor in the healing of disease?"

What is absent treatment? How is it administered?

Absent treatment is to a large extent "telepathic suggestion" made by the healer to his patient while the latter is in a passive and receptive state. Its effect is to rouse the weak, dormant, or lethargic faculties of the mind and to free it from fear—and thus to strengthen the body and restore its normal vitality. In a few cases known to the writer, the healer was consciously present in his astral body, the patient conversing with him almost as easily as if the former were actually in the healer's office; but when this result ensues the patient is somewhat *psychic,* and the healer something more than the word usually signifies to advanced thought students.

In all methods of absent healing the line of communication is *vibratory*—direct thought-transference, or telepathy; and the key to successful treating is obviously *concentration.* The more profoundly the mental forces are concentrated the stronger will the patient feel the influence of the healer's mind —in some cases, as already intimated, seeing him and "sensing" his mental words. If the object be to supplant the patient's despondent, fearful, and morbid thoughts with the vigorous, healthy, and inspiring thoughts of the healer, and this be accomplished, then it is truly and literally "thought-transference," and in such cases thoughts are real mental

vibrations—life impulses. The healer, in changing these from the inharmonious to the harmonious, from the downward plane to the upward, and in shifting the polarity from the destructive to the creative base in the mind of the patient, necessarily produces an effect that must tend to reconstruct the latter's body. To obtain such results, the mind of the healer must be in a state of harmony; otherwise discord will be added to that already existing in the mind and body of the patient. An ordinary treatment should last for twenty minutes; but when the healer has doubt of his own mental poise, a portion of the time should be devoted to treating himself.

The true healer first seeks to ascertain the mental condition and environment of his patient; and some practitioners, gifted with clairvoyant and astral powers, determine the time of birth and thus work harmoniously and in conjunction with planetary influences—taking advantage of *all* the finer forces of Nature in accomplishing their high purpose. The true healer not only cures his patient but teaches him *to remain well,* and by the power of his mind leads him into a higher sphere and gives him a new purpose in life.

These are a few of the laws and principles that underlie absent treatment, as employed and followed by the conscientious healer, though he may be many hundreds of miles from his patient; for such is the potency of projected thought-vibrations that emanate from a highly-trained mind and will that space is annihilated. Of course, in the proper observance of these principles a healer can take but a limited number of patients, and his recompense should be commensurate with the effort put forth, for "the laborer is worthy of his hire" in whatever branch of the Father's work he may be engaged; and, though his object may not be to "make money," nevertheless his reward should not be relegated to the "hereafter," for there is an occult law that even the ancients well understood that one cannot receive without making some sacrifice in return.

Let us now examine the methods of some alleged absent healers whose efficacy and purposes can hardly be said to be honestly effective or legitimate. Many advertise extensively, which of itself were not dishonest, provided they could substantiate their claims; but they send out thousands of circulars, announcing sensational and wonderful cures, and solicit so-called "trial treatments," either for the cure of your diseases or your poverty. For two weeks or a month of this service they are willing to accept as small a fee as twenty-five cents, while some offer to cure all the ills with which humanity is afflicted for just "one dollar a month." Here and there can be found an enterprising "healer" who is also the editor of a little publication and offers to give a month's "health vibration" as a premium on subscriptions. How many patients could he "treat" even if he spent only ten seconds a day on each subscriber?

When the postal authorities some time ago "held up" the mail of a certain "healer" and opened a three-days accumulation of his letters, more than a thousand dollars in cash was extracted therefrom. This money was sent by deluded persons in search of health or wealth, or both, which this self-styled "healer" promised to supply in his columns and columns of advertisements and alleged "testimonials." When his case came to trial it was ascertained that his "treatments" were delegated to about twenty typewriter girls and consisted only in the sending of a typewritten letter to each patient. This communication stated that at certain hours of the day he or she would be "treated," but that too great results should not be expected the first month—while the "healer" himself looked after the business part of the work. He was fined a few thousand dollars, which undoubtedly netted him a handsome profit on the results of his "industry."

There are some who apparently prefer to remain ignorant —for the sake of their exchequer they do not desire to be enlightened. A man quite prominent in certain healing and

teaching circles recently said before a class: "I consider thirty to sixty seconds sufficient time for an absent treatment. I believe that my subjective mind does the 'treating' while my objective mind is otherwise engaged." For such service he receives three to five dollars a month from each patient; and he claims that a course of ten or twelve lessons from him will enable any student to do likewise.

Here is what another says: "Join the Success Circle! The Center of that Circle is MY WORD. Daily I speak it. Its vibrations radiate more powerfully day by day. As the Sun sends out vibrations, so MY WORD radiates Success to 10,000 lives as easily as ONE." At one dollar each it is certainly lucrative—this business of "vibrating." And this is but one of many of like nature. No discrimination is observed, for all is grist that comes to their mill. Is it to be wondered at that even some of the foremost of our New Thought journals make caustic remarks about absent treatments, and the public considers the practise a palpable fraud?

As "a tree is known by its fruit," so is the true healer known by his work. And that work is ever noiseless: thus and thus only does it have beneficial results. All the great forces of Nature that are creative and potent for good are ever silent, while those of destruction always contain the vibratory din and roar of the thunderbolt, earthquake, tornado, etc.

There is a field for healing work on the invisible planes for those who can function consciously upon the astral plane when the physical body is enjoying its natural sleep; in other words, *continued* activity of consciousness is a possibility that opens opportunities for absent treatment having an altruistic motive. But this is a phase of psychic action understood by very few, and will constitute the subject of a future article in MIND.

IT is more shameful to distrust people than to be deceived by them.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

HIDDEN.

BY U. FRANCIS DUFF.

Life may exist
In forms to us unknown;
Earth's mold, a block of stone,
The amethyst

May each possess
Within its voiceless breast
A longing, vague unrest
Life to confess.

Where man can see
Nothing of any worth,
A spirit may have birth,
From bonds set free.

Master of ruth!
What narrow earthly mind
Can ever hope to find
Life's primal Truth?

REALITY.

My life, or what it seemed to be,
Has changed—has changed so much to me;
For now it claims a higher kin
Than ever I had hoped to win.

And nights have come and days have gone
In which my soul was not alone;
It winged itself to higher plane,
And joined the eternal God-led train.

And then I knew that I was one
With Earth, and Moon, and Stars, and Sun.
I knew—I knew that I was free;
That He was I, and I was He.

F. ELEANOR BROWN.

MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANGEL OR DEMON?

Mata was standing quietly with her hands clasped before her, her head thrown back, and a look in her eyes that I had never before seen. That she was fully aroused in her own defense and did not need anybody's assistance was evident. After about ten minutes the officer raised his head, then lifted his hands and examined them. He worked the joints of his fingers, wrists, and elbows as if trying to determine whether they were broken or not. Then he drew up his legs and straightened them out as if fearing they were paralyzed. Deciding that the different members of his body were still under his control, he slowly regained an upright position. Then he looked at the ceiling, peeped under the table, and in a dazed sort of way asked: "Who struck me?"

"I did not see anybody strike you," I replied, smilingly.

"Wall, somebody did," he said vaguely; "an' they struck a blow that 'ud 'a' felled a ox."

"Where did they hit you?" I asked.

After passing his hands down his body and legs and over his head and chest, seemingly unable to locate the particular spot where the injury had been received, he replied: "I feel as if I'd been t'rashed till every bone in my body's pulverized." Then, suddenly remembering his errand, which had been entirely forgotten during the previous knock-down, he shouted, while gathering strength for another spring: "I'll have that she-devil this time or die!"

Raising her right hand and pointing her finger at him, Mata said: *"Stop!"*

The fellow could not lift his foot from the floor, but stood staring helplessly at her.

"There are a few words I wish to say to you," she said, in a strange tone of voice. "You believe some one struck you. If you do not want the same thing repeated with redoubled force, you had better stay just where you are and listen to me. You came here to arrest me in compliance with orders received from your official superiors. I do not wish to do you harm; therefore, I shall explain something you do not understand. You erroneously supposed that Doctor Bennet knocked you down the first time. You hand-cuffed him, so that he could not do it again. When you tried a second time to secure me, you met with the same difficulty as at first, although you must know now that he was not the cause of it. You and all the people in this city are unable to lay a hand on me unless I choose to allow it. I shall not submit to arrest, because I have done nothing to deserve it. Your brother officer made a similar attempt and failed, but he did not assume so much authority; he behaved more like a gentleman, and therefore escaped the experience that you have had."

Then, turning toward me, she said: "Doctor Bennet, will you please step this way?" I walked across the room and stood before the helpless officer.

"Do you think those hand-cuffs are strong enough to hold that man a prisoner?" she asked the astonished man.

"Yes," he growled; "there ain't a man as can break 'em when they're locked."

"Are they locked?" she asked, pleasantly.

"So good he'll never git loose," he answered, surlily.

Looking again at me, she said: "Hold out your hands, Doctor."

I did as she requested. Stepping back a pace or two, she pointed her finger for a moment at the irons, when suddenly they fell from my wrists and lay a mass of melted steel at my feet.

The officer opened his mouth and eyes to their widest extent and began crossing himself, while he called upon all the

saints he could think of to protect him from this "demon in human shape."

Mata carelessly remarked: "You may go as soon as you please, but if you attempt to repeat this performance you will be very sorry."

The man stooped, picked up the melted irons, and without stopping to get his hat, which had fallen from his head when he was first knocked down, turned and ran from the room as if he expected His Satanic Majesty would overtake him at every step.

The whole affair had been so ludicrous that I sat down and laughed. Mata smiled, but made no remarks. Soon there was a mob at the door. The vanquished officer had shown the melted manacles and had told his story; he had expressed the opinion that there was a giant concealed somewhere who had struck him from behind, and a dozen or more knights of the star and club had formed into line and marched to the door with the intention of getting the prisoner at once. When they filed into the room and had drawn themselves up in two lines their countenances evinced more brutal determination than it had ever been my privilege to see. The leader towered head and shoulders above the girlish-looking woman he had come to arrest, but Mata came forward and faced them without a tremor. Then the leader assumed the duty of spokesman and said: "We've come in de name o' de law t' 'rest ye fer two 'fences—first fer pract'sin' med'cine widout de proper aut'ority, an' secont fer r'sistin' a of'cer."

Mata smiled and replied that it seemed strange it should require twelve stalwart policemen to take into custody one little woman.

Here some of the men looked a little ashamed, but the speaker replied: "We shouldn't a needed s' many if ye hadn't a giant hid som'ers what lays out ev'rybody what comes after ye."

"I shall not submit to arrest if the whole city comes after

me," was Mata's rejoinder; then, stooping quickly, she drew with her finger upon the floor, between herself and the men, a line of as bright a blue as could be made with a piece of crayon. "Now, you must step over that line to reach me," she said; "I am waiting upon this side of it."

The man who had done the talking hesitated, while he looked sharply and suspiciously at the line.

"What are ye waitin' fer?" inquired one of the men. "Go an' git 'er."

"Go an' git 'er yerself," replied the leader. But, his authority and dignity being at stake, he himself strode forward with great apparent boldness. When he reached the blue line he stopped so suddenly as almost to precipitate his bulky body over it.

"What's de matter?" shouted the first speaker; "why don't ye git 'er?"

Vainly the officer tried to step over the line—his feet seemed rooted to the floor. He swore and pulled, first one foot and then the other; but they could not be moved. The other men stepped forward, but all had the same difficulty—not a man could cross the line.

After giving them plenty of time to make the attempt, Mata said: "Gentlemen, you are at liberty to pass out the door at any moment, but you will find it difficult to advance any further in this direction."

But the men were not inclined to accept her suggestion to depart without further effort to capture her; so they consulted for several minutes. At last all decided she was a witch and must be shot; and the leader shook his club at Mata and declared he had the authority to take her dead or alive. If, he declared, she did not yield to arrest he would kill her. I began to feel that the affair had begun to assume a serious aspect, and said that if this were intended for a joke it was time to stop.

"Mind your business!" angrily replied the spokesman, as he examined his revolver.

"This is my business, and I command you to retire from this house!" I said, excitedly.

"She's a d—— witch an' oughter be shot, an' we shan't leave de house widout 'er!" declared the man, coarsely.

"But what has she done to deserve the treatment you would not be justified in giving to a dog?" I indignantly inquired.

Nobody replied to my question, because all were getting ready to take a shot at Mata, and were replacing some of the old cartridges in their revolvers with fresh ones. I looked at Mata and caught a reassuring look as she made a motion for me to keep silent. In spite of her calmness I feared that these brutes would kill her in their ignorant wrath.

At that moment an officer pointed his weapon at her and said: "D'ye see that gun? Wall, I'm goin' t' count t'ree, an' if ye don't come out o' that corner an' s'render I'll shoot ye dead jes' where ye stan'. You'll be a dead witch'n less'an five minits." And he grimaced at the man on the right.

The other men all grinned their approval of the fellow's bravery and intelligence and pointed their weapons at Mata. I could not move my tongue to utter a protest against the outrage that seemed about to be perpetrated in my presence. Looking at Mata I observed that her smiling, careless appearance had entirely changed. The pallor of death was on her face, and the rigidity of her body suggested the thought that she was dead. Slowly the hair began to stand erect on my scalp, and my heart actually stopped beating when the officer said: "One!" In a few seconds he said: "Two!" Another interval of time, and then he gave the last word: "Three!"

"Bang!" went the weapon; "Bang! Bang!" A moment of silence, and then—"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

The officer had emptied the six chambers of his revolver; yet Mata stood before him apparently as undisturbed as a marble statue, while six flattened bullets lay on the floor at her feet. After a few moments of perfect silence she re-

marked: "Perhaps a few more of you gentlemen would like to shoot at this mark?"

"Good God!" shouted the astonished officer; "dat ain't a witch nor a woman, boys; it's de devil! Look at dem bullets. Flatter nor pancakes! I'm goin'; I never 'greed t' bring de devil wid me when I come." And the man made a rush for the door and tumbled out of it with all his brother officers at his heels.

That was the last we saw of them. When they were gone, and I realized that Mata was alive and unharmed, my strength gave way and I dropped into the nearest chair with my heart throbbing as if it would smother me.

Mata shut the door after the men, and then, drawing a chair near to mine, said: "I did not like to make such a display of power as this, but necessity compelled me to. I could not allow those men to arrest me, and thought it better to have the trouble over with at once."

"Shall I remain with you the rest of the day?" I asked.

"No; it is better that you should go on with your duties," she replied. "I thank you for trying to protect me from the vengeance of those officers; but you saw that no amount of persuasion or reasoning made the least difference with them. Like all other ferocious animals that thirst for blood, they wanted to kill somebody, and it was no fault of theirs that they did not take my life. Had they been men with *human* souls I should have taken a very different course with them; but, since they possessed only the *animal* nature, they had to be treated as animals."

"Do you not think those men had souls the same as other men?" I asked, in surprise.

"The man who attempted to take my life has lost his human soul, and is only in possession of his lower animal nature. It is possible for a human body to be utterly devoid of an immortal spiritual soul and still live and associate with human beings."

"What produces such a condition?"

"Persistent depravity during previous lives till the higher self (or divine spark) has left the lower animal nature to continue on toward destruction. You know that a man cannot stand, either morally or spiritually, in one place. He must advance or retreat along the path of development. If he choose to advance, however slowly, his higher nature, or conscious spirit,—whatever you please to call the higher intelligence,—will never desert him. He may stumble and fall many times; but, so long as he has even a faint aspiration toward a better life, the immortal spark will continue to lead and enlighten him. When, however, he shuts his eyes and heart against all good and delights in evil doing; when his heart thrills with pleasure at sight of the suffering of his fellow-beings; when he has a devilish glee in leading astray those who are pure and good; when fiendish torture of the lower animals causes him to thrill with satisfaction: then he has lost the higher light and will live for perhaps a few years as a thorn in the flesh of those with whom he associates. But his days are numbered, and his fate will be utter annihilation—which means the death that has no waking."

"Are there many such?"

"I am sorry to say that you meet them almost every day of your life. You may not be conscious of their condition because you are unable to see the color of their auras, or astral bodies; but the feeling of horror you will experience if compelled to come into close contact with them may always be taken as an indication of their evil natures."

"Will you explain how you were able to withstand those bullets?"

"In all the universe there is no such thing as 'dead matter.' Everything, whether visible or invisible to the physical eye, is in constant motion. Some kinds or classes of atoms vibrate more rapidly than others, and are therefore pregnable to forms of a slower rate. When the atoms composing my body

have their normal rate of vibration, the organism is pregnable to bullets. But, by understanding the law and by having the power of control, I can lower or raise the vibration of my atoms as I choose. Had I raised them much beyond their normal rate, the bullets would have passed through my body and perhaps have injured some one in the next room; but by lowering them my body became impregnable to the bullets, and they were flattened against it. Those men were frightened because of their ignorance and attributed to me 'supernatural' power, when it was nothing but the result of concentration of mind acting in perfect harmony with the law of vibration."

Fully realizing that any assistance I would be able to render would be valueless to her, I rose to go. Mata remarked that for the present she believed the trouble over with, but would remain at her post for a few days longer; and she asked me to call whenever I could make it convenient. This I promised to do, and then, bidding her good-by, I started for my office.

On the other side of the street I was accosted by one of the thwarted policemen. "Say!" he exclaimed; "they say you're her father, an' seen the hull performance."

I bowed.

"Wall, what d'ye think about it?" he demanded.

I replied that I thought it an injustice to attempt to arrest Miss Bennet, because she had done nothing to warrant it.

"Oh, ye're goin' to stick up fer her, air ye? Guess I'll take ye in too." And the man laid his hand heavily on my arm.

"Since you cannot arrest me without a warrant, unless I am breaking the peace, I think you had better allow me to pass," I replied, indignantly.

"What d'ye think she'd do if I was to take ye?" he asked, uneasily.

"Try it and see," I replied.

"Wall, ye can go on; but git a move on ye!" he said, threateningly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE DEVIL."

I had just reached my office and was thinking of the wonderful power the strange being possessed when a newsboy thrust his head into the door and yelled: "Extra *Evening Journal!* All about de devil dat has come to town! Paper, sir; paper?"

I bought a paper, and to my disgust saw in flaming red letters on the first page the startling headline: *"Is It The Devil?"*—which served as a caption to the following thrilling article:

"A most alarming state of affairs has come when Satan is allowed to walk abroad in the form of a beautiful young lady, supposed to be the only daughter of one of our leading physicians.

"Let us say, before going further, that we sympathize with the father of this creature. He is a gentleman, middle-aged and highly respected; he has been a practising physician in this city for twenty years or more, and we have no wish to censure him for anything his evil daughter does. This is another case of the strange and unaccountable weakness that good men's children will sometimes manifest.

"The woman bears the strange name of Mata Bennet. The last name is her father's, and is well enough; but the first one suggests the peculiar feeling that it was brought from a heathen country—is far fetched, as it were. The young woman has always been a strange creature. She was never known to enter the doors of a church, and when very young manifested a great aversion to such good books as the Catechism and Bible.

"In those days she was a source of great trial to the good Christian woman who served her in the double capacity of nurse and governess. When she reached the age of fourteen she became utterly unmanageable, and the worthy woman had to resign her position with sorrow, leaving the father of this child in tears and despair.

"We are told by the lady herself that the scene was a sad one. When she informed the father of her intention to leave he begged her to remain, telling her that he was positively afraid of the child when she had one of

her diabolical moods, and declared that he feared she would kill him some time when he was asleep. But the good woman was true to her religion, and, feeling that she had done all she was able to do for the child and could not bear the trial any longer, she left the house. The father has been partially successful in keeping the bad behavior of his daughter concealed since the governess left them, but the servants whisper that there have been queer doings on the top floor of the Bennet mansion, where this strange creature has her apartments. Every servant in the house is afraid of her, and is only induced to remain by the enormous wages the doctor pays. But the present circumstances claim our attention and we will say no more about the past.

"Suddenly, within the last month, this whole city has been stricken by a horrible and unknown disease, from which many hundred people died. There is no doubt in the minds of those who survived the scourge that the dreadful sickness was brought upon us by the devilish power of this woman. That we have good reason for our suspicions is proved by the fact that, when the people were dying like sheep from this complaint, she appeared on the scene with some kind of a sulphurous mixture (that none of our physicians were able to analyze) and distributed it among all who applied to her—thereby assuming the position of a second *Moses*. The remedy was a success, of course. Backed by her own diabolical will, great numbers were saved. Then this devil in human form secured a suite of rooms and advertised herself as a physician. She was asked to show her certificate, which, of course, she couldn't do, because she hadn't one. Then the physicians of our city, desiring to save the people from her wicked power, had her arrested.

"She was taken by surprise in her own house and was brought to answer to the charge, of which she was undeniably guilty. She admitted the crime of illegally practising medicine and boldly acknowledged that she had no papers to show as proof of her ability, but believed the skill with which she had handled the previous epidemic sufficient to satisfy everybody. She declined to furnish anything further, and, under the very eyes of the lawyers, spectators, and officers with which the court-room was crowded, she escaped.

"An officer was sent in hot pursuit, and soon overtook the fleeing woman; but when he attempted to seize her she suddenly became surrounded with fire, and the man was stricken with paralysis, from which he will probably never recover. She escaped, and succeeded in reaching the den of iniquity that, for politeness' sake, she calls her office. Here her poor father followed, hoping to persuade her to behave herself in a more decorous manner; but the following events show that his entreaties were of no avail—for, while he was begging to be allowed to pay the fine and so settle the trouble, an officer, the bravest and most muscular man on the force, went to rearrest her.

"The treatment the man received at her hands was worthy of the

woman. She overcame him with sulphurous fumes, which she caused to issue through a trap door in the floor; and while he lay helpless before her she beat him with a red-hot poker till he was barely left alive. The hand-cuffs with which he expected to secure her were the strongest that the city owns, but they will never be used again—they are now nothing but a shapeless mass of melted steel. The officer states that while he held them in his hands, ready to clasp them on her wrists, she pointed her finger at them and instantly they became so hot he could not hold them. He dropped them, of course—the man could not be expected to stand and hold a pair of red-hot hand-cuffs—and they melted into their present shape while they lay at his feet. Any one who may doubt our word in this matter can see the melted manacles, free of charge, at our office, where they will be on exhibition for the next ten days.

"Since it had been demonstrated that one man could not manage the arrest alone, the authorities sent twelve of the bravest and best men on the force. The story that these men tell is appalling. When they came out of her den, with blanched faces and bulging eyes, they did present a pitiable appearance. They were not burned as the other officers were, but they had been paralyzed, and, while they stood perfectly helpless in the presence of that terrible creature, she stooped and with her finger wrote flaming words of fire upon the floor. Then she danced before them, swinging her arms and scattering sparks of fire among them, while the same sulphurous fumes that had nearly killed the other officer overcame the doctor, her father, who sat helpless in his chair.

"They say—and we have no reason to doubt the words of those brave men—that at the time the sparks were flying around their heads the smoke poured from the creature's nose and mouth, and they could plainly hear a rumbling noise as if an earthquake were coming; at the same moment the whole building shook as if it would collapse. One of the men tried to shoot the woman while she was careening around the room. He and the other officers have since taken their most solemn oaths that the bullets that struck her were flattened the moment they touched her body, and made no more impression than if they had been made of tissue-paper; and they declare she laughed in devilish glee at every shot.

"The men were soon obliged to seek fresh air and further instructions—so the creature is still at large. She has frightened the officers so badly that there is not a man upon the force—and we have the finest set of officers in Chautauqua—who dares to face her again in that awful place.

"Citizens! What are you going to do? Allow that woman to live and bring a repetition of the past scourge upon us that will perhaps depopulate the whole city? In her diabolism she is fully capable of doing so dreadful a thing, and would no doubt take a fiendish delight in it, since her temper is now aroused to the highest pitch. Should there be any further developments we shall, in the line of our duty, issue extra editions announcing *the truth* for the benefit of our readers."

It is perhaps needless to say that the city was thrown into the most intense excitement by the indefatigable efforts of the reporters, who threw aside all pretenses of veracity and wrote the most ridiculous falsehoods their minds could invent. Many of the more timid of the populace were so frightened by the stories that they dared not venture beyond their own gates, lest they should encounter the dreadful creature described by the newspapers. The wood-cuts made and sworn to as exact copies of her face would have delighted the heart of a Fiji Islander; and since she had never had a picture taken, and the papers could get nothing to copy from but the highly inflamed imaginations of the reporters, the "portraits" were the most ridiculous things I ever have seen.

Business men stopped on their way to the banks or places of business, and, while casting apprehensive glances over their shoulders, talked in low tones about "the witch." All seemed of the same opinion—that Mata was a new nineteenth-century improvement on the old one, who lived at En-dor and arranged a little private conversation between Saul and Samuel.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

For three weeks after the attempted arrest, not a patient sought my professional services, and I observed that my friends cast pitying glances at me when I chanced to meet them. But all things that have a beginning have also an end, and after a few weeks the people became tired of this single topic of conversation. The reporters ran out of "ideas," and a drought struck the newspapers. The physicians, believing they had ruined Mata's prospects as a practitioner, rested the prosecution for an indefinite length of time—since

they could not find an officer who dared lay hands on her. Other occurrences attracted the attention of the people, and after a while business resumed its normal condition.

When everything was quiet, Mata began making plans to open her hospital, and, having found a place that suited her, requested me to buy it for her. When everything was ready for the reception of patients, she inserted a notice in the city papers announcing the fact that the hospital was ready to accommodate the public and would care for any whom the other hospital did not wish to receive. The announcement aroused a great deal of comment, and public opinion was so strong against her that two months had passed before a single application was made for admission. Then there occurred a terrible railroad wreck within the city limits, and a hundred victims were without a place to receive treatment. Since many of the sufferers were strangers, and had never heard the tales about the founder of the institution, they were glad to avail themselves of the accommodations offered, and the doors were thrown open to all in need.

Mata took up her abode at the hospital and attended her patients with untiring devotion. She bathed and bandaged injured limbs, sewed up gaping wounds, set broken bones with astonishing skill, and maintained throughout a wonderful self-possession and apparent interest in every inmate that seemed to banish all nervousness. When each patient was ready to leave and call for his bill, he was told that no hard and fast charges had been made; but he was at liberty to donate whatever he felt able toward the maintenance of the institution.

After a few months the people of the city were forced to believe that Mata was doing a good work, and as time passed and they came into closer acquaintance with her they ceased to watch and comment upon her conduct, and the suspicions of those who had been her enemies were in a measure abated.

One morning I had called at the hospital and was with

Mata in the reception-room when some ladies were announced. They were six of the most prominent persons in the city, and came for an interview with my daughter. Mata received them graciously, and after making them comfortable asked what service she could render them. Here a haughty dame put up her lorgnette and stared superciliously at her. After having duly impressed her with the importance of herself and her friends—as she believed—she cleared her throat and began her remarks as follows:

"Miss Bennet, we have called upon you to-day to see if we cannot come to some sort of an understanding concerning your position among us. You are the daughter of one of our leading physicians, and as such should conform to the rules regulating polite society. You are at present a sort of social outcast; your reputation is very unsavory because of the recent strange proceedings with the policemen, but we have investigated the matter, and so far have been unable to discover anything really criminal in your conduct—and for your father's sake as well as your own you should be guided by those whose judgment is better than yours. I am speaking for your own future welfare."

Here the woman paused for breath, and as Mata offered no reply a look of satisfaction settled upon her face, and she continued:

"Yes, we have looked into this matter and have been unable to discover anything in your conduct that may not be overlooked. So we came to-day to offer you an opportunity to attend Sunday-school and church. Of course, you must not expect to be received among us at first with great friendliness, because you have gained, by your recent behavior with the police officers, a disagreeable notoriety that may take years for you to live down; but I and these other ladies have decided to break the conservativeness of our set and to invite you to attend *our* church and Sunday-school. We shall make it a point to recognize you when we meet, hoping that other

ladies will follow our example; and in this manner the feeling that at present exists against you may be gradually overcome."

Another pause followed, during which Mata remained silent, and after a while the lady continued:

"You must realize that your disregard for the church and its teachings is a great wrong. You have, it seems, plenty of means, or you could not support this institution without charging a regular fee. Now, think how much more good you could do in the world if you would use your money toward maintaining a church and a few missionaries to send to heathen lands to spread the gospel of Christ to the poor, benighted wretches who never heard of our blessed Lord and Saviour! If you neglect your duty when it is pointed out to you, as I am doing to-day, you will regret it when it is too late. Why don't you speak, Miss Bennet? Don't you know that I—Mrs. Doctor Cinder—am talking to you?"

Mata bowed, and replied:

"Certainly, Madam, I have been listening most attentively to your words, and intended to reply as soon as the opportunity was presented. I thank you and the other ladies present for the kindly interest you are manifesting in my behalf, and also in behalf of the 'means' I am supposed to possess. From your words I infer that you are looking forward to my financial value as a member of your church with more solicitude than to the work of saving my soul. I understand that you are quite ready to use my money at once toward helping on the work of maintaining your missionaries, while my own growth among you will be naturally slow—something that will require years before I shall gain an equal footing with your members. You admit that, although I have committed no real crime, yet I am ostracized on account of my refusal to submit to imprisonment to satisfy the selfishness of the regular physicians of this city. You ladies are to be commended for your interest in the 'wretches,' as you call our brothers, who do not worship at your altars, and I believe you are doing great good

to your *missionaries* by sending them to foreign lands—because it gives them an excellent opportunity to learn the *real truth.* Many of them will become broadened out of their narrow views, and the condition of bigoted ignorance with which they went away may in many cases be entirely removed by their contact with the 'heathen.'

"I believe, however, that Jesus said we had the poor always with us, and whoever gave even a cup of cold water in His name gave it to Him. However much I should like to help educate your missionaries, still I feel that some one should attend to our *own* sufferers while those abroad are being looked after; and since you are succeeding so admirably with the foreign work I will continue in my humble way with the work that needs doing at our doors. Our city needed this hospital because the other institution will not take patients unable to pay for treatment, as has been several times demonstrated since it was opened. This house is fully able to receive *all* who need its protection. I do not weaken my forces by scattering them over so much ground, but rather concentrate my finances and energies upon this one work, and in that manner I am able to assist those whom you do not.

"I have great respect for all the good your church is really doing, but do not think I am really needed among you, since you have so many sisters who are in good standing now and do not require years of growth before receiving the recognition of good-fellowship. Believing that I know just how deep your sincerity is in offering this invitation to me, and while thanking you for it, I ask permission to refuse for the reasons I have just given. If you will permit me, I will extend an invitation to you to send to this house any one whom you, with or without a reason, do not care to receive at your institution."

A long silence followed Mata's remarks, during which all the ladies fanned themselves violently, while their flushed faces and snapping eyes indicated the intense excitement they

were laboring under. Mata was as smiling as if this were the pleasantest kind of an interview, and, seeming to care only for the comfort of her guests, asked me to open another window, as the ladies seemed distressed by the heat. As I went to do her bidding I remarked that the day was exceedingly warm for September.

Presently another lady took up the subject, and excitedly asked: "Miss Bennet, are we to understand that you are wishing to cast reflections on our institution because we do not receive the sick who are too poor to pay for treatment? Are we to understand that you think us uncharitable because we send missionaries to the heathen? Do you expect us to receive into our church in full membership a woman who has become notorious? Do you know that your recent disgraceful conduct with the policemen has been published in all the sensational papers in the country? You must be very stupid to suppose for a moment that we would *dare* accept such a person among *us* until we were perfectly sure that she had abandoned her evil practises and had become fully reformed!"

Mata calmly replied:

"I do not cast reflections upon anybody for anything she may or may not do, because it is not my business to judge another's actions. You are doing a good work to receive even paying patients in your institution, and should receive the credit you deserve for it; but those whom you refuse to take must have a place afforded them or suffer for the want of care. I have provided this house primarily for such persons, not wishing to reflect in the least on your good work. I do not think it uncharitable to send missionaries to foreign lands, but some one must undertake the work at home that is being overlooked by those working abroad. There are many in our own city who need the gospel of Christ as much as those across the sea. I do not expect, have not asked, and do not desire you to receive me into your church, either in good

standing or in any other way. You are laboring under a misapprehension, for I have neither sought you out nor made an application for membership. As I understand the matter, you are here to solicit money from me to assist you in the work you have undertaken. In return for the favor I may bestow upon you as a contribution you offer me the opportunity to become a probationary member—an errand girl—a silent partner in the house of the Lord. If I do my duties well in this humble position—in short, if I behave myself with proper decorum during my probation—you hold out the encouragement that some time, *perhaps,* I may be recognized as a Christian among you. Believing that I understand the exact amount of fraternal sympathy and anxiety you feel for me, I beg leave to decline, because I think you are asking entirely too much for the title you are offering for sale."

The women rose with blazing eyes and scarlet faces, while I turned my back to hide the laugh I could not control. At the door Mrs. Cinder turned to Mata and said:

"Very well, Miss Bennet; we feel that our full duty has been discharged. All that Christian women can do for an outcast we have done. This is probably the last call you will ever have from the Lord. I suppose you are not too ignorant to know that there is such a thing as sinning away one's 'day of grace,' and when that is done there will be no more hope for your soul. But we wash our hands of you from this time forth——"

"As Pontius Pilate did of Jesus?" interrupted Mata. "Well, Madam, since Jesus bore it perhaps I may."

"Who said anything about Pontius Pilate?" the old lady demanded, surprised by Mata's question.

"I did," replied Mata. "I was just saying that perhaps I can bear it if you *do* wash your hands of me, since I never saw you till this morning and have lived all this time without your sustaining hands."

"You are an *impertinent, saucy thing!*" exclaimed the

wrathy old lady. "I never saw your equal in my life! Why, nobody ever *dared* speak to me in such a manner before!"

"No?" asked Mata, smilingly. "Although I was not aware of being impolite to you, still if my manner has been unpleasant it cannot be helped. *I meant just what I said.*"

"Yes, young lady; you have insulted me, and must take the consequences!" declared Mrs. Cinder.

"I am always ready to accept the things that come from causes I myself have generated," said Mata. "I never look to another to bear them for me, and that is another reason why I do not need the consolation your faith offers—that of having some Great Soul carry my sins because I am too lazy and selfish to bear them for myself."

"And now I am fully convinced that you are guilty of all the things you have been accused of," retorted the woman. "I had doubted your guilt, but the flippant manner in which you ridicule one of our most sacred articles of faith shows me without further evidence that you are totally depraved." And with a horrified look on her face she marched with all the dignity at her command to the carriage that stood waiting to receive her ample form.

Mata closed the door and then smilingly remarked: "How tenaciously some people will hold to a dogma, believing it a God-given inspiration! Because I differed with those ladies in opinion they are offended beyond reconciliation!"

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

It is the morning of the thirtieth of November. Just twenty-one years ago to-night my darling left me to face alone the dreary years of a darkened and desolate life. It is

true, our child has helped me to bear the burden, and I have tried to be faithful to the duties assigned me; but to-night my probation will be ended, and when the hour of midnight comes I shall be released.

For the benefit of those who are seeking to know the truth concerning man's relationship to Divine Law, these pages have been written. For such as are satisfied with their ignorance and do not seek enlightenment the foregoing chapters will possess no interest. But I offer them to my fellow-men as the result of twenty-eight years' experience and observation, in the hope that some may be benefited by the story. And now, good-night; and may the peace that passeth understanding be with you now and forevermore!

(*The End.*)

* * *

NOTE.—The facts upon which "Mata the Magician" is founded came to my knowledge under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Excepting the dates, names, and localities, which have been changed, the story may be taken as a narrative of facts arranged in the form of a romance.

THE AUTHOR.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

COMMERCIALISM IN MENTAL SCIENCE.

THE recent action of the postal authorities in causing the arrest of one of our most prominent and successful mental healers, for alleged fraudulent use of the mails, directs renewed attention to a growing abuse of the Mental Science opportunity. It is the development of a sordid, competitive, commercial spirit among certain practitioners who have adopted the methods of patent-medicine manufacturers in their prostitution of a high and holy calling to avaricious ends. This ignoble tendency is incisively analyzed by Mr. Karl von Wiegand in a contribution to this issue of MIND. As his article was accepted for publication five months ago, however, and has been withheld till now solely on account of the pressure upon our monthly schedules, its insertion at this time must not be regarded as having any prejudicial bearing whatever upon the legal proceedings above referred to.

Many of the most enlightened and progressive adherents of the New Thought have frequently apprehended that the movement is in danger of stultification from the cynical materialism and commercialism that have already corrupted and nullified the work of the orthodox Christian Church. This fear is not without an adequate basis of fact when one reviews the history of all new reformatory enterprises; and especially does it seem well grounded when one peruses some of the periodical "literature" issued in the name of Mental Science. Among the many little monthly and weekly journals that ostensibly represent the new spiritual philosophy are a few that are merely clever circulars designed to advertise a private healing business. In their literary columns is usually found a kind of doctrine that no advanced

student of metaphysics can consistently indorse; for it is almost destitute of spiritual elements, being based upon the unscientific assumption not only that the *brain* thinks but that it is capable of the direct transmission of the thoughts it "generates" to other brains for good or ill.

The motive and object that underlie this teaching are rooted in selfishness and greed for gain; and this fact, coupled with the undignified levity indulged in by some of the editors whose glee at their discovery of an easy way to "make money" is unrestrained, is not calculated to commend the New Thought to intelligent inquirers. About six weeks ago we clipped the following advertisement from one of our New York daily newspapers:

> BETTER THAN BUSINESS—Join my class Sept. 16 and learn mental healing; many healers clear $50 daily; big money in this for you; full details when you call. Dr. ——, — W. —— St.

The name appended to this card was that of one of the best known of these enterprising metaphysicians. He has an international reputation and scores of "testimonials" from grateful patients.

Of course, all these advertising healers perform "cures"—as also do osteopathists, hypnotists, magnetic specialists, and patent-medicine venders—but has any one of them ever been known to announce in print that he had reached the limit of his capacity and was unable to accept any more patients? Students of this subject know that mental treatment calls for the expenditure of both time and effort; that only a limited number of cases can be taken by a single healer, and that the truly effective practitioner has no need to advertise for patronage. It is true that one person may be successfully treated through the mind of another with whom he is in close sympathy; a sick child, for instance, may frequently be healed most easily by proper treatment of the mind of its mother. Sometimes also a class of twenty or thirty, whose

minds are virtually a unit in concentration upon a suggested idea, may at the "psychological moment" be treated simultaneously. But this does not apply to an equal number of patients scattered throughout the country and having no individual knowledge of their being "grouped" with others.

If the proceedings instituted by the Post-Office Department against certain mental healers in recent months are based upon the simple ground of their having *undertaken* for a price to render an amount of service obviously in excess of any individual's capacity, they are perfectly just. If, on the other hand, they assume the impossibility of healing the sick *at all* through absent mental treatments, their action is a most outrageous piece of bureaucratic oppression.

Telepathy, or the direct transference of thought from mind to mind—not from brain to brain—is as clearly established as any other fact of modern psychology. Its efficacy in healing is rendered possible by the spiritual nature of the thinking entity itself. Being an outgrowth of the soul, the mind is independent of the limitations of matter, time, and space. Telepathy is an expression of vibratory law. It is the fundamental principle of even "present" mental treatments, and is conceded to exist even by those who doubt the curative powers of mind.

The discovery of a new principle in physical science is almost invariably preceded by the development of a corresponding faculty in the spiritual constitution of man. For example, the X-ray was first revealed by Röntgen after clairvoyance had been demonstrated by repeated experiments and scientific tests. Again, wireless telegraphy was not actually accomplished until mental telepathy had been placed in the category of proved facts—until its phenomena were found to be soluble on no other hypothesis.

Space does not exist to thought; therefore, in the removal of disease by the mental method the patient's corporeal presence is not a necessary factor. J. E. M.

OUR DECEMBER FRONTISPIECE.—The subject of the next portrait to appear in our biographic series, which began last month with an excellent picture of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., will be Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, who will contribute the opening article of the number, on "The Philosophy of Adjustment." J. E. M.

METAPHYSICS IN THE WEST.

To the Editors of MIND:

Is it not beautiful—this light of Truth that is so surely breaking over a weary world? Radiantly, if slowly, its rays penetrate every corner of the earth. And here in Colorado, at the very foot of grand old Pike's Peak, is a summer school of metaphysics founded on a basis so broad and free that I am going to ask the courtesy of your valuable pages to assist us in giving to the Truth students among your readers the privilege of joining our work. We make no charges, or I should not ask such a favor; and we are not sectarian or "labeled" in any way.

By *metaphysics* we mean the measurement of all philosophy, and as students of Truth we are studying the laws of Nature as manifested in the Universe as well as in its microcosm, Man.

Connected with this work are some of the strongest thinkers and writers on metaphysical lines in this country. I would prefer to say *teachers,* but we realize that no man can teach another—he can only inspire him to find his own; and we are willing to take into our ranks those who are unselfishly working for the betterment of all humanity.

Under the shadow of our glorious Rockies, in the far-famed town of Manitou, we have chosen the location for our school; and we invite the Truth students of the world to join us in our labor of love.

GRACE M. BROWN, *Sec'y,*
Box 445, Denver, Col.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

CHARACTER SEEDS.

Sitting in the parlor of a large hotel, a few weeks ago, I gathered much food for thought from the following incident; and as it is really a lesson from life I pass it on, hoping it will make as plain to the readers of MIND as it did to me the necessity of intelligent parenthood.

A young mother and two lovely children entered the parlor and walked up to the window-seat, where the mother placed the three-year-old boy and assisted the little girl, of perhaps five, to clamber up beside him. They made a pretty picture sitting there —the embodiment of childish happiness, which seemed complete when to each was given a candy popcorn ball.

In a short time the popcorn was gone and the little girl became restless and wanted to get down. She was allowed to do so, and, childlike, began moving the chairs from place to place and singing softly to herself. She was doing no harm, but the mother was evidently much annoyed by the noise and restlessness and spoke sharply to the child, bidding her "stop her noise."

For a moment the singing ceased; but happy childhood quickly forgets, and soon the noise went on as before. The mother evidently feared the strangers in the room would be irritated, and in an intense, concentrated voice she reproved the child for not keeping still, emphasizing her command by seizing her little daughter tightly by both arms and giving her a vigorous shake. The child cried out sharply, "You hurt me!"

"Well, I *will* hurt you if you won't mind me!" exclaimed the woman, as she picked up the little thing and fairly *flung* her into the window-seat beside the boy.

For a moment the little girl looked at the mother in impotent rage, meanwhile rubbing her arms and saying over and over: "You hurt me;" then pathetically asking: "What did I do, Mama; what *did* I do?"

The mother looked at her uneasily and rummaged in her bag. Then she said: "Here! take this, and stop your noise."

The "this" was more candy. For a few moments there was peace. Then both children wanted to get down, and the boy, who had been quiet hitherto, began to howl because *his* arms were pinched. The mother immediately began talking most sweetly, and with splendid tact diverted their attention—but not for long. The children were tired, and, with their little stomachs full of popcorn and candy, could not be otherwise than nervous and uncomfortable.

The little girl slid down again and ran around the room with returning happiness, but was soon caught and brought back in disgrace. In the struggle that ensued, the distracted mother finally dragged the naughty (?) girl from the room, declaring she should have a whipping and not be allowed to return to the parlor. But out in the hall peace was declared, and in less than two minutes both returned, hand in hand, the child munching with delight a large piece of fresh candy and the mother looking relieved at having solved the difficulty once more.

When the father entered, a few moments later, one of the most winning of family love-scenes was enacted, and a more attractive, thoroughly happy family is seldom seen than this one appeared to be.

You may say this mother was certainly an unusual one. No; according to my observation she is a type of the average of her age. Young, high strung, sensitive, impulsive, affectionate but wholly ignorant of either human nature in general or child nature in particular, and not even acquainted with the simplest laws of hygiene regarding food—she had done the best she knew in thus dealing with her children under these trying circumstances. Her motive had evidently been to keep them from annoying other

people. This was to be accomplished by keeping them still. Her methods were the best she knew. Some day she may wonder why her children have cruel, unforgiving, deceitful traits in their characters; why they are selfish, exacting, quarrelsome. She may not dream it is because of these character seeds planted day by day in their plastic period of childhood.

Some people to-day declare loudly against the influence of heredity and environment, saying the innate good of a child will conquer everything. It *will* under the right cultivation and conscious individual effort, after the child is old enough to realize and throw off the shackles of childhood mistraining. But it is seldom done, because the mistakes have been woven into every fiber of his being—mental, moral, and physical. Throughout life the pains and pleasures of childhood are remembered with a keenness that makes it impossible for them to be otherwise than potent factors for good or evil in the character-building process.

A man, noted for kindness to every one about him, once said to me: "A smile influenced me more than anything else for good. In my childhood I was misunderstood, and often abused. The one longing of my life was for love. One day a stranger met me in the street, a man who saw that I was an unhappy child. He held out his hand to me and smiled kindly. I never forgot it. It was the beginning of my effort to be kind to everybody. It made me whatever I am, and I can say truly that love does everything when we let it."

We must remember that a child is negative, plastic, and responsive to every influence until age and experience develop individuality. Whatever can be done to weave into the patterns of our children's characters that which shall make them noble, strong, and godlike we ought, as parents, to know how to do. Therefore, this unceasing effort to enlighten the mothers and fathers to be, as well as the mothers and fathers that are, should go on unfalteringly.

When mothers know how to *begin,* even at the earliest period of babyhood, to bring out all the good inherent in their own as well as their child's nature—when they aim above all else to cultivate the child instincts into clear insights, and train every energy of mind and body to flow into constructive channels—we

shall have a new and godlike race. The real tact, patience, and wisdom needed in home training will surely be given where there is an earnest desire to possess and exercise them. But we must have the desire. We cannot sit down idly and say, as is so often said, "We need no training for parenthood; Nature does all that is necessary."

Where would be the civilization of to-day had there been no effort to transform the deserts into blossoming gardens, the unquarried stone into gems of architecture, the wild fruits into luscious and nutritious foods? On every hand are evidences of the innate good even in Nature. Provided the right conditions prevail, it will manifest itself. If a garden is relieved of weeds, if the soil is fertilized, watered, and stirred frequently, the vegetables, flowers, or fruit will yield abundantly and in rich quality.

The soul is a soil that needs careful nurturing to make it yield its best measure of good; and this is done best by removing all weeds and stirring the soil to make it ready for receiving seeds, or sending forth those already inherent within it.

A child can easily be taught to rely upon and manifest his power of self-control; but he ought not to be handicapped from the very beginning with example, environment, or food that will be detrimental.

Practically, the one word above all others that will convey the most helpful suggestion in bringing out the best in a child is *sympathy.* Through sympathy he can come in touch with all conditions and people, and above all, perhaps, with his own highest. Keep him tender toward all creatures, then, and let him appreciate the blessedness of kinship and fellowship in every relation to God, Nature, or human beings.

"Give him," says the great Froebel, "the insight that his soul is divine, and that all existing things and all living creatures manifest in various forms and ascending degrees the life of God. Recognizing him implicitly as the child of God, your aim, devout mother, will be so to educate him that he shall actually become the child of God."

On this basis parents could have patience, tact, and an infinite faith in the *best,* the divinest nature in their children.

(Rev.) Helen Van-Anderson.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

"The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

"I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

"My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

"And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE SUN-GOD APOLLO.

I wish every little boy and girl who loves beautiful things could see the wonderful picture of the sun-god Apollo. If ever you should see it I think the very first thing you would say to yourself would be: "I'm going to have mama wake me to-morrow morning—oh, *ever* so early!—so I can see this great gold chariot in the sky."

And then little brother Tommy would open his eyes and wonder if it is a "truly chariot" that you are talking about, like the toy one Uncle Fred gave him last summer.

I think I hear you say: "But what *is* a sun-god anyhow, Aunt Mary?" So let me tell you, my dears.

A long, long time ago, when people thought differently from

what they do now, they supposed the sun was a god; that is, a great being that could do anything they couldn't do. They called him their sun-god Apollo. Their celebrated painters represented him as a god, or great good man, seated in a golden chariot; for they saw how like yellow gold the sun was. And because the sun rose so fast and so high in the sky they thought the great white clouds before it must be big white swans in place of horses that drew the chariot along.

Now, could you have asked the people why you had never seen Apollo they would have said:

"Why, dear children, don't you know we have another god that we call Somnus, which means Sleep? And he folds little boys and girls so close to his bosom they scarce ever waken till the sun-god's chariot is so high in the sky that they can't see the cloud-horses, nor the long gold streamers that harness them to the chariot."

This is a sort of mythical story; so I must tell you what it really means. To begin with, *mythical* means imaginary—make-believe, as you would say; though these people thought it not a myth at all, but true. And they loved the sun, just as you and I do, for the wonderful things it does. They saw that when the sun shone on the plowed ground it warmed the seed they had sown there, so that it sprouted and grew and ripened into yellow corn. When the sun shone the little apple-buds would swell and blossom, and then fruit and ripen into great yellow pippins, and the garden would become full of nice things to eat; and so they said: "He must be a god"—that is, a great, good being, to do so much good.

They loved him. But when in the hot summer days the sun scorched the vines, and the melons decayed, and the standing pools of water became foul, then they called the sun their destroyer, and they were afraid of him. But as the good he did was so much greater than the bad, they said: "He must surely be a god. And see! this great golden ball must be the wagon, or chariot."

Now, dear children, if you could only get up very early in the morning you would see this wonderful picture in the sky, and I think you would say that the painted picture of the sun-god Apollo is just what one can see any morning in the eastern sky.

Oh, how glad every one is when the sun comes up in this royal way! For now we can see to work; now the frost melts and the little brooks get warmed up and run as fast as they can; the buds blossom and the berries sweeten. Oh, the sun is such a dear friend! Just to sit on the grass and let the sun shine on us makes us glad, and the little birds are so happy they just can't help but sing. And when a day comes that we do not see his chariot, because of the clouds that block his path, how we miss the sun!

Johnnie, Fred, Effie, and Ellen say they are going to be up to-morrow morning earlier than ever they were before.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

NOTE.—The Greek poet, Homer, did not call Apollo the sun-god; but Helios he called god of the sun. Later, Apollo was very often considered the same as Helios. He was sometimes called Phœbus*-Apollo. He was also the god of music and poetry and healing, and he was supposed to ward off evil.

The early Romans did not know of Apollo, but finally learned about him through the Greeks. And the reason that the Romans did not have so much that was beautiful and bright in their religion and life as the Greeks had was because that for so long they knew nothing of this bright and beauty-loving god. Apollo had more influence on the Greeks than did any other god—that is, the *belief* in Apollo. And it is due to him that the Greeks excelled in the creation of the artistic. So we see how dwelling on what was bright and beautiful made the ancient Greeks one of the greatest peoples that have existed on our planet, and their wonderful works of art, after many centuries, are still the most perfect works known to man.

Many great masters have left famous paintings of Apollo—sometimes as the god of music, sometimes as the god of the sun, etc. One of the most celebrated and most beautiful statues in the world is the antique statue of Apollo that was found among some ruins in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. It is called the Apollo Belvedere, and is in the Vatican palace at Rome.—F. P. P.

THE TEN-CENT PIECE.

We are very apt to think that we ourselves and the animals are the only *really* live things in our world; that the trees and flowers are only half alive, and as for the furniture and our play-things, why, they of course are quite dead.

Well, the first cure for thinking that way is to read Hans

* *Phœbus:* the bright, the pure.

Andersen's story, "The Little Tin Soldier." But perhaps the story I am going to tell you now will be of some help.

A little boy I know had a bright new ten-cent piece given him, and he sat on the broad brown-stone steps of his home in the city, one afternoon, planning what he would spend it for.

Now, the truth is, this little boy had more things than he knew what to do with, and really it was pretty hard work for him to think up something he wanted to buy. While he sat there, kicking his heels and cudgeling his brain, the stone step was carrying on a conversation with the silver dime in the small boy's pocket.

"Good morning, Mr. Dime. I suppose you will soon be in the cash-drawer at the baker-shop around the corner."

"Indeed, I haven't the least idea, Mr. Brownstone," the dime replied, in a silvery voice. "I am just starting out on my journey through the world, and my owner seems as puzzled as if he were doing the same."

"Well, I know where I would like to see you go," the step returned.

"Where?" asked the dime, with interest.

"Into the pocket of a small boy who, only a few moments ago, sat here upon me to rest. He was carrying a heavy basket, and when he laid his head on my brother step he left two big tears on its brown broadness, because he was so hungry and he would have many more blocks to walk before he would get any pay for his work; and then it would be so little as hardly to buy food enough for himself and his mother."

"Poor little boy!" said the dime; "how I would like to be spent for him! I know very well my owner doesn't really want me."

"Well, I will tell you what to do. Suppose as you go along the street you peep out of the pocket you are in, and if you see a very little boy, with ragged shoes, and carrying a very big basket, just jump out of your owner's pocket and right before his feet where he cannot fail to see you."

"All right," said the dime; "I will try."

Presently the boy jumped up off the step and ran down the block and around the corner, passing another little boy very like the one the step had described, but too fast to get a good look.

At the baker-shop the dime's owner stopped to look in the window, but didn't see anything that he had not already too much of at home.

But the dime, who was peeping out of his pocket, caught sight of the little boy and the big basket heading for the baker-shop.

Well, the end of the matter was that, as the little boy put his basket on the pavement a moment, to look in the window where the good things to eat were, what should he see at his feet but a beautiful new ten-cent piece; and seeing no one who could have dropped it, for its owner was quite out of sight by this time, you can guess what he did with it. And the dime was so happy to be of such real, joy-giving use that it shone brighter than ever, and the baker, looking over the counter at his small customer, said: "I think I must give you extra measure for such a bright bit of money,"—which made the dime gladder still.

When the other little boy reached the toy-shop he couldn't find anything there that he really wanted. So he started home again, feeling in his pocket for the dime. And when he could not find it he began to fret; not because he needed it, you see, but just because he wanted to own it—to know that he *could* spend it if he could think of anything he wanted.

Fretting and worrying, you know, tire us more than any other kind of thinking, and they really wear away some of the finer parts of our brain and flesh. So, when the little boy reached his home again, he felt tired and warm; and presently he fell asleep on the very steps that the other little boy had rested on before.

Now, stone steps are kind-hearted things, and this one was really sorry to see the owner of the dime so troubled, and all for nothing. So, when the little boy fell asleep,—with his curly head in the curve of his arm,—the step whispered the whole story to him and made him smile in his sleep; for he was not a selfish little boy when once he understood.

When he waked he thought it was a dream and ran to tell it to his mama.

"Do all the things that we lose go to make happy the people who really need the things more than we do?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know," his mama answered, "but many of them doubtless do; and anyway I hope so." ESTHER HARLAN.

OUR SUPERIOR OFFICER.

Many years ago, a little boy named Georgie, then but five years old, was very sad one day over the death of one of his little playmates. He had been over to look, for the last time, at his little playfellow's face, and after he came home he was very quiet and sat wrapped in deep thought. He winked his large blue eyes ever so fast to keep back the tears that, in spite of winking, fell like great dewdrops on his pretty, clean frock. His mother found him sitting in a corner, all by himself, and she asked him why he was crying.

He replied: "I'm thinking about poor Teddy. If he is buried down in the ground how can he get out and find his way to heaven?"

His mother explained that the body, which was to be placed in the ground, is only the ***house*** that Teddy had been living in, and that the ***real*** Teddy had stepped out and had become a beautiful spirit, and was just as much alive as when he had played with Georgie. But this explanation did not quite satisfy Georgie, and he asked why he couldn't ***see*** Teddy's spirit.

While his mother was thinking how she could tell him so that he might understand, he worked it out for himself in a way that seemed to satisfy him perfectly; for he explained, with a smile: "Why, Mama, *I* know how it is! Our ***thinks*** are our spirit, and we can't see our ***thinks***. And it is Teddy's ***thinks*** that have moved out of the body."

It was a happy solution for Georgie, and he did not cry after that.

It is true that our body is a house; and I am going to call it a fort. In the fort is a superior officer. I will call our thoughts private soldiers.* The superior officer commands us in a silent way, and that is why we don't always hear his commands; but we would hear them if we listened for them, because, if we stop to think about it, the thoughts we send out don't make any noise, and yet we are responsible for them and it is in our power to make our thoughts what we choose.

* *Soldier:* one who obeys commands. (One definition in *The Century Dictionary.*)

"What is the superior officer, and how can I know him?" I hear some one ask.

Have you ever wanted to go to some place, or have you ever longed to do something, and yet have hesitated, because something in your mind seemed to hold you back, keeping you from doing the thing you so wanted to do? Well, dear little friends, it was your superior officer who prevented you. There is no fort without a superior officer. He never shirks his duty—he never sleeps; and when his soldiers are facing dangers he stands ready to protect them. It is *then* his voice can be heard by listening for it.

Every thought passing from your mind is a soldier. Now, pause and think how many unruly, disobedient soldiers there are in some forts, and how distressing it is to the superior officer when these soldiers become uncontrollable. It is well to have an inspection-drill—that is, one should sometimes call the army together and see if their uniforms are clean and their armor shining, and their report order, system, and regularity.

Is it not a grand thought that in your body is a great and glorious commander—one who is brave, kind, and all love, and who cannot make a mistake? Why not become better acquainted with him and rely upon him? He never leads his soldiers into danger. It is when his soldiers forget the superior officer that they are in danger of straying into the enemy's camp.

I think it would be a great pleasure for every child to say: "I will listen to the voice of the superior officer, and I will try to drill my soldiers, and I will watch every one and see if there are any who need greater disciplining than others."

Look after the soldiers and do not let the thoughtless and careless ones pass by without calling attention to their habits and mistakes. By so doing you will be rewarded for your watchful care over the army of soldiers that live in your fort.

Do I hear some little boy or girl ask, "What will be the reward?" The reward will be richer than gold. It will be the greatest of joy and make every hour of your life happy—and all this because you acted your superior officer's part, making his army of soldiers superior through the power of patience, kindness, and love.

MARIE L. COUSE.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADJUSTMENT.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Socrates, the father of the greater Greek philosophy, declared that his work in life was to help the growing mind to express its philosophical ideas. By skilful questioning he first learned his pupil's point of view; then by raising equally skilful objections he compelled the young mind to defend itself, and so deliver its full message. Thus was born into full life among the Greeks the method which is now the pride of what we call the New Education. And thus was outlined a philosophy which Henry Ward Beecher summarized in these words: "Find out the way God is going, and then go in that way." The best thought of our time now recognizes this method and this philosophy as the essence of wisdom in all our relations with life.

The fundamental fact about the universe at large is that God is resident in it, forwarding its evolution. The fundamental fact in regard to human life is that the soul is immanent in it, demanding expression.

All philosophical and practical endeavor must ever bear in mind that the conditions which enable God and the soul to come forth are secondary in importance. God and the soul stand first. The adjustment, therefore, is not to the rhythm of the external or educational process, but to the power within—the quickening life which attracts the conditions essential to its evolution.

God is to be judged not by the passing event, which may very inadequately reveal him, but by what he is making of and through the universe during all the ages. The soul cannot be truly understood by this or that deed alone, which may even misrepresent the true man; but by its life as a whole when seen from the point of view of motive, intent, individuality. The outward expression must ever be imperfect, since the soul unceasingly presses forward from more to more, from less to greater.

The true real is what man would be. The actual is the apparent only, and like all appearances is partial and limited. The actual is great only through its suggestiveness of the "flying perfect." The actual passes and is forgotten. What the soul sought to achieve but partly failed to accomplish thereby lives on and on, forever. Only by regarding the actual in the light of the ideal can we truly help to create the ideal. For creation is not artificial manufacture: it is the evolution of the spirit into fulness of life. All educational methods, therefore, err so far as they seek to rearrange circumstances from outside. Only the soul knows the needs of the soul, and only the soul shall supply the power needed rightly to readjust environment.

The philosophy in question, therefore, bids us learn all we can concerning the probable intent of God—all that is possible in regard to the desires of the soul. First learn the rhythm of the Spirit; then shall you truly know the countless rhythms of the flesh and of all evolution. Know the laws of the soul; then you shall understand the laws of its objectification. Some theorists err by too much concern for the inner life without due consideration of its measured outworking. Others become so much absorbed in the process that they forget the reality which the process manifests. The highest ideal of adjustment is to bear in mind the far-seeing and quickly-acting soul while taking into full account the conditions which it progressively attracts.

The ideal is not an abstract somewhat, to be sought outside of and above the actual conditions of life. It is to be found within life as it flows around and through us; not to be reached for and claimed, but to be recognized and assisted as it steadily wells up and spreads outward. This is a very important point to remember in these days when so many strain after, or try to regulate, that which is ready for those who settle into its well-established pulsations. The movement is from below upward, from lower to higher. There is not an occasion nor an ill in life which lacks its immanent guidance, in every way adequate to meet the hour's demands.

But to coöperate with God we must know and choose the ideals of God. These are manifold and many-sided. God does not make for pleasure alone but for profit, not alone for truth but for goodness and beauty. To pursue one ideal alone is to become one-sided, as if life were to be valued as a process simply and not as the instrument of the soul.

Therefore, adjustment requires intelligence, reason, discrimination. A thing is good in its place, in proper relation. No faculty, no tendency is adequate by itself. To feel, to be deeply emotional, is to be noble, if only emotion be balanced by organic adjustment in a scale of worths or values. Life is first for feeling, then for thought; now for science and now for art; at times for contemplation and at proper seasons for action. Through all the channels of existence the divine life streams, including every portion of the body; and he is wise who neglects none of these.

Error is an aspiration for the truth, potentially immanent in it. Ugliness yearns to be beauty; evil seeks its completion in good. Disease is lack of symmetry; its cure is the attainment of due proportion.

In all its multiform tendencies the divine life is moderate, rhythmical; in all adjustment between tendencies moderation is life's lesson. Each tendency may have its rhythm but all are alike characterized by that harmony of motion which

makes for beauty, peace, poise. Therefore, the doctrine of adjustment is the ideal of all art, and every true artist knows that the highest possibility of his life is to build upon the immanent tendency or beauty of the object spread before him.

As Nature is the landscape of God, so the body is the landscape of the soul. You may search the visible world in vain for some of the features portrayed on canvas or in marble by the great artist. But he saw truly when he wrought. You may wonder at the enthusiasm of the lover when you see the loved one's face. But you will no longer question when you as truly perceive the beauty and nobility of soul. Thus the clue to all that resides in the outer world, as well as to that which merely comes and goes, is the deep-lying beauty, love, truth, goodness. Seek these and you shall find all the rest. Seek these and your life shall become a permanent adjustment to the forward-flowing life of God.

HORATIO W. DRESSER: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

In "The Power of Silence," one of the most helpful of Horatio W. Dresser's books, we find these words: "There is a tendency, a guidance in the soul of man which will lead him onward if he will listen to it. It will guide him in every detail of life; it will help him in every moment of trouble. It is with all men, it is used by all men; for otherwise they could not exist. But to the majority it is unknown and unrecognized, simply because they use it unconsciously; and to assure them that they can have such guidance seems to them the merest folly. To know it, and to distinguish between the merely personal thought or inclination and this diviner

moving, is to live the higher life." The book in which these words occur is the result of the author's desire to lead others into the realization of that life of peace and power of which he is an exponent.

In order to appreciate Mr. Dresser's position in the New Thought movement it is necessary to understand somewhat of his inheritance, for unlike most of the Mental Scientists he was literally born into the Kingdom. It was the privilege of the writer of this sketch to know Mr. Dresser's father, and a correspondence that was carried on between Mr. Julius Dresser, the elder, and the writer was largely instrumental in causing him to take up the study of Mental Science. One could not meet the man without being thoroughly convinced of his absolute integrity and deeply thoughtful nature; and on learning that he attributed his long and active career entirely to the healing and sustaining power of New Thought truth, one's interest could not but be awakened in both the man and the movement.

Mr. Julius Dresser was the last of a family of nine, eight of whom died young, mainly of lung trouble. At the age of twenty-two his health was so poor that he was compelled to leave college, as his life was despaired of; but on hearing of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. P. P. Quimby, who had then, in 1860, been studying mental phenomena in relation to disease for more than twenty years, Mr. Julius Dresser, while suffering from pneumonia, went to Portland, Maine, the home of Dr. Quimby, and put himself under his care. It was owing to the complete recovery of his health and strength, as well as to the new light that came to him through Dr. Quimby's ideas and methods, that the elder Dresser became an ardent student of mental therapeutics; and during the thirty-three years that followed he was enabled, despite his originally frail physique, to accomplish a vast amount of good.

It was not, however, from the paternal side alone that the subject of this sketch inherited his New Thought bias; for

his mother had also become interested in Mental Science through personal experience. Some years prior to her marriage, Mrs. Dresser had been suffering from a so-called incurable spinal complaint, and at last her mother took her, much against her will, to Dr. Quimby. It was in his office that Mr. and Mrs. Dresser became acquainted, and their friendship was an outgrowth of Mr. Dresser's earnest exposition of Dr. Quimby's theory and practise.

As a result of Dr. Quimby's treatment, Mrs. Dresser regained her health entirely and became an earnest believer in the power of mind over matter. It was at this time that she was told that she had the gift of spiritual healing, but it was not until after Quimby's passing that Mr. and Mrs. Julius Dresser took up the practise as a profession. Both husband and wife seemed to be peculiarly fitted for their chosen work, Mrs. Dresser's strong personality and pleasing manner leaving a deep impression on her patients and students.

The marriage, which took place about two years after the meeting in Dr. Quimby's office, was essentially a New Thought union, and its fundamental principles formed the basis of the home life. The children of this marriage inherited much that others attain only after bitter experience. To quote, in substance, Horatio W. Dresser's own words: "I was brought up without the fear of death, and taught that life was continuous and spiritual. God was omnipresent Spirit, a presence speaking from within. I did not go to Sunday-school, and for several years did not go to church, as my father wished me to be kept free from emotional experiences and the old theology. But when I was seventeen years of age he advised me to go everywhere, to hear all presentations of the truth, and to think for myself. It was sound advice, and has proved to be of great importance in my life since then."

It will be of interest to many to learn that much of Mr. Dresser's own early experience is embodied in his book on

"Education," in the chapter entitled "An Experiment in Education."

Mr. Dresser was born January 15th, 1866, at Yarmouth, Maine, his early boyhood being passed in Webster, Mass., Dansville, N. Y., Denver, Col., and Oakland, Cal.; and it was at the last-named place that he obtained his school education. At the age of thirteen he began to learn the railroad business in California, and later he had some newspaper experience in Boston, and engaged in other occupations as well.

Mr. Dresser dates the beginning of his life-work from 1883, when he took up the study of Emerson and other great writers, at which time he also copied Dr. Quimby's manuscripts for his father. It was during this period that he began to practise mental healing in connection with his parents.

After a trip to Europe in 1888, Mr. Dresser prepared for college, as he felt the advantage a college course would be to him in his chosen field. He was thus enabled to spend three profitable years at Harvard under Professors James and Royce, and others of high authority.

Mr. Dresser's public teaching became a regular feature of his work in 1889; and in 1893, at his father's passing, his field of usefulness became greatly enlarged. As a result of his first course of lectures, "The Power of Silence," his first book, was published in 1895. It is so full of good things that a selection is difficult, but these words will possibly indicate the thought of the writer: "To know that everything we need is within, here and now—this is poise. Realization, not assertion, is the method of this book—a realization which teaches through actual communion with it that there is an omnipresent Wisdom to which we can turn at any moment and in any place, of which our being partakes, and which is so near us that we have no wisdom, no power, no life wholly our own."

"The Perfect Whole" appeared in 1896, as also "The Heart of It," which is a compilation from his first two vol-

umes. "In Search of a Soul" came out in 1897, "Voices of Hope" in 1898, "Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing" in 1899, and in the same year "Voices of Freedom" appeared. "Living by the Spirit" was published in 1900, as well as "Education and The Philosophical Ideal," and "The Christ Ideal" in 1901.

These books are all valuable contributions to the metaphysical literature of the day, and Mr. Dresser has also found time to edit and publish the *Journal of Practical Metaphysics,* which ran from October, 1896, to November, 1898. He was also at one time assistant editor of *The Arena,* under Mr. Paul Tyner.

The Higher Law, founded in 1899, of which Mr. Dresser is the editor and manager, is a monthly magazine "devoted to the application of philosophy to the problems of daily life." In the September number there is an outline of Mr. Dresser's philosophical system, under the title of "Organic Empiricism," which should prove of interest to the reader.

In 1898 Mr. Dresser was married to Miss Alice Mae Reed, a highly intellectual and talented woman who is in thorough sympathy with her husband's work.

As a lecturer, Mr. Dresser has been called to New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, London, and other places, though the greater part of his work has naturally been done in and near Boston.

From his quiet, refined, and dignified presence one feels assured that his desire is to seek truth wherever it may be found, rather than to set it forth in any formal way; and, while his sympathies are wide enough to include many other interests besides those generally classed under the New Thought movement, it will be because of his work as a healer and lecturer that he will long be remembered by the numbers of men and women whom he has guided into the Way of Life.

THE PIPER PHENOMENA.

BY JOSEPH STEWART, LL.M.

A recent statement purporting to have originated from Mrs. Piper, whose supernormal states have been the subject of years of study by the Society for Psychical Research, represents her as holding the opinion that discarnate souls have not spoken and written through her while in the trance state, and that she is inclined to accept the telepathic theory of explanation for the phenomena. The intent of the article is shown in the editorial preface, the gist of which is found in the following quotation:

> "The profound significance of this statement will be understood, for on Mrs. Piper's spirit messages, given while in a state of trance, this great society of England, supported by men of international fame, has based its claim of communication with those beyond the grave. After twenty years of research it has officially published this miraculous claim, which Mrs. Piper, its world-famed medium, now scatters to the winds."

Neither Psychical Research nor the conclusions of those who have given their efforts to the study of its problems can be affected in the least by such gratuitous and superficial estimates. But the public at large, which has little time or opportunity for study, gives undue weight to estimates that appear to it in this popular form; and this fact alone justifies a notice of the erroneous implications of the article.

The extent of the labor and thought bestowed upon the solution of the Piper phenomena, now represented by over thirteen hundred pages of printed reports of the facts and their analyses, must be very slightly appreciated by the inspirer of the article. In what contrast appears the view of the conscientious student as expressed by Professor James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., in his report just issued!—

"I venture to think that our inquiry has reached such a stage that no brief summaries of the facts or conclusions can at all meet the importance of the case. The problem is not one which the 'man in the street,' who reads as he runs, can be expected to solve for himself or for others."

And in his plea for a careful study of the detailed records he says:

"Again, there is scarcely any limit to resources, intellectual and financial, which have been expended in the most patient study of Darwinism, which involves the gradual evolution of human life. It ought not to be less legitimate, it ought not to be less imperative, to study at least as thoroughly those phenomena that purport to throw light upon the *destiny* of that life."

And yet at times we are presented with the spectacle of persons giving judgment upon psychic research without any study of it, and of men, occasionally of science, settling for themselves the whole question of spirit communication upon the results of one sitting with Mrs. Piper.

To one who has studied the reports, the article presents two features that show a remarkable lack of appreciation of the value of the evidence as a whole. These are the selection of only the adverse opinions of the few men whose investigations have not comprehended more than one sitting, or at most an extremely limited number of sittings, and the selection of trivial communications alone upon which to form a judgment as to the purport of the whole.

Assuming the article to be a fair representation of Mrs. Piper's opinion, her connection with the production of the phenomena tends with many to give such opinion an entirely erroneous significance, the error of which is not apparent to the public. As a matter of fact, her opinion for or against either theory could have no greater value than another's, which will become evident from the following considerations.

In the production of the phenomena Mrs. Piper is in trance, wholly unconscious of what is transpiring. Her organism at such time is a mere automaton. Her normal

consciousness knows nothing of what she has communicated in the trance. "She remains ignorant of the communications until they are published in some form," says Professor Hyslop, "except, of course, when a sitter chooses to tell her something, which I need hardly say in my case was nothing." Therefore, as she cannot be an observer, she has no opportunity for estimating the significance of the *modus operandi* correlated with the dramatic play of personality; and, being wholly unacquainted with the lives, memories, characteristics, and opinions of the persons purporting to communicate, the personal equation suggesting identity evidenced in the communications can never be as impressive to her as to him who has that acquaintance. Hence, she is in no better situation to judge than, nor can her judgment be superior to, any stranger to the whole group of phenomena who must form his opinion from reading the printed reports.

So far, therefore, as opinion is concerned, it is a mere question of competency between Mrs. Piper—who is without opportunity or knowledge in the above named particulars, without training in the problems of psychology, and without even a possible reading of all the reports (Prof. Hyslop's, covering six hundred pages, was not available until after the appearance of the article)—and Dr. Hodgson, Professors Hyslop and Lodge, and others thoroughly acquainted with the facts and possessing all the qualifications in which Mrs. Piper is lacking. The only purpose of this comparison is to illustrate the shallowness of the view that seeks to "scatter to the winds" the conclusions of the latter by a citation of the former's opinion.

The facts of the Piper phenomena are, briefly, that she passes into a trance state during which communications are made and conversations carried on through her vocal organs and by the use of both hands in writing—all three means being used simultaneously at times by different "communicators." Her normal consciousness knows nothing at the

time or afterward of the character or purport of the communications. They assume to emanate from deceased human beings, usually relatives or friends of the sitters. Their nature is wholly supernormal as far as Mrs. Piper is concerned, and they at times present facts theretofore unknown to the sitters. They evidence an intimate knowledge of the lives and memories, the personal characteristics and affections of the deceased persons from whom they purport to come. Each "communicator" persists as a complete cohesive stream of consciousness, with its individual memories and characteristics, and presents a synthesis of such which answers all the requirements of individuality.

The problem involved is merely the explanation of the whole group of phenomena. At present there are but two theories advanced: the spiritistic, which accepts the veracity of the claims that are a constituent element of the phenomena, and the telepathic, which disregards this veracity and assumes an adequate explanation in secondary personality with telepathic powers. The facts of psychic science greatly favor the first theory, for outside of these phenomena there is some independent evidence tending to prove survival, while there is none to prove telepathy of this character or extent. Upon this point note what Professor Lodge says:

"It ought to be constantly borne in mind that this kind of thought-transference, without consciously active agency, has never been experimentally proved. Certain facts not otherwise apparently explicable, such as those chronicled in 'Phantoms of the Living,' have suggested it, but it is really only a possible hypothesis to which appeal has been made whenever any other explanation seems out of the question. But, until it is actually established by experiment in the same way that conscious mind action has been established, it cannot be regarded as either safe or satisfactory."

A few of the grave difficulties in the way of the telepathic theory may be considered:

1. Both experimental and spontaneous telepathy have furnished certain data respecting that faculty, and these place

limitations upon the faculty. Says Professor Hyslop: "Experimental telepathy has a most decided limitation to its action. It appears to be confined to the intended fact in the communication, even if the fact be slightly deferred. Spontaneous telepathy includes the present activity of consciousness." He who urges this theory as an explanation must be presumed to be acquainted with these recognized limitations, and, as it is evident that such telepathy cannot cover the facts, he must assume a new kind, which has never been experimentally proved and which involves him in a credulity compared with which the belief in survival is quite preferable. He must at the start assume a selective faculty that is little less than omniscient. For example, Professor Hyslop says that in the whole series of his sittings there is not one single verifiable incident that belongs to his own memory alone. The incidents are all common to the memory of the alleged communicators and himself, or to them and some distant living person, the latter facts being unknown to him at the time. According to what we know of telepathy the whole of his personal experience was equally accessible, and to explain this choice we must suppose a selective capacity that ignores all of it excepting the rare facts that are common to himself and the alleged communicator to prove identity. The selective faculty still further discriminated between memories regarding many persons and those regarding a small family group, and among the latter omitted some from whom he expected "communication," and among the communicators exercised a choice between his *real* experience in common with them and his thoughts *about* them. Says he: "Such a conception makes the telepathic discrimination and selection of verifiable incidents one of incredible proportions." If this be telepathy, we have here, as he points out, a selective faculty with reference to the illustration of personal identity that arrogates every function of omniscience within the time allotted to its action. But for telepathy the problem is still

more complex; for it must not only account for such a selection from facts known to the sitter, but also from those unknown to him and only known to distant persons in common with the alleged communicator. Thus it must be supposed that, after actually hunting up some absolutely unknown person anywhere in the world, this faculty makes a discriminating selection of only pertinent facts that shall be common to the experience of that distant person and the supposititious communicator, for the purpose of establishing the personal identity of the latter. Of this, Professor Hyslop says: "Such a conception is the Nemesis of the credulity which is usually charged to spiritism. It ought to take far more evidence to prove this than to justify spiritism, which at least has the merit of remaining within the sphere of the finite, while it conforms to known mental laws in both its strength and its weakness."

2. This necessary claim for a faculty little short of omniscience is wholly incompatible with the confusion and mistakes that mingle with the certain and the true in the phenomena. Nor does the theory of poor "conditions" help it out; for telepathic conditions can only mean such as exist between the minds of the medium and the sitter, and would render no special class of communications uncertain, while in fact these uncertainties do bear a direct relation to disturbed memory in the alleged communicators or to the assumed difficulties of communication.

3. It is equally inconsistent with the fact that dim and forgotten memories are often selected while the persistent and dominant ones are as often wholly ignored, and even suggestion may fail to reproduce them.

4. Telepathy wholly fails to account for the differences in the clearness of the communicators, while, as Professor Hyslop assures us, the data in his mind, from which telepathy is supposed to draw, were the same for all.

5. The change from one communicator to another is not

consistent with anything known to experimental telepathy. There is no such intermittence in telepathic acquisition. Nor does this intermittence bear any apparent relation to the mind of the sitter, which relation is a prerequisite to the success of the facile theory of suggestion.

6. Professor Hyslop pertinently asks why this supposed telepathy, endowed with omniscient powers, should knowingly discredit its own professed object (that of proving the identity of the deceased) by selecting memories associated with the mind of the sitter, when with this omniscience it is able to select the necessary fact from some distant mind in every case with equal facility, and thus avoid the suspicion that it is telepathy. The contradiction of these assumed powers by the facts of the phenomena discredit the theory as a possible explanation.

7. It must further be clearly understood that this unknown type of telepathy will not alone suffice as an explanation, for in any event it can only be a faculty of something else. It must be assumed that there is either one or many secondary personalities possessing, as Professor Hyslop says, "histrionic capacity, joined with a fiendish ingenuity at deception, whether conscious or unconscious, for giving personal form to the facts telepathically acquired—a form completely imitating the synthetic activity and intelligence independent of the brain from which the information is presumably obtained, and apparently independent of the brain by which it is expressed." There is little analogy for this in the phenomena of secondary personality. Passive access in experimental telepathy does not justify such a supposition, and hypnotic segments of consciousness conform in their manifestations closely to foreign suggestions, and in carrying out such suggestions draw on their own resources rather than on the minds of others. As against the simple hypothesis of spiritism the advocates of telepathy are offering this extremely complicated one, which involves all these assump-

tions of enormous powers and this maze of inconsistency, and based upon the theory of an aptness for, and an unexplainable purpose of, deception by the subliminal self, which Professor Hyslop pertinently calls "a dangerously infernal agency at the very bottom of things from which it is impossible to recover any morality at all."

8. The only possible alternative to the assumption of this deceptive characteristic of the supposed secondary personality is the much exploited theory of "suggestion." The offer of this, however, puts secondary personality entirely out of consideration, because it proceeds upon the theory of the suggestibility of such personality; and there is no fact better established in the experiments than that suggestion, both mental and oral, is persistently ignored and often opposed and contradicted.

There is at present only one alternative to the secondary personality theory, and that is the spiritistic. Not only does this theory gain strength from the characteristics of the phenomena, but wherever the former theory is weak the very facts that make it so are strong ones for the spiritistic theory. For instance, confusion and error, so inexplicably inconsistent with the assumed omniscience of telepathy, are wholly consistent with the supposable condition of a real communicator under the alleged limitations attending communication. The spontaneous intermittence of personalities, so foreign to experimental telepathy, is in entire accord with the theory of several communicators making individual efforts.

While all these considerations, which negative telepathy and secondary personality, clear the way for the entertainment of the spiritistic theory, we must resort to the *content* of the phenomena to learn their evidential value in its favor. This may be said to be the characteristic of unity of consciousness and personal identity. The facts that establish this are suggested by Professor Hyslop as those incidents communicated, their psychological connotation, their emotional interest

or pertinence to the person they claim to represent, and the general manner of expression, which indicate that unity of character which we should recognize in the person given, or by which in daily life we should instantly recognize their proper subject and source. Not only are these fully met by the Piper phenomena (perfectly so, as Professor Hyslop believes regarding his own experiences), but independent experiments conducted by the Professor with living persons produced results similar to the Piper phenomena minus the supernormal.

Telling strongly for the spiritistic theory is that characteristic of the phenomena which has been termed the dramatic play of personality. This consists in changes in action, and in content and characteristics that we would naturally expect in changes of communicators. Of this, Professor Hyslop says:

"It is this feature of the communications which in my mind plays such havoc with the telepathic hypothesis, while supporting the spiritistic. We have already seen how large the assumption must be made to meet conditions of acquisition, but, when this dramatic play of personality has to be included in the functions of the medium's brain along with telepathy, we shall find that we are adding one infinity to another merely to escape a simple hypothesis which only applies the known laws of mind to explain phenomena that bear the character of evidence for personal identity."

The test of any hypothesis is whether it will include all the facts which it is called upon to explain. It is in this particular that the telepathic theory so signally fails and in which the spiritistic hypothesis commends itself. Not only does the latter theory embrace all the facts, but they become a consistent and intelligent whole when thus viewed; for, as Dr. Hodgson has said, "The complex mass of manifestations falls into systematic order if we relate them to the supposed still existing personalities of the dead, and they fall into no systematic order in relation to the consciousness of the living."

HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

I. Beliefs Concerning "Human Nature."

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

It is common to make separations between the ideal and the practical; the metaphysical and the physical; the spiritual and the worldly. Thus a topic concerning itself at all with active measures may seem to some not quite in keeping with a publication like MIND. In reality, however, here is its rightful place, since every active measure is but the embodiment of some idea which of itself alone would have had small value. For the abounding metaphysical thought of these bright pages, their profoundest philosophy, and their most exalted spirituality are of account only as they work to strengthen and glorify our human life—as the great and glorious sun, while sustaining the whole planetary system, does at the same time enter into the life of the tiniest mosslet and help the humblest flower to brighten up the wayside. Moreover, as to fitness, the "Hindrances" have their stronghold in mind and must be met and vanquished there.

In regard to world-betterment, our multiplied legal restrictions and penalties prove it a recognized need. This is made still more evident by our innumerable charities, philanthropies, and reforms; and even these are commonly considered but adjuncts to the Christian Church—as aids in bringing its principles into practise: for a human society based on righteousness and cemented by a sentiment of Oneness, or Brotherly Love, is acknowledged and claimed as the Christ ideal. And yet, absurdly enough, even those most zealous in the establishment and extension of the Christ religion declare it cannot be lived, "because human nature is bad, always was,

and always will be." Indeed, so firmly grounded is this belief, so all-pervading, so "highly respectable," so comfortable, so dearly cherished, that great valor is required for assailing it. But if this belief really is so fixed and final, surely it cannot be imperiled by listening to a contrary word—especially as this compelling badness, so consoling to the sinner (oft-times to the saint), will not be left without a refuge; it has its place, as will be shown. The word must be spoken; for many of those who stand as beacon-lights, our most respected and most progressive citizens, deny certain high possibilities on the ground that "you cannot change human nature."

How is our "nature" made known? By what we call a natural response; and by this we mean what is shown forth spontaneously, at once, without stopping to consider.

Let us apply the test. Of two human figures—the one upright and well-formed, the other ill-formed and stooping—which would we at once, spontaneously, without stopping to think, approve? Of two apples—the fair and shapely or the blotched and one-sided? Of two characters—the honorable, brave, kindly, just, or the mean, cowardly, crabbed, unjust? The spontaneous approval in all such cases is for excellence. But were our nature "bad," we could not, nature-ally, prefer the good; we should admire badness. The novelist, in depicting the grand and the despicable in human conduct, knows that whether his readers are good or bad their admiration and respect will go forth to his hero, and the contrary to his villain. Writers of juvenile books with a "moral," and parents eagerly securing these for their children, show this same reliance on human nature's responsiveness to the good. And think of all the myths, fables, fairy tales, allegories, world-wide and handed down from prehistoric and intermediate periods: were these the promptings of badness? And has human nature everywhere been depended upon to love the badness in them and detest the goodness? We know the contrary.

Even those who associate with wrongdoers, and perhaps feel affection for them, do not admire and applaud their bad qualities, nor do they approve these in themselves. The natural response is for goodness. And, in view of this, think how all hearts are stirred by exhibitions of the finer qualities: the heroism of a laborer taking his chances of death to save a life; the engineer who "went down with his engine;" some young girl sacrificing her dearest hopes to the welfare of parents; the impoverished man spurning wealth to be gained at the cost of honor; a captive preferring a cruel death to sacrifice of principle. The emotions called forth by the recital of such deeds—the thrill, the quickened breath, the moistening of the eye—these instant responses from the very springs of being: what are they but human nature speaking out? A whole nation, yes, a whole world responds to an unusual act of heroism.

Unfailing, indeed, and long-enduring, is the homage human nature pays to its heroes. Sir Philip Sydney's cup of cold water taken from his own fevered lips to quench the thirst of a poor soldier prostrate beside him—with what touching interest has this invested the dry pages of history! Judas's thirty pieces of silver, basely accepted, come down to us tarnished; but the Good Samaritan's twopence bestowed in love still shine resplendent: the respective estimates accorded these through the centuries attesting the true quality of human nature. And as to the word *touching,* what is it that is "touched" but like responding to like? At times these demonstrations of approval cannot be restrained, as when in stage representations of the grand in motive and deed the whole assemblage from floor to ceiling is moved to instantaneous response. They clap, they cheer, they wave, they shout, and the more of moral altitude in the representation the more overpowering the outburst. Mark the word *outburst.* This instant and unanimous recognition of the grand—what does it show but the inherent grandeur of human nature?

To this same human nature are owing voluntary confessions of crime. Unable to endure the solitary knowledge of his sin, the sinner confesses in order that by *truthfulness* he may regain some measure of his own respect. His fine human nature revolts against aught so alien. There his grievous sin is out of place; it causes uneasiness. His distress is Nature's —human nature's—effort to throw off a foreign substance.

And our human nature has testified grandly for itself by its united recognition of the good and true as given in the ancient Scriptural records of peoples widely separated by space and time:

"Justice is the soul of the universe."

"Whoever does me an injury, to him must be given my undying love. The more evil goes from him, the more good must go from me."

"Poverty which is through honesty is better than wealth from the treasures of others."

"Are you free from shame in your own apartment, when exposed only to the light of Heaven?"

"Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sun, not if we enter the depths of the mountains, is there a spot in the whole world where a man might be free from an evil deed."

Added testimony is found in the equally widespread and ancient conceptions of Deity. It is a truism that the "God" of a people simply represents its own highest ideals; and we find that among all peoples this ideal Supreme Being has been portrayed as *good* and as demanding *goodness*. Moreover, all the prominent religions have declared this infinitude of goodness and power to be within ourselves:

"In thee, in me, in every one, the Lord of Life resides."

"In that mustard-seed, thy heart, thrones the Lord who inhabits immensity."

"It is God working in you to will and to do."

"Ye are builded together for a habitation of God."

"The kingdom of God is within you."

With such an indwelling how dare we so belittle our possibilities for good? These conceptions of a noble living prove our equally noble human nature. The earth-worm can form

no conception of what occupies the bee; nor the bee of the life of an eagle; nor the eagle of the aspirations and inspirations of Man. Thus our conceptions of Love, Truth, Righteousness, Justice, Beneficence, as forming the basis of a human society, prove the possibility. And has not this been for ages the burden of prophecy and the stern demand of the prophet?

But, it will be asked, if human nature is so good and so grand, *whence all this evil in our world?* They who have so steadfastly declared the weakness and vileness of human nature; furnished this as an excuse for wrongdoing; declared it an impassable barrier to a human society based on other than selfhood; made it a reproach to expect it, and ridiculed efforts in that direction: even these alone would be sufficient answer. By taking away the responsibility of goodness they have made badness excusable. They have fixed the standard of human living to suit their own low conceptions, and thus have lowered the moral valuation of the individual.

In cases of wrongdoing allowances are made for "poor, weak human nature." Calculate, if you can, the deteriorating effect of these allowances made everywhere by everybody. You cannot. That badness and weakness are to be "expected" is a part of the warp and filling of our present human society.

Think how different would have been the conditions if, instead of declaring mankind by nature weak and vile, preachers, teachers, and writers had enforced the opposite and declared—"That Divine goodness and strength are immanent in you gives you the *obligation* of a Divine living and the *privilege* of drawing strength for every need."

But there is other answer to the question—whence the badness?—namely, the distinction between human nature and human character. There has been a mistake—a miss in taking—whereby the blame belonging to human character is ascribed to human *nature*. We human beings, born of the eternal

Goodness,—children and heirs of the same,—are by birthright (that is, by nature) good; and *you cannot change human nature.* It can never be made to approve, revere, or even respect the bad.

But character is a thing of circumstances. To illustrate: it is the nature of a plant to produce certain fruit, and this nature cannot be changed; but the quality or character of the fruit varies according to conditions, and *is amenable to culture.*

For the making of human character there are, first, the prenatal conditions of the parents; then all through infancy and childhood the atmosphere of the home, methods pursued, ethical standards, and topics of conversation; next come schools, books, newspapers, and social life. But the point of vital import is that *character* can be modified by culture. Here we find an effective working ground for world-betterment. Emerson declares it the main dependence of the State for securing good citizenship and a thrifty political economy. After portraying the corruption of business and politics he says: "The antidote is the influence of private character. In our barbarous civilization the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power it is the rightful lord which is to tumble all rulers from their chairs. . . . The antidote to existing wrong conditions is the growth of the individual. The highest end of government is the culture of men."

World-betterment and the "protection of society" are to come from other than outside appliances devised by our various institutions, charitable and governmental, and dealing directly with what appears—pauperism, drunkenness, crime, the corruptions of business and politics, etc. For with Man, as with Nature, the processes are from within outward. Thus a man's conduct is not made on the outside any more than are the apples of an apple-tree. These, in perfection, are the results of intelligent culture. Ability is innate, but culture is needed to bring it into full expression.

Prepare the way, then, for a system of Human Culture in grandeur commensurate with our grand possibilities as children and heirs of the Most High: one that will make prominent a development of the moral and spiritual forces. But this matter of vital import, together with "Hindrances" not yet mentioned, must be left for later consideration in MIND.

HE who sits down in a dungeon which another has made has not such cause to bewail himself as he who sits down in the dungeon which he has thus made for himself. Poverty and destitution are sad things; but there is no such poverty, there is no such destitution, as that of a covetous and worldly heart. Poverty is a sad thing; but there is no man so poor as he who is poor in his affections and virtues.—*Orville Dewey.*

HE who, however limited may be his capacities, and however humble may be his social position, is true to the gift that is in him, and tries, with such helps as he may have, to carry out the principles of religion and virtue in his daily conduct, has in him something akin to the touch of Christ, and is a fellow-worker with prophets and apostles, reformers and saints.—*Thomas Sadler.*

LOVE others by ceasing to love yourself, and in doing so you will live intensely; for you will have within you not only your own life, but also the lives of all whom you bless by love. That is the best religion, the life of Christ, the very life of God.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

IT is not enough to have the love and do the duty in silence. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of those we love. Out of the mouth—it is the spoken love that feeds. It is the kindness offered that furnishes the house. —*W. C. Gannett.*

THE THRONE OF MASTERY.

BY FREDERIC W. BURRY.

No movement of modern times can compare with the New Thought movement for definite, practical results. It has been the practical side of this new philosophy that has made it so popular; for the heart of man has craved long for doctrines that would give satisfaction to both soul and body and that could be put into immediate application.

The old promises of far-away and future benedictions had long since lost their power to arouse much enthusiasm—the awakening consciousness of man asked for present joys; and this desire was the first step in giving marked expression to the infinite forces that were always within him.

All inharmony is caused by a lack of true expression. Life is interchange and circulation; currents of energy are forever active in the different spheres of existence—and these currents require free and open channels of expression before their work can be effectual and perfect. All obstructions must be cleared away; and it is in overcoming such obstacles in the path of expression that man attains a position of mastery.

In the past, instead of giving freedom and expansion to their forces, men have often deliberately placed barriers actually to stem the tide of their energies—imagining that they were, by thus making limitations, protecting themselves from injury. But we have discovered that *development* is what we need for our health and harmony; that the wings of freedom give a pledge of security.

The New Thought has given a new and broader interpretation to the life of man. It has disclosed man's divine origin—

his kinship with the Infinite; and it has also shown that, by recognizing the infinite nature of man's life and energies, one's individual power is increased. It has proved the Oneness of all life, all force, the interrelation of all forms of existence—the absolute unity of creation.

In thus giving testimony to the universality of law and order, the New Thought has freed the mind from the old crippling fears born of the thought of evil. Our thoughts have been taken away from shadows, which we had imagined possessed intrinsic power; and, with our clearer mental vision of the All-good, we have been enabled to manifest correspondingly better conditions.

We live in a world of thought. Our mental activities are distinct vibrations, of the same nature as the molecular energies in the grosser material kingdoms. In man, the one infinite Force of the universe may be said to find its apex of expression; and from this point it may be exercised for mighty purposes. In man, the Universal Mind has reached a center of action that may become a medium of infinite expression. Man compared to the rest of creation is the miracle of the universe; in him there are the potencies of freedom, which shall in due time even carry him beyond the bounds of so-called natural laws. Man is destined for a place of dominion—where, instead of blind obedience to Nature, there shall be a conscious coöperation with her and a masterful direction and control of her forces.

This marvelous extension of man's power is now beginning to be put into practical operation. We are proving by daily experience the truth of the new theories of life that have dawned upon our minds. The close connection between the soul and body, their essential oneness, the identical source of both spirit and matter, the unity of all life—these have been proved in the very practical results of metaphysical healing.

It is no wonder that there are thankful souls ready to

testify to the truth of the new doctrines. They have applied them to their own life, and have found them most practical indeed; they have raised themselves out of weakness into strength—in many cases out of the very jaws of death.

The old teachings of man's natural incompetence are now known to be false; the paralyzing creeds, which endowed the Infinite with limitations and caprice and declared man to be but a helpless tool in the hands of this infinite Person, are now set aside. The eternal immanence of God in Nature and the enthronement of the Divine Life in the being of man are now recognized. And with a consciousness of this real Presence of the infinite Power, and indeed of man's absolute identity with this Power, one's fears vanish. For it is then clearly realized how powerless are all the shadows of life; it is seen that every so-called negative condition may be made a useful servant.

The New Thought emphasizes the necessity of Faith. This is a condition of the mind that makes it at once positive and receptive for the life-forces in their ceaseless flow. Faith makes the personality of man a more perfect medium of expression. Faith is the key of harmony itself, and wherever it is allowed to have its sway there is certain to be a larger measure of success. Faith reenforces the energies of man and gives them more freedom, and thus more power.

The spirit of venture is born of faith—and every great production is the outcome of venture. What greater incentive could there be for action than the knowledge that one has behind him all the forces of the universe, ready to be used by him as the capacity for direction and expression is developed?

Mighty things we know have been done in the past even by blind and superstitious faith. Faith expands the life-currents of man; it destroys man's only enemy, Fear. And when this powerful agent is crowned with intelligence, when it is guided by the hand of reason, when it is translated into

a recognition of the infinite life in man, its powers are made greater.

The seat of mastery and control is ours when we recognize our right to this position. A mere egotistic pretense to personal authority, however, must not be mistaken for masterful self-recognition. The Self that is to rule is the I Am, which is the Life of all, and not any exclusive personality. We can only be masters when we have learned to serve, when we have identified ourselves with others; we then naturally express the authority that belongs to our infinite nature.

What is required, then, for the office of mastery is development of individual character. One must be transformed after the model of one's noblest ideals. One's habits and whole life must be changed in keeping with the new-born recognition of one's infinite nature. Action as well as thought and word must express the new ideals of truth, goodness, and power.

It may be said that no affirmation is so potent as an act prompted by faith—directed by the strong thought of confidence. This gives birth to courage; and the man of courage is Nature's master-hand.

There is hardly any greater service one can do for another than to give encouragement; this awakens self-reliance, which alone brings lasting peace and joy. Until a man can trust his *self*—recognizing his inseparable relation with all life, perceiving the unity of all life—he cannot be free and happy. So long as he feels dependent on certain outside sources for his happiness, there will be a lack of concentration; his forces will be diffused. There can be no sense of security until the impregnable life within is given due recognition.

In the past, our native energies were repressed and held dormant, because we ignorantly placed ourselves under a ban of condemnation. This unjust treatment has also been the cause of a great number of man's afflictions. We have shown

forth in flesh and blood the nature of our thoughts; these, being weak and negative, have outpictured corresponding depleted physical conditions. The body is a living record of our character.

That all things are transitory is a fact that should give hope instead of sorrow. The ever-changing forms of existence prove the universal order of *growth* and suggest to man that he may reform his habits and remold his character. All that is required for a complete mental and physical transformation is an earnest desire in this direction, and the action that always springs from such a desire. Our desires are creative impulses; these are the powerful energies of man, which under the guidance of his trained reason may be the agents of his personal advancement. By the directing power of his will, all lower or inconsequent desires may be transmuted into the most lofty spiritual emotions; and the power of these celestial forces cannot be estimated.

In one word, concentration sums up the way by which this height of dominion is to be reached. Since we have within our own being the latent energies which are in themselves capable of making our ideals to be realities, it is evident that the only requisite for expression is to focus these energies—to discipline and master them. Every step of man's advance is in the line of concentration; this is mastery itself —and man's duty and privilege are to be in all things master.

Then, genius, that goal of mastery worshiped and looked up to as an ideal attribute given only to a few, is within the reach of every man. All are born with its latent potencies, needing only development from a germinative form.

How many are what are called failures in the world because their eyes are closed to their native possibilities! While, in the long run, there can be no actual failure, the evolution of the race is retarded by the dormancy of so many of its members. But one strong character counteracts, in a measure,

the inertia of the masses, and sets an example that enthuses other individuals to take a positive position; and thus a vanguard is formed that leads the world on to victory over the negations of existence.

The history of the race is a series of overcomings, or conquests. Thus has evolution wended its spiral way; in fact, thus has existence been made possible. The law of growth is so imperative in Nature's economy that inability to grow means death; not by any means that this is a decrease of all activity, but wherever there is inertia there will be found a certain disintegrating condition, which afterward proves itself to have been remolding and reconstructive in its nature.

Throughout the lower unconscious realms of existence, this mode of procedure is all right and in place; in man, however, whose crown of consciousness places him where he may hold and guide the reins of his destiny, it is a different matter. More is expected of man, because in him Nature finds her needed master. Instead of being overwhelmed with the mighty currents of Life, in their onward, ever-progressive flow, it is for him to open the gates of his being and willingly act as a channel of expression for these infinite forces. By liberation, by expansion, man becomes the master.

The desire for personal power is inherent in man, and too often manifests itself in a display of arrogance and tyranny. This is but an artificial semblance of real authority, and it soon destroys itself. The true master is always the soul of gentleness and kindness, and recognizes in others the same infinite power that is in his own being. He rules, it is true, but only in the realm of his individuality. He in no way encroaches on another's rights; and, while he has close dealings with his fellows, they are always based on the principle of coöperation.

The position of mastery is gained by realizing the Unity of all Life; and what is this but the recognition of Love's

divine supremacy? This is the testimony to the infinite Life that expands one's energies; this is the living affirmation of the Truth, which is responded to with a larger and ever-growing measure of wisdom and power. By a faithful recognition of the ever-present divine Life, by a firm reliance on one's native infinite forces, the being of man is placed on a throne of conscious mastery.

WE speak of saints and enthusiasts for good, as if some special gifts were made to them in middle age which are withheld from other men. Is it not rather that some few souls keep alive the lamp of zeal and high desire which God lights for most of us while life is young?—*Juliana Horatia Ewing.*

GOD is active, and out of his activity he formed all creatures. As in the deep seas in their endless movements there is calm beneath, so in God are depths of peace as infinite as the activity of his creation. So, too, his creatures partake of infinite peace and intensely active service.—*T. T. Carter.*

NOT till we are ready to throw our very life's love into the troublesome little things can we be really faithful in that which is least and faithful also in much. Every day that dawns brings something to do, which can never be done as well again.—*James Reed.*

WHEN I look like this into the blue sky, it seems so deep, so peaceful, so full of a mysterious tenderness, that I could lie for centuries and wait for the dawning of the face of God out of the awful loving-kindness.—*George MacDonald.*

TO LIVE with a high ideal is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career.—*E. P. Tenney.*

CRUCIFIED INNOCENCE.

BY DOCTOR T. F. HILDRETH.

The Nazarene stands charged with crime at
Pilate's Bar:
A traitor's kiss is on his
Cheek—his hands are bound, and muttered words of
Hate fall on his ear. He hears the taunts of
Mocking priests; but, conscious of no wrong, he
Waits the presence of the Judge, calmly as
One who in the house of God waits for the
Benediction.
Men are not pure because
The world applauds; nor are they guilty in
The sight of God because we cry, "Let him
Be crucified!"—though they who mock may call
Themselves the priests of God. The hope of gain
May bribe a sordid soul with less than
Thirty pieces to betray the pure, and
Jealousy prefer Barabbas rather
Than the Christ; but Innocence in chains is
Better than applauded wrong, for crime cannot
Be sanctified by praise from priestly lips.

Justice with her searching eye, from which the
Guilty ever shrink, steals in beside the
Judge; and, folding in her hands her even
Scales, now bends her ear to catch each word—that
She may weigh the verdict that will seal the
Prisoner's doom.
"What is the crime with which you charge
This man?" inquires the Court.

"He calls himself
A King," the priests reply. "He says our forms
Of worship are not service paid to God;
That washing hands and paying tithes to us
Do not fulfil the Law: and thus our creed
And calling are dishonored."
"He is a
Malefactor!" cries the mob.
(There is no
Sting in all the realms of pain more fatal
Than the tongue when charged with envy and
Deceit; and prejudice and hate are but
Other names for death, which like an asp,
Secreted 'midst the flowers, will strike its
Unsuspecting victim with its deadly fangs.)

"Art thou a King?" Pilate now inquires—as
If he felt a fear lest Cæsar be dethroned
And he will lose his place and power.

"My Kingdom is the world of Truth," the Christ
Replies; "to this end was I born; for this
Cause have I come; and all who love the truth
Will follow me."
Pilate answers, "What is Truth?"

All eyes are fastened on the Nazarene.

"Not guilty" is the verdict of the Court.
"I find in him no fault at all. Loose him,
And let him go."
"Thou art not Cæsar's friend!"
Rings through the hall, "if this pretender, this
Defamer of religion, is released;
For he who makes himself a King is not

The friend of Cæsar!"
In vain he pleads:
"I find in him no fault; what evil hath he done?"
But fear of shame and dread of priestly
Scorn weigh more with Pilate in the scale that
Justice holds than does the innocence of
This pure man.

Pilates have often sat in
Judgment halls where purity and truth
Were jeered and scorned by godless mobs
And jealous priests in every age; but now,
As then, when zeal for creed and lifeless forms
Is more than love of right and greater than
The love of God—when to the cry of want
And woe it shuts the ear, and wounded hearts
About us plead in vain for help: then come
Accusing priests with crowns of thorns, then
Calvary, and then—a cross.
Barabbas is
Released and greeted with applause while yet
His hands are red with blood; and Jesus—to
Appease the mob, and win the favor of
A priesthood jealous for decaying power—
A victim of religious hate, is doomed
To torture and a death of shame.
The paths
Of Truth in every age have led men to
Gethsemane—to mocking, and a cross.
Its sacred light has rent the veil behind
Which error long has been concealed, and, though
The priests of wrong have raged and sought to bind
With thongs the souls of men—right on the tides
Of Truth have swept; nor mobs, nor hate, nor yet
The Cross can stay the Morning of its Triumph.

MAN HIS OWN OPPRESSOR.

BY EMILY WRIGHT HOOD.

Much is written and said about the oppression of the masses by the classes, the condition of the workingmen, etc., for which Christianity is held up to blame—for not having produced better results. Christianity in its *true* sense can be blamed for nothing that is not good. Christianity is *what Christ taught.* It consists in following the teachings of Christ —in doing as he would do; and Christ would never oppress the poor. Therefore, an oppressor of the poor is not a *Christian.*

Theology is not Christianity any more than the science of numbers is the doing of a sum in arithmetic. Theology is the "science," and Christianity is the working out of the problem through the fundamental principles thereof. Christianity is the *doing.* One might listen a lifetime to sermons and services, but only to that extent to which one is a *doer* of good is he a Christian.

There are many theological bodies, but religion is individual and a matter of degrees. Two persons may belong to the same church, and one of them be much more religious, much more a *doer* of God's word, than the other. Both may have the theological part and only one the practical part; in other words, the practical one has overcome the world to a greater extent than the other. We are put here to overcome the world, and we will stay here until we do overcome it, though it take centuries upon centuries. Christ cheers us on by saying: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world;" and we are sufficiently intelligent to furnish the portion of the statement that he has left to the understanding—"therefore, *you*

can overcome it." How? Through him. Not through the *person* of the Christ, or the mere fact that he has lived; but through his spirit—by being of the same spirit: by using our spiritual power as he used his. Christ cannot develop our spiritual powers; we must develop our own. You cannot do another person's work for him. You may teach him how to do it, and guide and assist, but he must use his own powers in the accomplishment thereof. He must learn to stand alone —on his own merits—else he will always be "the under dog in the fight;" and the under dog is very prone to blame others for his condition by refusing to recognize his own defects—by refusing to cultivate his own powers when the opportunity is given to do so. Therefore, when the time comes for the fray, for the use of what might have been developed during the time that has been wasted, he is not equal to the emergency; he is the loser in the game of life called the "survival of the fittest," and then is he prone to justify self and blame his neighbor.

Civilization can go so far and no farther. It has drawbacks and disadvantages that are bound to attend it on its course to the summit. History repeats itself in the rise and fall of nations, and proves that there *are* a highest point and an ultimate retrogression; and when the backward course begins it is usually rapid, for there are cankers that have eaten their way during the rise, and are ready to facilitate the decline—cankers caused by the lusts of the world. The material wealth that grows apace with civilization is one of these. It need not be, for there is proof of this in the fact that contentment is found in humble dwellings. The man who is content in a humble dwelling has overcome the lust for material wealth. Man needs cleanliness, but he does not need marble halls; he can do without them. They are good, however, in that they minister to his sense of the beautiful. The chemicals and solids of the earth are symbolic of man's spiritual qualities. He may have the adamant quality of iron and be unlovely

in his hardness, or that of gold, marble, or the diamond, and shine forth with resplendent beauty and loveliness as accessories to the firmness of a nature built upon principle. These are indispensable accessories to an evolving god. Instead of principle and tyranny, let it be principle and grace. Both are necessary to the great soul.

Man, individually, is his own oppressor. The multitude of self-oppressors makes up the mass of the so-called oppressed. Man oppresses and curses himself with worldly things. He curses himself with uncleanliness—both moral and personal. There are soap and water in the world for those who will to be clean. There is a moral law for those who will to obey it, and a conscience by which to be guided. Cleanliness—moral and personal—is a right that none can be denied. There can be no oppression regarding these premier requisites for entrance to the Kingdom.

Man curses himself with the liquor habit. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the effects of this evil, for it not only is terrible in itself but it leads to other evils. Liquor is not a necessity, although it may have its good uses. The majority of the vast army termed the "oppressed and downtrodden" are composed of the families of men that spend their earnings on liquor and tobacco. Take these two poisons out of the world, and what a stride would be made toward the millennium! But there is a desire for them, and they are here because they are part of the worldly lusts that are to be overcome. They are here to stay, with the rest of the monstrosities, until the race shall have overcome them and perfected itself.

Another thing with which man oppresses himself is the flesh-eating habit. How many there are who think they must have meat every day of their lives! How many will believe that they are thus retarding their upward progress? And yet it is a scientific fact that to take the flesh of animals into the system is to feed the animal nature of that system, which is the nature we are expected to subdue. The sentient beings

of the animal kingdom possess the same individual consciousness within their full, complete, and highly-developed organisms as man does. The difference lies in the degree of intelligence. In the vegetable kingdom we have the universal consciousness, wherein the elements of fear and antagonism do not enter—at least, we should say, to so great an extent; for even the vegetable kingdom is organized, and what sensibilities there may be when its members are dissolved into their elements can scarcely be conjectured. It is the high degree of sentience in the kingdom next higher that arrests attention and enlists our sympathy. If man can *live* without eating the flesh of these highly sentient beings, there certainly is room, cause, and justification for the inquiry regarding his right to kill and consume them.

Perfection is man's ultimate goal, and if some reach it before others it is because they have striven to perfect themselves with all the fervor of their being. They have not wasted their time and power on temporal things. There is no happiness existing on earth that is not deserved happiness. There is no misery existing that is not deserved misery. Otherwise there is no justice in the Divine plan.

Eternity is described by a circle: it has neither beginning nor end. The great All is merged in this circle, the harmony and discord—just as in the musical octave. Strike an octave and you describe a circle. This great circle of Infinity can only be figuratively discerned by man. He can see only so far ahead and so far behind. But it is enough. The *one step* is all with which he is concerned to-day. To-morrow, if all be well, he may rise to the next round of the spiral ascent, where the harmony is greater and the discord less. He cannot do this if he tie himself down to worldly pleasures. They are bound to drown out the higher vibrations—the harmonies of the higher planes and spheres. To-morrow may mean centuries hence; for man still chooses to tie himself down, evidently content to declare that there is naught beyond that can

be comprehended by his finite mind that will equal or exceed the finite joys to which he gives himself up. Many say, "One world at a time is enough for me." They speak from a finite and limited view. But the metaphysician may say it with quite a different meaning: One world—yes; but how vast are the possibilities thereof!

Man oppresses himself with profanity and blasphemy. The man who utters curses curses himself. It is *he* that is most affected by the words of his mouth. The profane man is not only wicked: he is vulgar. Even a refined worldliness will not tolerate him. Many men utter profanity in the presence of men who would not do so in the presence of women. In this they recognize the finer sensibilities and higher religious nature of woman. But why should not *man* have the finer sensibilities and the higher religious nature? Some have, it is true; but we are speaking of the average. A man should no more allow profanity and blasphemy to be uttered in his presence than he would in the presence of a woman. Assuredly Christ would not, without rebuke.

He who believes in and practises optimism is possessed of a saving grace. There *is* a moral value in good temper. Optimism is more than good temper—it is good temper plus faith; at its best it is plus faith, hope, and charity. Pessimism never did any one any good. It begins with that yellow streak of melancholy that is "in the blood." This, developed, grows into morbidity, until the misguided man, for whom the sunshine was made, becomes a miserable misanthrope, seeing but one side of life and creating but one side—the dark side. Ruled by the mood of gloom he repels all who come within range of his disease-breeding aura of murky thoughts. How different is the optimist! With an abiding faith in ultimate good he goes forth into the battle of life each day and allies himself with the forces that go to make life brighter and better and more successful. The optimist is solving his own problem. The pessimist is waiting for a begrudging fate to relent

and place him in better circumstances. He will continue to wait. Fate does not do things that way.

One world at a time, indeed; but how many are even trying to solve its problems?

THE manliest attitude a man can take, whether he is still rejoicing in his youth or getting into years, is that attitude of awe and reverence which befits a man confronted by the facts of our habitual experience, that attitude of dedicated will which, for so much received, pledges the best that it can give.—*John W. Chadwick.*

THE characteristic of the Christian victory is its *inwardness;* that it is not gained over the *accidents* which lie around us, but, first of all, over the substantial difficulties which lie *within* us, and, after these and through them, over all outward things.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

THERE is no presumption involved in the claim to be "fellow-citizens with the saints." The moment I really begin to love God, and try to be like God, I am on their side, and can claim whatever help and inspiration they have to give.—*Charles Beard.*

PREACHING and prayer are good for those who can attend upon them, but they will never by themselves convince the world. It is action and example, a life fully lived out, that has power over mankind.—*William H. Freemantle.*

DO NOT despise your situation: in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the Infinite.—*Amiel's Journal.*

"REMEMBER, your own soul must be illuminated before you can help others: the spring does not brim over with refreshing water that has not a hidden source."

FROM OUTER DARKNESS.

BY EVELYN HARVEY ROBERTS.

On the highway of Life, two sons of earth, meeting by accident (as men say), looked into each other's eyes and smiled; for each saw in the other a friend of former years. As little children they had been inseparable, and even as growing boys they had been close friends; but because of the vicissitudes of life they had lost sight of each other.

While they stood chatting in that first happy abandon of a glad recognition, the eyes of the fairer one glanced with unconscious yearning into a brilliantly lighted cathedral near by.

"Well, then," came the quick response from the dark son of earth, "let us go in, for it can do no harm to join in such a pretty service—though," he added, "it means little or nothing to me."

Thereupon they passed into the imposing building and sat throughout the ceremony, apparently as devout as the rest; but, as they were honest men, each admitted to himself that the Christmas celebration seemed utterly foreign to him and unreal—was, in fact, but a beautiful story.

As the two passed out into the clear air of the winter's night, no words rose to their lips; for they, being earnest as well as honest, were saddened, regretting what they termed their unbelief. Presently the fair one stopped abruptly, and, facing his companion, he said with much feeling:

"Each year I live I am conscious of an increasing loneliness. To-night, however, you have shared it with me, or—no, it is still here—you have not driven it away; but hereafter I shall call you Alter Ego, for in very truth you seem

to me like that other self I have sought so long and fruitlessly."

"Then you shall be Alter Idem, for,"—and the dark one laughed as he saw what he must say,—"for you seem more like myself than I do."

Then silence fell between them once more, unbroken till they were about to separate for the night.

"*Life!*" cried the dark one, eagerly; "that's what we want, what *all* men want—life, rich, abundant, free. That was why we were saddened this evening. Well, what now? Shall we go mourning all our days because we cannot find it, as many seem to, in religion? That would be childish. Come with me, Alter Idem, and together we will lay hold on life. Let us not lose present joys, while longing vaguely for future bliss."

And so they agreed; but, though, as the years flew by, they got themselves riches and knowledge and power, *life* somehow eluded them.

At last, one day, Alter Idem said, humbly: "We have sought amiss: life is not to be found by the Way of Possession. Let us turn again to the field of religion and search diligently for the Way. Come with me, Alter Ego, and we will earnestly seek the truth in all religions; for, mayhap, in some form it will come home to us and be real."

Yet, though these two earnest, honest selves searched through all the world, both past and present (all, that is, except the world *within*), Life and Reality still eluded them.

A Christmas-tide drew near, and Defiance sat on the brows of the dark one. Fiercely he frowned, saying with heat: "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die. This is all there is to life—we have but chased a shadow."

So the two selves agreed, and a great feast was spread on Christmas day, not in celebration but in bitter defiance.

However, Defiance itself was unsatisfying; and, as the last merry-maker withdrew, Alter Idem and Alter Ego became

lost in their disturbing thoughts, unaware that an uninvited guest had stolen quietly in.

Petulantly, passionately the dark one at last exclaimed (for the life-hunger would not let him rest): "'Tis nothing but this dyspepsia. If I could rid myself of that, life would be worth the living."

"No, no," said the fair one, firmly; "let us still be honest men and admit that this ennui, this deadness, is simply what 'growing old' means;" and the speaker sighed heavily.

Then the quiet guest came forward and, placing himself by the side of Alter Idem which was farthest from Alter Ego, he whispered gently, "Idem, are you sure you truly desire *life,* and not life's *appearances?"*

Like a flash the eyes of both hungry men answered with the eagerness of childhood, "Yes!" for, though the dark self could neither see nor hear the guest, he *felt* his thought, and so he answered eagerly the question that seemed to come from his fairer self.

"Then," said the voice, "work, work for your life!"

"What can this mean?" questioned the two selves of each other.

"Just what I say," came the emphatic rejoinder.

Then more gently the uninvited guest continued, still addressing the fair one as if he were the only one present.

"What one thing, Idem, do you truly enjoy doing? What *creative* work, or *ministering?"*

A deep blush of shame overspread the fair one's face as he murmured, honestly, "Nothing, nothing; for all seems vanity."

"But as a child, a youth even—it was not so then?"

The voice of the speaker seemed strangely familiar, and turning suddenly upon him Alter Idem exclaimed: "Why, Intuition, my old friend! How glad I am to see you! We had good times together, did we not? Ah, you rogue, why did you desert me? And what was it we were always doing,

and Alter Ego too? Oh, I remember; it was Invention that fascinated us all so, and we were always at it, weren't we?" This with a child's happy laugh.

Intuition nodded gravely, saying with quiet dignity: "But it was *you* who deserted *me*—for fame. Or was it for wealth, or even for just money enough to feel safe from suffering? However, it matters not *why* you deserted, so long as you did desert. But, come; shall we not try inventing once more?"

The fair one glanced at his dark mate, and, reading a glad acquiescence in his eyes, the three friends gave themselves up heartily to the one thing they loved to do, and time sped away unnoticed. Days and months passed, and still the three worked on as one man, and not at all for praise or profit, but for the very joy of working.

A time came, however, when the dark self said, anxiously: "Idem, men mock us because we work for the common wealth and not for our own; and well may they call us fools, for, see, I am wasting away because of our poverty and hardships." And this was but too true, though the fairer self seemed to have gained all that the darker one had lost. "What harm, Alter Idem," said the dark tempter, "to do as other men, and keep our invention for the time we can spare from money-making?"

The fair one looked aghast at the mere thought of turning from the work he loved; but for a moment he spoke half timidly, as he said, "But that would seem like being untrue—untrue to—why, to one's self, wouldn't it? Besides," and here he turned bravely on his lower self, "we found out long ago that making a living is not *life!*" Alter Ego shrank before the light that flashed from the eyes of the faithful one, and on the lips of Intuition there rested a quiet smile.

Another Christmas came, and as the first notes, simple and touching, of that grand chorus—

> "Who made himself of no reputation,
> But took upon himself the form of a servant"—

floated out from the cathedral, a workingman paused to listen; and as the wondrous theme was given forth with increasing harmonies and growing power a great peace and joy entered the heart of the listening one. It was as if a friend had come home to him. Turning as ever to share his experience with that darker self, which had been such a constant companion, he was startled at not finding him.

A new light flashed upon him, only to be succeeded by the darkness of a great fear; and so, staggering under a load of doubt and loneliness, and anon leaping forward with a sudden sense of wondrous power and hope, the man made his way to the poor quarters which he now called "home," and standing in the dark room he cried out: "Ego! Alter Ego! Do not forsake me, or I will die of— But I am *not* lonely!" he cried in surprise.

An uplifting, expanding, intensifying silence, and then the whispered word "God!"

"Look *within!*" came the voice of command; and even as the words were spoken the fair one's eyes were turned on the inner realms, and, behold, a light, a life, bathed him in its soft radiance, while before him stood one like unto a Son of man yet not like; for strength and beauty were his such as no mere son of earth could reveal.

"It is I!" cried the fair one, joyously; but even as he would have joined himself unto him whose name, "Faithful and True," was written in every feature, he drew back humbly. "It is the Son of God!" he whispered to himself. "But *it is I!*" he cried again, the light of God being present to enlighten him. *"I am God's son!"*

A shout of triumph burst from the lips of the workingman, and yet it came from the lips of the Son of God, for at last the fair one had come to himself and the two were consciously one.

"And my life-work?" he asked himself, bravely. "Is it not to reveal, through my one talent, the true self within?

Jesus of Nazareth, my elder brother, thou who wast true to thy God-self, help me, that I fail not."

As the Son of God lay down that night to rest, the faith which alone gives courage and power voiced itself in his heart: "'I can of mine own self do nothing; the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works,' and," said the new-born servant, with a child's happy confidence, "'Love never faileth.'"

TRUE peace and rest lie not in outward things. There liveth no man on earth who may always have rest and peace without troubles and crosses. Wherefore yield thyself willingly to them, and seek only that true peace of the heart which none can take away from thee, that thou mayest overcome all assaults.—*Theologia Germanica.*

THE inward influences and illuminations which come to us through those who have loved us are deeper than any that we can realize: they penetrate all our life, and assure us that there must be a fountain of life and love from which they and we are continually receiving strength to bear and to hope.—*F. D. Maurice.*

WE speak of the ministry of suffering, of disappointment, of sorrow, and speak truly; but none of these minister, not one, until they have been mastered. First our mastery, then their ministry. It is not the mere difficulty that exalts. It only gives the opportunity.—*W. C. Gannett.*

IF you will be sure that the longing you feel for something better is not to end in disgrace when your call comes, you must now be gathering the ideas and aptitudes that will insure the place: keep your whole life open and ready.—*Robert Collyer.*

TO LOVE truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection and the seed-plot of all other virtues.—*John Locke.*

THE MINISTRY OF LOVE AND HOPE.

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

Life is sometimes a chameleon-colored dream of beauty, an amber-hued vision of contentment, and then again it often becomes a chocolate-colored nightmare of agony and despair.

During man's career upon this earthly sphere of action two visitants journey with him from the cradle to the grave. One is a white-winged angel of mercy, beauty, health, and love; the other is a dark-robed spirit of destruction, degradation, and death. The one is a saving divinity from the heavenly spheres of life and light; the other is a demon of discord and division. The one is mystic Hope, who bids men live a life of joy; the other is Despair, who tempts them to a death of weakness. In one there is the strength of strong-limbed youth, for Hope is a virtuous maiden in whose divine energy encouragement to constructive utility both in mentality and mechanics stands manifest and sublime; in the other there is the cynical ennui of decadent discouragement, for Despair is a heartless hag, and in the weariness of enmastering misery it whispers and betrays to suicide or speaks of virtue in destructive vice and a murderer's destroying energy.

Hell whispers of darkness and the grave; Heaven, through the mastering angelhood of divinely-enthroned Hope, sings of bliss undreamed of by those who dwell on the lower planes of physical activity. Hope is an angel divine, Queen of the Graces, who turns her followers' faces toward the sun—the eastern ascent of health and rich constructive life. Despair views the world through the discouraging spectacles of past achievements, past glories, and past greatnesses, and, looking toward the western horizon of past endeavor, swears there is no divinity in the present; that all art and beauty is locked in

the world of past development; that "romance" and "love" are words of a bygone day, meaning naught in this hysterical age of historical evolution; that Materialism has come enthroned in the power of Despair, broken down the energy and potency of the Religion of Love, and made of this world a hideous realm of pain and commercial competition, while Death writes "Finis" to the last page of man's book of life, and in the sleep of oblivion ends the troubles of a struggling career.

Yet, to those who view the vast arcana of life's activities with the argus-eye of a powerful conception, there comes the realization of the power of Love, of the power of a God of Love, of the divine potency and outflowing energy of a Religion of Love; that Love is not a mere whim of the fancy in the adolescent stages of development, not the evanescent dream of poet's pictured passion or art's conceptional vision,—not all of these, though these are parts of it,—but that it is Life itself: and all of life is Love, roseate-hued, golden-tempered Love, if it leads to the inspiration of godlike endeavor, and a perverted and inverted Love if it descends into destructive acts of injury and debasement. In the one we climb the heights of sublimity, grandeur, and constructive utility, and the ecstasy of joy in conquest is ours. We have conquered and controlled a world in our knowledge and acknowledgment of the Higher Self; and in this we ascend the mountain-heights of rich achievement, the spiritual Alps of active accomplishment. In the other we descend to depths of ignominy and woe, into the cavern of destitution; we become creatures of the night whose faces dare not be turned unto the light of day.

Love is essentially creative, producing wonders in art and life. It is inventive and discovers new worlds of beauty, new realms of sweetness and of joy. Love creates planets and builds worlds; it produces health, and fills the world with song and laughter. Love is beauty; it is harmony and melody

in music, and rhythm and poetry in sound. Love is life, and the language of life. A man's life is according to his love. Not only is God Love, but Love is God.

That which a man loves the most he worships, and that which he worships is his god. So if a man delights in the pleasures of the table, and becomes a glutton and a wine-bibber, his appetite becomes his master and he is a worshiper at the shrine of Bacchus and the low thought of the body. The eating-house is his temple, the table his altar, and the knives, forks, and spoons the ceremonial instruments necessary to such worship. So, too, he whose mind and thought are all upon the gold which perisheth—money is the supreme object of his life. He becomes a money-worshiper, and bends all his energies toward the accumulation of wealth. He would be a millionaire, a master of finance, a Napoleon in the monetary world; and when he realizes his ambition he finds that in gaining the world of his desires he has lost the power of whole-souled enjoyment. He can enjoy only upon one plane, and that the pleasure of accumulation in dollars and cents. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "What a man soweth that shall he also reap." And both the worshipers of appetite and the slaves of Midasian greed reap their reward. But their worship is not the love—the pure, undefiled love—of which Christ spake when he said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "Love your enemies; do good to them which persecute you."

Food is a good thing, and is necessary to build up our physical bodies. Money may be a very good thing, and necessary for the accomplishment of some of life's most cherished objects. Both food and money, under the control of the Higher Self—used and not abused—are essential to our development. But, when the carnal indulgence of appetite, dissipation in both food and drink, or greed for gain becomes the master-despot upon the throne of unreason, we become

the most pitiable slaves imaginable to the god whom we have created and in our imagination worshiped. "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he."

But it is the fashion of the hour to rail at the conditions of transition now around us and in the spirit of pessimism use the black ooze of diseased thought; for Despair discolors the fair white pages of a century's life, and in her books of so-called philosophy she slanders the Love that holds the Universe in the harmony of a world-encircling magnetism. But Love still exists, "moves, and breathes, and has its being," in the potency of self-sacrifice. For Love is self-sacrificing; Love is saving.

"People may talk as they please," said a man to me the other day, "about this sin-cursed, commercialized century of ours, and say that in this age of competitive endeavor love and all the finer feelings of man's nature are blotted out of existence completely; but in reading over some of last year's papers the other night I found instances of actually heroic devotion that prove to me that the old-fashioned ideal of love is not yet dead. Love! How true it still is that 'Love is the greatest thing in the world'! When one *loves* he understands the words of Jesus concerning its potency. Bettina Gerard realizes the never-dying love of a praying mother; Mary Kenny, a young woman and a common household drudge, was willing to take the place of an erring husband in a New York jail—because she loved him; W. S. Gillmore went to San Quentin, California, last year to save his son from disgrace—because he loved him; and Ernestine McHamilton married the man she loved in Salt Lake City, Utah, even though that man became blind and a cripple through the blowing up of a mine. Why? She loved him!"

"God is Love!" And the law of that God of Love is the law of coöperation. Both Science and Art speak in no uncertain tones regarding the law of coöperation. Christ called it the "law of the Father." Art recognizes it in

an adequate sense of proportion. Coöperation is the law of life, the bed-rock principle of unity and justice. It is the voice of science, for in astronomy we see it in the law of gravitation; in biology we see it in the law of evolution; in botany and music it is the law of harmony; and in chemistry it is the law of attraction or affinity—and all of these are but different names of that Love which is essentially coöperative in its nature. Hence, in the successful coöperation of all our energies the beauty of life is most completely subserved.

In the last analysis there is no self-sacrifice in Love, for in surrendering the desires of the lower self for the needs of the higher there is a distinct gain—no loss or sacrifice is involved. If it is necessary for a man to amputate his hand or arm for fear that poison will circulate throughout his whole body he undergoes such amputation. Why? He would rather lose an arm in order to save the rest of his body than keep his arm and perhaps lose his whole body thereby. Hence the words of Christ: "He that loseth his life shall find it;" and, of course, find it more abundantly. So when one speaks of self-sacrifice in Love the sacrifice is only a seeming: it does not exist in reality. Mothers surrender their lives for their children, because they are their very selves in different modes of manifestation. It is through this apparent sacrifice of being that children are brought into the world; and if Love hath united two human souls together the children entering into life as the fruit of such union will be children of Love, children of God—aye, of immaculate conception, because born in the purity of love and Love's most blessed union. For every child born of love is an infant Messiah, born to bless and to redeem mankind: an angel visitant from the realms of light and harmony, because the vibrations of melody attuned in its little body at the very hour when masculine wisdom entered into communion with womanly affection—the one to be the father of a living soul, the other to be the mother of

an embodied form of love—fashioned it in grace and in the sweetness of its parents' perfect life of bliss; for in the harmony of joy Love manifests in a miracle of mystery.

Children of Love are children of divine powers, gifted with the graces of genius, endowed with the marvelous vibrations of celestial harmony. Their life is one long sweet song, whose melody of joy reaches out into other and more poverty-stricken lives. They are born to the royal purple, to the mastership of self, to the nobility of conquest, to the understanding of the higher forms of being. They stand as epoch-makers on the sands of time, building the dominant thought of a savior whose power, rightly understood, shall save the world from its errors, sins, and crimes—though in the proper interpretation of psychic revelation the Master-Heart of Saviorhood only helps the world to know its needs and come into a condition whereby it can save *itself* from the weakness of wickedness, the error of sin, and the disease of crime. Saviors are but beacon-lights upon the shores of historic time to show to men "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," into the loftier realm of the ideal; but wayward man has deemed this way a sacrifice, and has thus held back and allowed himself to be enslaved by the dream of sensuous indulgence. Hence, his high estate of Man the Master has been sunk into the groveling one of man the animal; and every man who disobeys his better thought, his higher impressions, and indulges in the passions that lure but to betray, in the perverted appetites that degrade, is an Adam to eat the forbidden fruit of grossness, and Eden-bliss is not for him.

"To BE spiritually ready is to be in the atmosphere of love and of sympathetic activity. That annoyances and hindrances exist all about us, that they confront our comings in and entangle our goings out, is forever true; but, unless there is the inward response, they cannot penetrate into our lives, and work us ill."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

BY CHARLES MARION TYLEE.

The most efficacious method of enduring one's own moral improvement in the present life, and resisting the attraction of "evil," is, as one of the ancient sages has told us, to *"know thyself."* Yet, admitting the wisdom of this maxim, you will probably say that self-knowledge is just what is most difficult to acquire, and ask by what means we can obtain it.

At the close of each day examine your conscience, review all that you have done in the preceding twelve hours, and ask yourself if you have not failed in some duty—whether some one might not have reason to complain of you. By so doing you will succeed in obtaining a *knowledge of yourself* and in ascertaining what there is in you that needs reforming.

He who every evening should thus recall all his actions of the day—asking himself if he had done well or ill—would acquire great strength for self-improvement. Ask yourself these questions; inquire of yourself what you had done and what was your aim in acting in such-and-such a manner—whether or not you had committed any act that you would be ashamed to avow. Ask yourself also this question: "If at this very moment I should be summoned to that world of truth and light in which *nothing* is hidden, have I any cause to fear its revelations?" Examine what you have done (1) against the law of God, (2) against your neighbor, and (3) against yourself.

The answers to these questions will either give repose to your conscience or reveal some moral sickness of which you will have to cure yourself. *Self-knowledge* is therefore the key to individual improvement.

But, you will doubtless ask, how is one to judge one's self?

Is not one subject to illusions of self-love, which diminishes one's faults in one's own eyes and finds excuse for them? The miser thinks himself merely practising economy and foresight. The proud man thinks his pride to be only dignity.

All this is true, but you have means of ascertainment that cannot deceive you. When you are in doubt as to the quality of any one of your actions, ask yourself what would be your judgment in regard to it if it were done by another, by one for whom you have the utmost respect—the one most dear to your heart and conscience. If you would condemn it in others it cannot be less unworthy when done by you—for divine justice has neither two weights nor two measures. Endeavor also to learn what is thought of you by others, and do not carelessly overlook the opinion of your examiners. They have no interest in disguising the truth; they are but the mirror that reflects your every action.

Let him, then, who is firmly resolved upon self-improvement examine his conscience in order to root out his evil tendencies—as one would root out the weeds from a garden. Let him every night cast up his moral accounts for the day—as the tradesman counts up his profit and loss. He who, after thus examining the account of the day's doings, can say that the balance is in his favor may sleep in peace—and fearlessly await the moment of his awakening in the higher sphere of activity.

IN shutting none out of our sympathy, in the willingness to help all and to be helped by all, we are here beginning, like children, to climb the foothills that lead us upward to immortality. We already breathe joyfully the air of the unseen kingdom.—*Lucy Larcom.*

WE must not turn back into the darkness because the light from God's face rests upon a path of labor and sacrifice.—*Rufus Ellis.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MRS. PIPER'S "CONFESSION."

THE alleged confession that appeared in a recent issue of the *New York Herald,* bearing the signature of Leonora E. Piper, the Massachusetts trance medium made famous by the Society for Psychical Research, has had one instructive result in revealing the attitude of the public mind on the general question of spiritualistic phenomena. Incidentally it has disclosed one of the drawbacks of mediumship—the susceptibility of the mediumistic mind to suggestion.

Though Mrs. Piper was quoted in the Boston *Advertiser* as saying that "spirits of the departed may have controlled me and they may not; I confess that I do not know," yet in her previous statement in the *Herald* she said:

> "I have never heard of anything being said by myself while in a trance state which might not have been latent in (1) my own mind, (2) in the mind of the person in charge of the sitting, (3) in the mind of the person who was trying to get communication with some one in another state of existence, or some companion present with such person, or (4) in the mind of some absent person alive somewhere else in this world."

This averment is anything but agnostic, and it is not new—it is elaborated to the extent of four hundred pages in Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," to which volume Mrs. Piper is probably indebted for the suggestion. And its inadequacy as an explanation of any considerable proportion of the problems of spiritism has been frequently pointed out. It cannot be made to apply in the remotest degree to *physical* phenomena, and it wholly ignores the important faculty of *prevision,* which in certain forms of mediumship has been repeatedly illustrated in the accurate prophesying of future events.

In an impartial investigation of all phases of this subject covering about ten years, the writer devoted much time to psychography, or independent slate-writing. The obtrusion of a personal incident of this kind may be pardoned here, for it embraces both the above features—so studiously ignored by the inventors of "hypotheses" that do not explain. On our first and only visit to a well-known slate-writing sensitive—we met as absolute strangers—we selected one of a score of small slates, cleansed it thoroughly on both sides, and placed it on a table with our hands *only* upon it. The medium was apparently a wholly passive factor; he did not touch either the slate or the "sitter" at any time during the séance, and the slate was not out of our sight for an instant. We expressed a *desire* to hear from certain deceased relatives, if such a thing were possible—but not one of them responded. On lifting the slate, however, we found a message on the under side, written in seven different colors and signed with the name of an almost-forgotten friend. It referred to business affairs so private and personal that we declined to allow the medium to read it; moreover, it contained a prophecy that seemed preposterous to us at the time but was fulfilled to the letter three months later.

We afterward smashed the slate, which we had preserved, to satisfy a skeptical friend who had seen Hermann's tricks with "false-bottom" and other "trick" slates. Does not this argue that genuine communications are sometimes received, and that those on a higher plane of vibration—untrammeled by the corporeal form, but not necessarily more advanced mentally, morally, or spiritually—have perceptive powers that those on the mortal plane are yet unable to express? The medium in this case was not entranced, and the room was brilliantly lighted. It would seem that telepathy, in this instance at least, must be discarded as an explanation, for the crucial point of the "test" lay in its *intrinsic* evidence.

The significance attached to Mrs. Piper's "confession" by the general public is ludicrous to those familiar with psychic phenomena. What would be thought of a medical society, in search of information concerning the processes of modern surgery, that would interrogate an appendicitis patient on this subject after he had recovered from the effects of the chloroform administered prior to the operation? His testimony would be less valuable than that of the most disinterested spectator. Yet the "opinions" of this trance medium are hailed as having dealt the final blow to the claims of spiritism! Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia University, in a recent letter to the writer, remarks that "even if true, the *Herald* article would not make the slightest difference to science, which does not care what Mrs. Piper says or thinks." And from a communication just received from Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch, we quote the following:

"I may remind you that the Society for Psychical Research, as such, neither employs Mrs. Piper nor expresses any opinion about her. Mrs. Piper herself in past years has never had any opportunity of arriving independently at any definite conclusion by any investigation of her own. Occasionally in past years she has felt at times, owing to her ignorance of what occurs in her trance states and to the reticence maintained by myself and other sitters concerning her manifestations, as if she would like to stop sitting altogether, and so put aside what to her has always seemed a mystery which she herself had no hope of solving. The statement about her desire to stop sitting doubtless represented a transient mood of this kind. As a matter of fact, she has not given up the agreement which she made with the supervising 'spirit control' known as 'Imperator.'"

Among those whose opportunities for the observance and study of psychic phenomena are restricted there is a growing tendency to overwork the "subconscious mind" or "telepathic" hypothesis in the attempt to account for supernormal manifestations. Indeed, the chief obstacle to the wider acceptance of the spiritistic theory is its very simplicity: the ordinary mind is

allured only by the complex, the involved, the subtle and abstruse. Yet the world's greatest inventions are the *simplest,* in both design and operation; and the same may be said of Truth, of whatever phase. For an excellent analysis of the evidence thus far adduced to prove the all-sufficiency of the subconscious realm in explaining the Piper phenomena, we commend attention to an essay in this issue of MIND by Joseph Stewart, LL.M., the clever author of "The Esoteric Art of Living" and editor of *Realization.*

J. E. M.

* * *

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

WE take much pleasure in announcing the beginning, in the current number of MIND, of a series of articles by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the able author of many practically helpful books. While these papers will bear a general title, "Hindrances to World-Betterment," yet each contribution will be devoted to a specific subject. Mrs. Diaz discusses this month "Beliefs Concerning 'Human Nature,'" and in the January issue will consider the alleged heredity of evil. We are convinced that these essays will prove of great value in removing mental obstacles from the path of individual spiritual growth.

The subject of our next frontispiece portrait and biographic sketch will be Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, who will contribute the opening article, on "The Relation of Christmas to Healing."

Among other excellent features of our January number will be a sympathetic discussion of "Babism," by Kenneth R. Forbes, and an admirable sketch of Dr. W. F. Evans's life and work from the pen of Wm. Horatio Clarke.

J. E. M.

WHY SEEK TO POPULARIZE TRUTH?

It is always more or less dangerous for a reform or an idea when it becomes *popular*—when everybody "takes to it." It must then undergo added tests of its strength and value. Why? Do you naturally conclude the crisis is past when once the movement is popularized? Far from it.

Study the progress of reforms—the growth of truth, as shown by history—and you will find that *before* they became popular those who sought "to know of the doctrine" were the "wise men from the East led by the star;" in other words, earnest, developed souls who sought and followed the Spirit—the divinity within. Such persons must necessarily have clear and firm convictions. They have learned these sacred truths by no "short-cut, easy methods," but by deep meditation and the refining fires of life's experiences. Nothing can swerve them from their goal. Every difficulty but whets their courage.

But once a reform gains popular favor, so that it is "all the rage," we find a very motley class among its adherents: persons of few convictions and no convictions, save to "follow the latest"; and while these may serve to "swell the roll" and make a "show on parade days," they have no real power to impart to the cause—they get no more than a passing breath of good for themselves, and in reality are spiritually but dead weights. These are they who, turning back (because their search for Truth does not come from *within*—is not born of the Spirit), have brought these higher truths into disrepute.

Such persons will tell you "there is no real, practical value to them; they are all right when nothing is the matter, but poor shelter in actual storm," etc. It is only the eternal, omnipotent Truth that can stand such adverse currents. But why invite them—thus postponing progress? Why seek to interest the "influential" of the various grades? Unless they come to this study of the New Thought with a certain *inward* preparation, regardless of wealth and literary or social attainments, they will prove to have "no root in them" to insure growth. Truly we need to heed the injunction to "be wise as serpents and harm-

less as doves" in this matter of spreading the Truth, and not to "cast our pearls before swine"—those living only in the realm of sense. We must get over this spasmodic anxiety for the triumph of Truth, and turn this force into the personal demonstration of it. It can have no higher, straighter, swifter road. Truth seeks not the "hosannas of the multitude," but the faithful vigils of regenerated souls. There is ever "a virtue that goes out from such" that never fails to win others. And no "hot-bed" or sensational methods need be employed.

ESTELLE MENDELL AMORY.

THE unchurched can only remain so until something is offered by the Church to interest them and claim their attention. Sermons are generally so thin and emaciated that the hearer never wants to come again. Our message is marvelously interesting and ought to be so presented as immediately to hold the attention. Then we ought to spend more money for it. Some of our $500,000,000 wealth in Unitarian churches should flow out to the mass of unchurched; we should carry the Church to them.—*Rev. Thomas Slicer.*

THE appointment of a school superintendent may be of more consequence to our nation's fortunes than the promotion of a major-general. In a city like New York or Chicago he is greater than a major-general.—*Rev. J. L. Tryon.*

THE great majority of men who have passed forty are old or young according to their belief. Those who think themselves old are old; those who think themselves young are young.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

DON'T be selfish anywhere. Don't be selfish most of all in your religion. Let yourselves be free in your religion, and be utterly unselfish. Claim your freedom in service.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

THE HOME ATMOSPHERE.

I have been privileged recently to live in a home where there is a baby. This in itself is not a strange or peculiar experience; but the atmosphere of this home is a New Thought atmosphere, and it is the effect of this upon the baby that makes the visit novel and delightful. The adage, "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," is in this case continually verified, notwithstanding the fact that only a few days ago I was told of a mother near by who was compelled to go to a neighbor's to snatch an occasional half-hour's rest, the turbulence in her home amid her own flock being such that it was utterly impossible to obtain it there.

But to return to Baby. He is twenty months old, and as active a little sprite as good health and a happy mind can make him. His feet seem to be winged *sometimes* and his hands to be equipped with a score of nimble fingers, whose main office is to revel in the unwary button-box, to search on hidden shelves or in drawers for the shoe-blacking, the ammonia bottle, the toilet soap, etc., or to reach daringly for the ink, the vases of flowers, or any stray article that attracts his bright eyes. Yet

never have I heard from his caretakers a single "Don't!" "Naughty boy!" or "*Stop* that!"—only "*No,* NO," in a low, firm tone that in its very firmness conveys both instruction and love. And, no matter what the alluring temptation, the little fingers would relax, the little face look gravely abashed but not afraid, as Baby would shake his head and repeat softly to himself, "*No, no!*"

And though it might happen that five seconds later the busy fingers were doing the same thing, and the same scene be repeated, the sweet serenity of the air was not disturbed nor the patient face of "Auntie" ruffled by a single cloud of annoyance. A tactful turning of interest to other things would prove sufficient to employ Baby's fingers in new and harmless diversions, and then the even stream of conversation or work on the part of the elders goes calmly on.

Every part of the house, from attic to basement, is open to the exploration and occupation of this midget, who creeps happily upstairs or down, runs in and out, now in the parlor, kitchen, or dining-room, yet ever shines like a little sunbeam through his happy eyes and bright baby ways. He often plays about in the dining-room while the family are at table, yet never thinks of teasing for food or in any way intruding upon the attention of anybody, except as his merry little voice calls out "Hullo!" or "Ah?" with a rising inflection that seems unmistakably to say, "Isn't everything lovely?" He has scarcely been known to fall down, or off anything, or to injure himself by accidents common to childhood, and I cannot but say I never saw a baby so happy, so capable of taking care of himself, so *comparatively* free from mischievous or wilful tendencies, and so constant though unconscious a little sermonizer on the *developing power of happiness* in all my years of experience and observation.

Yet this is not because this child is different from any other. He is, humanly speaking, of the same common clay from which all are made, or, divinely speaking, of the same Deific Substance from which all God's children come; but the home atmosphere is even and rightly tempered with love and wisdom—the two elements as necessary to a child's spiritual growth as oxygen and hydrogen are to his material development and existence.

Here there is a calm, even thought temperature, which makes itself as tangibly felt as the air temperature. Cyclones of anger, tempestuous moods, high winds of excitement, violent hail-storms of condemnation, loud thunderings of authority, the fierce lightning of sarcasm—these are utterly unknown in this home, *dedicated to God's presence.* As in the Eden spots of earth where the sun shines and the air is tempered so exquisitely that Nature blooms forth in beauty of form, color, and song, so here, where the sun of Love shines continually, there is a springing forth of the divine seeds hidden in the souls of the little children, and they are making ready for the wondrous blossom and fruitage of character which such climate and nurture make possible.

Besides Baby, there are two dear boys here—not *little* exactly, because they are such self-reliant, bright fellows; yet they have been in this home-world nine and eleven years respectively, and seem already to show forth signs of what they may be some fair day when it will be their privilege to be to "Mother" what now she is to them. Normal, healthy, boisterous (sometimes), not in the least restricted from being their own natural selves, they are growing up in this ideal atmosphere with as natural an inclination to turn toward the sun of spiritual truth as the plant in the garden has to turn to the shining sun in the sky.

Preached to? No; I think not. I have never heard a sermon given to them, although I have often seen one *being lived* before them.

Ever have disputes, differences—"squabbles"? Oh, yes, sometimes (this only means Boy getting acquainted with himself); but not for long. A few minutes of Mother's sunshine melts the darkest cloud of difference or straightens out the worst "squabble."

A week or so ago, "Giddy," the younger, got angry and refused to give a goodnight kiss to his brother. Mother was called to settle matters. A few words about the *opportunity* to overcome self, a waiting for the decisive moment of victory, and "Giddy" came off conqueror. He was "greater than he that taketh a city."

The effect of such experiences and such victories is evident

to any one. Self-government, power of discerning truth, a willing obedience to the Right—these are the very foundation-stones of the Temple of Character. Every temple thus reared will become a part of the spiritual commonwealth, the city of the New Jerusalem, which is to be established on earth when God makes "His tabernacle with men," *i.e.*, in the hearts and homes of those who love Him.

One thought well lived,
  One word well said,
One life well filled,
  Is manna fed
    To all the world.

Yea, more; 'tis type
  Of what God meant
Should be His Light,
  When outward sent
    To shine on all.

"Harmony in family life," says Froebel, "is the deepest germ of a genuine religious sentiment. It is and remains forever true that in purely and distinctly human relations, particularly in parental and spiritual human relations, there are mirrored the relations between the divine and the human, between God and man. Those pure relations of man to man reveal to us the relations of God to man and man to God."

This is the secret of the ideal home and its life-giving atmosphere—the holding to and *living by* an *ideal.* If this is high, pure, and beautiful, if it clearly defines in the mind and heart of father and mother the aim and object of family life, how can the workings of the home be otherwise than harmonious? How can the thought atmosphere be other than calm, temperate, loving?

If, before the home is founded, we could have the ideal love and marriage, and all that these imply, we would have not only a right home atmosphere but a new and glorious national and universal atmosphere, which would make the now desert places of earthly life to "blossom as the rose" and to bring forth abundantly the fruits of a Divine humanity.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Here comes the Christmas Angel,
So gentle and so calm;
As softly as the falling flakes,
He comes with flute and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.
He is the young folks' Christmas;
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas Angel!
All peace on earth he brings;
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings."

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was neither pretty nor clever; for she could not sing well, nor recite, and she did not know how to dance. In fact, in every way she was a very plain little girl. So, scant attention was given her in the village school. True, she made the teacher no trouble and she studied patiently. But being neither pretty, nor clever, nor even rich, of course she was forgotten among children who always knew their arithmetic, or who wrote, or sang, or recited fine poems, or who were pretty, or who dressed in fine clothes.

But Sylvia did not mind all this, because she never had had any one notice her and didn't expect it. She used to look with pleasure on her more favored schoolmates, for there was no envy in her loving heart. Indeed, she was so full of love for everything that she was always too happily busy doing for others to

have time to think or care whether others were doing for her. The flowers she regarded tenderly, and often would not pick even a humble wild-flower because it seemed so happy spreading its dainty petals in the sunlight or shyly peeping out from beneath a cosy covering of green leaves.

When people thought of Sylvia at all, all they said was that she was a kind-hearted little thing. But could stray dogs and cats have made you understand their language they would have told you that Sylvia was far more than that—that she was full of loving-kindness, pity, and mercy; for did she not take them home with her and give them warm shelter and food? Often a mother or father robin could be heard piping loudly of how Sylvia had found one of their clumsy babies fallen from the nest, and how careful she had been to find its home and put it back in it if possible. There were little children who could tell how Sylvia stopped their crying and made them laugh. There were old people whose canes had fallen from their trembling hands, or who had lost their spectacles, and it was this same little girl that picked up the canes and found the glasses.

But then, as Sylvia always had done this sort of thing, it was taken for granted she always would, and people got in the habit of accepting her kindnesses just as many boys and girls take their fine clothes and good food and the ever-tender, watchful care from father and mother without a thought of how much hard work and self-denial all these things cost their parents. And it never occurred to Sylvia, any more than it does to many a kind parent, to expect thanks. Indeed she never thought about it.

Now, the village was nestled beside a great stretch of woods, and close to them lived Sylvia and her grandmother in a tiny cottage. In the woods were many birds, and as Sylvia had often helped them—rescued them from cats and hawks, saved their babies, cared for them when they were hurt—they all loved her dearly. Hour after hour did the elves, who lived in those woods, chatter with the birds about the kind little girl, and told them of good deeds she had done to others than birds—of her patience and sweetness.

It was Christmas morning. The ground was white with snow, and there had been an "ice storm"—that is, the air had been filled with a sort of mist that turned into ice on whatever it touched. So the trees were glistening, and even every little twig was deep incrusted with the shining ice. The tall blades of grass and the withered golden-rod that stood up above the snow were no longer poor, ugly, faded wisps for the wind to play with. No; they were standing straight and stiff and proud in glittering coats-of-mail.

Sylvia came out to scatter food on the snow, for you may be sure she thought of the birds when the ground was frozen and covered and they could get nothing to eat. The morning sun shone into the woods, and Sylvia looked in with wonder and delight. Before her spread white dazzling paths between the trees. The soft green of hemlocks and pine-trees was seen through crystal brightness. The naked gray branches of the trees, which had dropped their leaves and gone to sleep, were frosted silver now. The sunlight touched a million tiny twigs on the tree-tops, turning them into flames that flashed against the deep-blue sky. Sunbeams stole into the icy whiteness of the woods, and, wherever they fell on trees and shrubs, green and red and blue and gold lights sparkled.

Sylvia entered the woods and walked on and on. No palace, no fairyland, that she ever had read about was so dazzlingly lovely as these frozen, sun-kissed woods. Winter birds stared at her with their round bright eyes; little elves peeped at her from between tree-branches. Finally she reached a spot where there was quite a clear space of ground. Around it grew pine and oak trees. Many of the red-brown oak-leaves still clung to the twigs and shone regally through a transparent, icy covering. The pine-needles were cased in shining shields. At the foot of the trees grew bushes with long slender branches that bowed gracefully to the ground under their burden of ice. Pure and white was the little patch of ground circled about by trees and shrubs. The tall grasses were covered with feathery particles of frozen snow. The sunlight trickled through the woods and fell in long beams of light over this little spot until it sparkled as if adorned with wondrous precious stones.

Sylvia, with a cry of pleasure, stood gazing at the enchanting scene. "*Is* it fairyland?" she whispered to herself. And then she saw tiny brown elves capering over the snow, swinging on ice-laden grass-blades. But, somehow, she did not feel frightened, nor even surprised, except at one thing. No matter how much the elves frolicked in the snow it was as smooth as if passed over only by the lightest breeze.

Presently one elf swung on a tree-branch near Sylvia and laughingly asked her what she wanted for a Christmas gift. Then the other elves crowded about her—perched on branches, twigs, and grasses—and shouted, between somersaults and jumps:

"Yes, yes! Tell us—what do you want for a Christmas gift?"

But Sylvia was too astonished to reply. And suddenly away skipped all the little brown men among the trees and shrubs where the sunbeams were broken by the ice into many-colored lights, and they seemed to be gathering these sparkling bits. Soon they heaped them on the ground before Sylvia, and—wonder of wonders!—the bright flashes of light were changed into rubies and sapphires and emeralds and topazes. With a cry of delight Sylvia plunged her hand into the shining heap and drew forth a pearl that must have been made from a snowflake unsullied by the earth and untouched by the sun—so perfect it was. Then the elves shouted—their tiny voices blending like a strain of sweet music:

"You may have all these gems. They will make you very rich. But after a while your heart will become as hard as these diamonds and rubies, and no longer will you love the poor, the old and feeble, the helpless. You will not care if God's lowly creatures perish. Will you have the gems, Sylvia?—all this great wealth?"

Sylvia dropped the pearl, and answered: "Oh, no; no!"

Then the gems that lay on the snow turned in a twinkling into flames of blue and red and green, and flew back to nestle among the trees where the sunbeams fell.

"You should not have thrown away the pearl, Sylvia," said a sweet voice. "That was the pearl of great price."

Sylvia, startled, hastily looked for the pearl; but already it had sunk deep in the snow, and from the place there was growing up slowly a slender rose-bush. It put forth glossy green rose-leaves, and then a rosebud that swelled and swelled until the creamy petals showed through the green calyx, and the petals spread and grew until finally the rose, wide open, filled the air all about with its sweet perfume.

"Pluck me, Sylvia," breathed the white rose, "and you will become so fair that people will follow you in crowds just to look upon your wondrous beauty, and you will be famous the wide world over. True, you will soon think only of yourself; you will listen to praises of your own loveliness until you will not care to hear of anything else; and you will forget to say kind words to others. There will be room in your heart only for love of self, so that you will be very wretched if you hear another praised, for you will want *all* the admiration yourself. Will you pluck me, Sylvia?"

"No, no!" cried Sylvia, shrinking from the rose.

Then the rose-bud faded almost away and became a curling white vapor that took on the form of a lovely being clothed in soft white draperies, and with hair like sunbeams and eyes of heaven's blue. And in her hand she held the white rose. Sweetly she smiled on Sylvia, saying:

"I am your soul—your true self—that, had you taken the gifts offered you to-day, you would have sent far away. And the time would have come when, discovering that you had not gained true and lasting happiness (which is found only in the real self that lives on after the body and the riches and fame it holds dear have perished), you would have cried out in longing for me; and for me you would have been obliged to search over a stony path and a weary way. Take the rose, Sylvia; your choice has transformed it into a symbol of purity and holiness."

Softly the vision faded away, and Sylvia rubbed her eyes and looked about her, wondering if she had been dreaming. Even the elves were nowhere to be seen. But at her feet lay the white rose. She lifted it, and, lo! in its golden heart nestled the pearl.

F. P. P.

SANTA CLAUS WAS LISTENING.

On the side of a broken chair
A stocking was hung by a lad;
Then he knelt with this childish prayer,
From his tired little heart so sad:

"Dear Santa, I do not want much,
But each year you forgot me quite;
Just leave me a new pair of shoes,
If you're not too busy to-night."

And Santa Claus, passing that way,
Stopped to listen to what was said;
Then he picked up his bundle so gay—
Crept softly to that little bed.

Stockings and shoes and toys
He piled on that broken old chair;
Then back to his sleigh without noise,
And off through the cold frosty air.

And Santa Claus laughed to himself;
For great is his joy and delight
If in the sad heart of a child
He can leave a happiness bright.

CARRIE BLAKESLEE HUMPHREYS.

MEN have mourned their whole life through
One good deed's delay;
Do at once what you've to do—
Time doth pass away.

—From the German.

USE hospitality one to another without grudging.—*I. Peter, iv.* 11.

A NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS.

I went up into New England, last Christmas, to spend my holiday time with some small friends whose home used to be next door to my own in New York City. This was to be their first country Christmas, and they thought they must have me with them to make it seem more like old times.

After a long ride in the cars and a short one in the sleigh, I reached a hospitable, old-fashioned house where the ruddy light streamed from the half-curtained windows far out over the snow and the evergreen hedge.

As I warmed my hands before the great beechwood fire, the children crowded around me to tell me of their plans and secrets for the next day. And then, a little later, I was carried off to see the row of eight stockings—

"One for my own self," as Elsie explained to me; "and that one Santa Claus fills all by himself, 'cause *it* doesn't matter so much. But the other one is *very* special, 'cause it's for my Christmas sister. So he just fills that half-way and I help him out with the rest."

"We choose them on Thanksgiving Day," Cecil continued, "our Christmas brothers and sisters—and then we begin to plan just what we'll do for them, because it is such a help to Santa Claus to know beforehand just whom we'll help him with each year."

"We'd hardly anybody to choose from this time," Dolly said; " 'cause the country's a great deal emptier than the city and most all the people here have things; but I found out little Polly Ann, down by the bridge, and she had the baddest cough and had been sick so long that her black skin had nearly turned white. I've chosen her for my Christmas sister, and I'm just *sure* Santa Claus and I can make her well."

"Do you know," Donald said, slowly, "it's curious, but when you think a great deal about people around Christmas time—think in your heart, you know—it really does seem to help them more than anything else."

"It must be just because there is so much *loving* everywhere

in the air then," one of the children suggested. "Don has chosen a tramp for *his* brother," she continued.

"A tramp?" I questioned.

"Yes," Don answered; "he tramps everywhere through the country all summer—just begging from house to house. In winter he lives in a dreadful mud hut, back in the woods, and only comes out once in a while to ask for food; and I'm afraid he doesn't like much to work," Don added, ruefully. "But I just wanted him for my brother this year, because I don't believe he's had a *real* Christmas for so long he's most forgotten how it feels. And maybe it will make him think of having a Christmas brother of *his own* next year, for you know it isn't good for him to be always letting people give things to him, and he never give anything to others—is it?"

"No; I don't believe it is," I answered, laughing. "But you little people must have your hands full preparing for all these new relations."

"But that isn't *half!*" Elsie exclaimed. "Guess what we've been doing all this afternoon. Dolly loves birds, you know, and she wanted them to have a good time, too, to-morrow. So Papa said she might make *them* a Christmas tree. You must see it the first thing in the morning."

And so I did, and a beautiful sight it was. The children had selected a small pointed cedar near the house and hung all over it "stockings" of wide-meshed net full of grain, cracked nuts, and cornucopias of crumbs, and festoons of popped corn, and rosy-cheeked apples suspended by red cords. The little birds soon discovered it, and what a chattering there was! It seemed as if all the small feathered friends in the neighborhood must be gathered round that tree. They would swing on the strings of popcorn and sit on the apples and peck away at the bright red skin, while the cedar branches bobbed up and down with their weight. Some tipped over the cornucopias and then ever so many would fly down on the snow and pick up the crumbs. They almost seemed to understand why the little cedar-tree bore such curious fruit that special day, for every now and then a number of them would fly over toward the porch—where we were standing—and hop about, leaving their little funny three-

ply foot-prints everywhere over the snow, and twitter and chirp —"for all the world," said Dolly, "as if they were trying to thank us."

Well, the happy Christmas day came to an end; and I thought I would tell some one else about my visit, and perhaps some of you will want, some time, to choose a Christmas brother or sister. We can all do that, you know, even if we can't make a Christmas-tree for the country full of birds.

ESTHER HARLAN.

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and rare,
And its soul full of music bursts out on the air
When the song of the Christ-child is sung.
It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night;
On the snowflakes that cover the sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.
On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome to all.
The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod.
This, *this* is the glory to mortals revealed—
That *mankind* are the children of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE same great Hand that guides the stars
Pours down the fruitful shower;
Then let the raindrops speak His love,
The stars proclaim His power.

—*From the German.*

THE LESSON KITTY TAUGHT.

It was Luella who spied the little black kitty on the branch of an elm-tree, away above our heads.

How such a little kitten, not more than six weeks old, ever climbed so high nobody knows. As we stood watching the little thing it began to come down. Now, climbing *down* the trunk of a tree is quite different from climbing *up,* as our little friend found. It fastened its sharp claws into the bark of the tree and succeeded in holding on for a few seconds, when it suddenly lost its balance and, after making several attempts to regain its foothold, came tumbling down and landed on the soft grass, more scared than hurt.

Now, one would think that this little kitten would feel very grateful that it escaped a broken back or leg; but, to our great surprise, turning about and arching its back and making its long tail look as large as possible, it began to *spit* at the tree!

The great tree stood just as firmly as ever and rustled its leaves ever so softly, and it continued to cast a grateful shade over our heads—for the day was very warm.

It was such a funny thing for the kitten to do that we all laughed, and Luella said:

"What a foolish kitten! Kitty thinks it was the *tree* that made it fall!"

Now, Luella was not quite six years old, but she was not too young to understand that the tree had nothing to do with the kitty's tumble.

Did you ever see little children in their play fall over a chair or stove and in anger kick the thing that caused the fall?

When we try to excuse ourselves from our own mistakes, we must all think how foolish the black kitten looked when it arched its back and spat at the tree.

MARY P. SPINNEY.

NOBODY changes from bad to better in a minute. It takes time for that—time and effort and a long struggle with evil habits and tempers.—*Susan Coolidge.*

STORY OF A HORSE.

"Aunt Mary, you said if I'd have my reading-lesson real good this morning you'd tell me a truly-true story this afternoon. Now, Auntie, it's afternoon, and I want my story *so* much."

"Well, dear," said the kind aunt, "you shall have it. You know I've often told you a promise should always be kept. So here's the 'truly-true' story:

"When I was a little girl——"

"How little?" interrupted Jenny.

"Oh, bigger than you—almost ten years old and quite big; as big as Susie Morton who lives next door—a little taller perhaps, but not very much. Well, when I was ten years old I had the measles, and our good old family doctor used to come to see me every day. (We didn't know of any other way of healing, in those days, except by taking medicine.) I used to watch and long for Dr. Somers's coming, for he was such a kind, pleasant old man, and would tell me stories. I loved stories, then, as much as you do now.

"One day he didn't come, and I fretted a good deal about it till Mama said that fretting wouldn't help things and would only make me feel worse. Then I stopped fretting. The next day he came and I heard him tell Mama why he failed to visit me the day before. I heard it all, and I never forgot it.

"It seems the doctor was sent for to go and see a person who lived in a little country town four miles away. Now, to get to that town he was obliged to cross a river on a very old bridge that some persons thought unsafe to ride across. But the doctor, mounted on his steady old horse Dick, crossed in safety. There had been some talk of building a new bridge, and, though the doctor knew nothing of the matter, it had been decided to tear down the old one on that very day. Only think of it, Jenny! There was the good old doctor four miles away; nobody could tell when he would start for home, and there was no way of warning him about the bridge, and there was no other way of crossing the river."

"My! wasn't it awful?" said Jenny. "Couldn't he swim, Auntie?"

"I don't know about that, dear. At any rate the bridge was torn down, and a plank about two feet wide was laid from pier to pier for the workmen to walk on. You know how long a foot is, Jenny—twelve inches. Well, about four o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain, and oh, how it *did* pour! It would be a dark, dark night with a steady pouring rain. The doctor's friends said that of course he would stay in W—— (the little town) all night; that he would never think of trying to reach home in such a storm. Besides, he might have heard that the bridge was gone. Of *course* he would stay.

"But they were mistaken; for, bad as the night was, the doctor started for home, closely wrapped in the oilskin overcoat he always carried strapped on his saddle. In those days, Jenny, doctors made their country calls on horseback.

"Our doctor reached his home about midnight, put his horse in the stable, and went to bed. The next day a friend met him on the street with: 'Hullo, Doctor, so you didn't go to W—— after all.'

" 'Certainly I did, but it was midnight before I reached home.'

" 'What!' exclaimed his friend, 'you came from W—— *last night?* Why! how on earth did you get across the river?'

" 'On the bridge,' said the doctor. 'You didn't think I *swam* across, did you?'

" 'On *what* bridge?' said his friend. 'There is no bridge—only narrow planks laid upon the piers—a plank from pier to pier.'

" 'I tell you,' replied the doctor, a little angry that his friend should doubt his word, 'I crossed the bridge. It seemed a little shaky at times, I must confess; but I got over safe enough, after all.'

"His friend, looking very thoughtful, said: 'Come with me, Doctor, and let's see if you shook your bridge down.'

"And the two went down to the river, which was being crossed by the workmen on single planks laid across the old bridge foundations. Said his friend: 'There's your bridge, Doctor.'

"The doctor looked at the frail bridge, knew that he crossed it on Dick's back in the night, and, seeing and feeling the danger he had escaped through the intelligence of his horse, fell fainting on the ground. Old Dick had carefully carried his master over

the narrow planks, on that dark, stormy night, with no guidance from his rider, as he always left the reins lying loosely on Dick's neck, knowing that the horse never stumbled and could find his way to the houses of the doctor's patients.

"You may be very sure the doctor never parted with Dick, who lived to a good old age, carefully tended by the man whose life he had saved.

"Doesn't this story show that horses sometimes display wisdom and intelligence almost beyond belief? Should not we always treat most kindly and honor heartily that noble animal, the horse?"

MARY M. CLARK.

SEE the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free!
Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread;
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

WHAT CAN I DO?

"O Granny, dear Granny, what can I do?
I've played all my plays two times through!"

"Go out in the garden, my dear precious one,
And hunt for a dewdrop left by the sun."

"O Granny, before I could find my blue cup,
The thirsty big sun had drunk the dew up!"

"Go look at the butterflies soaring so high,
Like flocks of frail blossoms sweet seeking the sky."

"O Granny, the *bupperflies* flew down the street,
Their wings go too fast for my little feet!"

"Go take pretty Dolly out for a walk,
And call on Poll Parrot and teach her to talk."

"O Granny, my dolly fell down on the ground,
And Polly was sleepy and wouldn't turn round!"

"Go pick the mushrooms—the whole fairy ring,
And I'll cook you a luncheon fit for a king."

"O Granny, they're looking so cunning and sweet—
Little gray tents—I don't want 'em to eat!"

"Go feed the kittens and hunt a new flower—
Find something to care for and love ev'ry hour."

"Oh, the kittens are cuddled; the flowers aren't new—
So cuddle *me*, Granny, and let me love *you!*"

ASENATH CARVER COOLIDGE.

LABOR! All labor is noble and holy.—*Mrs. F. S. Osgood.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE WISDOM OF PASSION. By Salvarona. 248 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Mystic River Book Company, publishers, Boston, Mass.

Those familiar with the teachings of Hume and Spinoza concerning the passional element of human nature will be especially delighted with this unique volume. It designates man scientifically as a *creative* spiritual being, the author's fundamental thesis being that the soul itself is the maker of its environment and destiny. The conception here elaborated that our ideas, however remotely, are not the outcome of our senses, but have their origin in the passions of the race—a distinctively psychical realm that has no corporeal relations or limitations—is most luminous and suggestive to the student of practical psychology. For personal immortality the argument is conclusive, though the office and operation of *law* throughout the whole domain of life and thought are strenuously insisted on and lucidly explained. In this work the passions are not regarded as something to be "repressed" or extirpated, but rather as the mainspring of all vital activity. True growth has its genesis in this sphere—through the involution, dissolution, and evolution of ideas: the threefold law of passion. The marvelous power of the will and of self-control when evolved and expressed in accordance with true spiritual science is revealed in a new light by "Salvarona," whose book is a metaphysical treatise we heartily commend to every reader of MIND.

THE SUNSHINE BOOKS. Six volumes (in a box). By Barnetta Brown. Cloth, 25 cents each; $1.50 for the set. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

This is probably the daintiest literary gem that has come to our book table this season. It is admirably designed and produced as a holiday gift, but is of peculiar interest to devotees of the New Thought. The booklets measure 3½x5½ inches and bear the following titles: "Experience," "Soul Growth," "The Heart's Desire," "Men, Women, and Loving," "Worry and Cheer," and "A Dip in the Pool." They are tastefully printed

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THE VALUE OF ESOTERIC THOUGHT. The Philosophy of Absent Healing. By C. W. Close, Ph.D. 16 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Bangor, Me.

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MIND, SOUL, AND SPIRIT. By J. Ball, M.D. 8 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS. By Clarence Lathbury. 201 pp. Cloth, 40 cents. The Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa.

NO "BEGINNING." The Fundamental Fallacy. By William H. Maple. 2d edition. 183 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. W. H. Maple & Co., publishers, Chicago.

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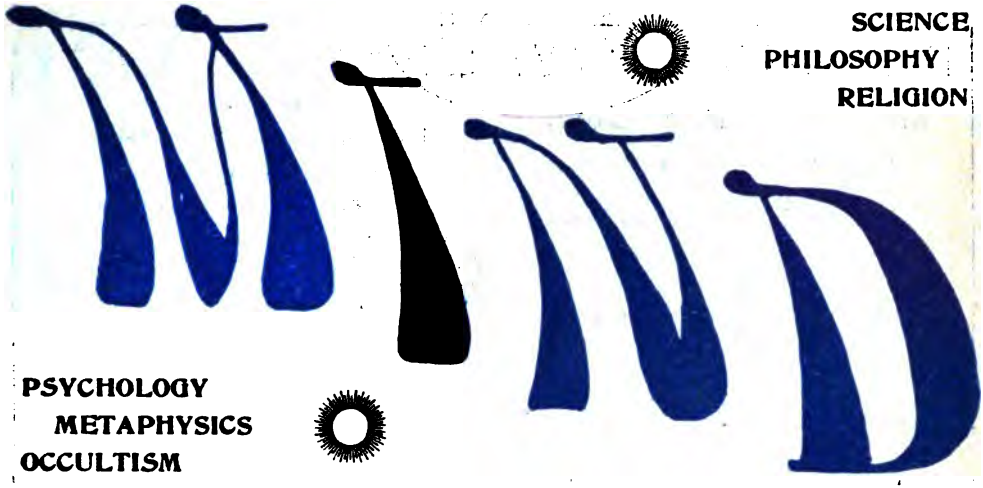

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NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

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URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

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MIND.

VOL. IX. JANUARY, 1902. No. 4.

THE RELATION OF CHRISTMAS TO HEALING.

BY URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

No part of Jesus' life, as narrated in the Gospels, appeals to the reader more readily and forcibly than the account of his healing of "all manner of disease." None of the conditions of temporal existence are more universal; there is nothing more instructive than the desire to avoid it. Fear of illness and pain is a common heritage; readiness to use even the most desperate measures to escape them is found with all classes.

Civilization seems to have accomplished little toward the extermination of disease but much for its dissemination, while offering the best known means for its alleviation. Increased sensitiveness to suffering, multiplication of its forms, more subtle complications—these seem to march hand-in-hand with successive and improved methods of dealing with pathological conditions.

In the Gospel account, disease, its cause, and the method of dealing with it seem to be removed from the realm of physics to the plane of metaphysics. A question in former generations but seldom asked, but everywhere pressing for answer to-day, cannot fail to assail the reader who thinks as he reads. Was this healing of all manner of disease a miraculous work in the day of the Nazarene, possible to him alone because of his divine parentage, or was it a natural work according to a natural law that was thus demonstrated for the benefit of all the generations to come?

Denominational religion has declared for the miraculous, discouraging thereby any and all attempts even to seek, much less to find, a natural basis for such work and result, branding the attempt as irreligious and blasphemous. The healing of disease is declared to have been the work of Jesus of Nazareth because he was the *only* begotten son of God—the only one past, present, or to come. The miracles of healing were the signs of his sonship, witnesses of his mission as the Savior of the world, and were confined to the temporal day of this mission and the establishment of the Christian Church. This Church established, they ceased, the purpose for which they were performed having been fulfilled.

Because human authority as finality must ever be, and is being, disproved by the circumstances of existence itself, this decision fails to content those who seek to know rather than believe: those who think that nothing that concerns human nature and human destiny is too sacred to be searched to the uttermost. Many such searchers, as scientific investigators, have delved deep and long in the world of physics to learn how to accomplish the healing of all manner of diseases, with results that prove the limited scope of such efforts. They have found curable and incurable diseases; the self-limited and those that end, inevitably, in death. The ability to deal successfully from the physical side with "all manner of disease" is thus a self-confessed failure.

With the unprovable claim of denominational religion on the one hand, and the avowed failure of science on the other, one may not be severely criticized if one turns to the account of these "wonderful works" in an effort to find there, if possible, information one has not succeeded in gaining elsewhere. Surely it is not too much to suppose that those who wrote the accounts *may* have written also something more than a narrative of events. Studying the narrative with this possibility in mind, one might possibly discern what readers of events, only, would overlook.

Prepared thus for careful inspection, one is struck by the sweeping statement, "all manner of disease." No exception; no "curable" and "incurable." All diseases, all disabilities, were removed by this man, who spake as never man spake before him. But here we call a halt; the force of traditionary opinion is strong. A *man?* Was Jesus only a man among men? For so long we have been told he was God in the flesh. Is our thought of him as a man blasphemous? Indeed, we would be in no wise irreverent; we seek but to know—seek reverently and honestly.

We go on. He calls himself the Son of man. We have heard much more of the Son of God than of the Son of man. Does the clue we seek lie here? A man among men, like them to all appearance, who "went about doing good." The "good" done appeared as "mighty works"—giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, making the lame to walk, healing all diseases. We read also of battles fought and victories won *for himself*. Did he work as a man or as God?

Another thought strikes us—did he work *both* as a man and as God? Was there with him a unity of the natural and the infinite that made results hitherto deemed supernatural eminently natural; that made the theoretically impossible practically possible? Was he, perhaps, the only one of his day in whom this unity was a consciousness? Was this consciousness begotten in him? Was its begetting his growth from inefficient infancy to an irresistible manhood? Is this consciousness, which can work seeming miracles, to be had only as it is begotten in human existence?

We read carefully. We find the account of his birth, a brief mention of him at twelve years of age, and no more till his appearance to John and his disciples at the age of thirty. As the boy of twelve he is recorded as saying to his mother: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "Do you not know that I have a work to do; a work that is mine because of my relation to a Father greater than this

who, with you, has been seeking me?" The boy discerned; the man performed.

Did what the boy discerned become a consciousness that made the man? Did a discerned, natural unity with God grow to be a feeling that was mighty, in all conditions of life, to overcome and put out their evil and bring in the good that makes God manifest as the supreme Power? Did his relation to the invisible become as real—more real—to him than his relation to the phenomenal? Did this consciousness increase and multiply within him from boyhood to manhood, breaking forth at last in a splendor that blinded the beholders? Did the blindness prevail—was this darkness over all the land—because this consciousness was begotten, at that time, in him only? Is it true that a kind can be recognized only by its kind? Has this darkness continued as ecclesiastical authority and intellectual pride? Above all, is this consciousness possible to other sons of man? May it be begotten in others who discern a higher than their fleshly father and this Father's "business"?

Dimly seen possibilities crowd upon us thick and fast—possibilities so mighty they compel us to pause and hesitate to go on. The world is turned upside down if this be true. Are we indulging in the wildest of vagaries, or have we found in the Book "the way, the truth, and the life?" We are awed by the immensity of it, stilled by the grandeur that breaks upon our inner vision. Oh, the majesty of man if this be, indeed, his possibility; if he, to carry out his Father's "business," is to subjugate all things, even "all manner of disease," unto himself; subjugate by exercise of his royal prerogative, Sonship with God!

At once, if this be true, history becomes present possibility; the present tense supplants the past tense; "then" is "now"; Bethlehem is a modern city; the Holy Land is the land where we now dwell, by whatever name it may be called.

It is night, the night of modern civilization and ecclesiastical dominion. The light of far-off stars but dimly reveals

those who are seeking, even as we ourselves, salvation from ignorance and affliction. "Abiding in the field," we keep, together, the lonely vigil while the world sleeps the sleep of contentment with traditions and authority.

For years in the sanctuary of our inmost heart we have shielded the aspirations God-ward, the brief visions of a heaven-bestowed birthright, the fragmentary revelations of a truth too simple (therefore too mighty) to be grasped in its fulness. We have gathered them within us as sheep in the fold, guarding them with a loving care prompted by an instinctive devotion to the Infinite, watching over them in the brooding silence so pregnant with promise for shepherds who *abide* with their flocks.

For many years we have dwelt thus in the solitude, yearning, waiting, hoping, till suddenly "the glory of the Lord" shines around us—light breaks through the darkness. A "good tidings of great joy" has come.

I, even I, lowly shepherd though I be, and son of man, am the son of God. I, too, am of divine as well as human parentage. The Infinite is *my* Father, and my Father's business is the Infinite Purpose to be carried out by me. As son of man I am to work the works of him that sent me. As son of God I am to prove my divine parentage by conquering all "evil."

This "glory of the Lord," the power to accomplish as native to the higher nature of man, sheds light upon all that has been hidden so long; "good tidings" indeed, and "of great joy" because it is tidings for "all people." If this is true for one it is true for all. If the power to put all enemies under one's feet has belonged ever to one, it belongs to all. Present tense for us now, for the shepherds who abide "in the field"; future tense only for those who are asleep to the glory. It "shall be to all people."

And yet a mighty awe swells within us. The thought that we are to live in the world henceforth no more as sons of man only, but as sons of God also, claiming our divine heritage

while experiencing our fleshly inheritance, strikes fear to the heart for the moment. Shall we claim too much? Are we irreligious, blasphemous? Has reason forsaken us, and are we deceiving ourselves? But again the glad tidings speaks from the silence—"Fear not:" "for unto you is born this day" "a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

A *birth?* A Savior *born* unto us? A Savior that is Christ? We remember that we have been told often of the second coming of Christ, and that he should "come with power." Ah! now we have found how Christ comes again and why he comes in power. He comes as our Savior from all evil, all enemies of the Great Purpose, by being born in ourselves. He is born in us through our conception of our Sonship with God. He comes to us in the power that belongs to that relation; *our* power now comes in "this day" when we conceive him—but as a feeble infant to be nurtured till his manhood is established.

The human conception of the Divine conception, the son of man conceiving the Son of God, is the new birth whose rich promise shall be fulfilled in human experience; for "he shall save his people from their sins." Relation to God gives power over relation to environment and its consequences.

Revelation upon revelation of possibilities hitherto undiscerned pours upon us, but we can speak of them only to other waking shepherds, not to the sleepers. "Let us now go . . . and see this thing which is come to pass."

The son of man, matured in perception through years of watchfulness for his sheep, may look upon that which bows the heavens and makes the earth to tremble, which thrills creation from center to circumference—the presence of Divinity in humanity. No longer absent and remote from the human soul that must strain weary eyes and drag weary feet across the separating distance, but within one's own self, through immaculate, or true, conception of one's natural relation to God!

No longer exterior and theoretical, but here, now, within, and altogether practical as a Savior in human life!

The Great Event predestined from the beginning by the relation of man to God, of effect to cause, has come to pass. The mighty miracle so eminently natural has taken place, and the young child is found—"wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger," it is true, but found at last. Generations of ignorant human thought have made confining bands for this new-born Son of God; eyes strained in the years-long search of the far-off fall not readily to the manger where he lies; long-begotten fear of God makes the feet to falter as we approach to look upon his face. But the infant is promise of the man, the birth is promise of maturity, and this child cannot fail to burst through all that binds his feeble infancy. He is of God and of man, uniting them in oneness, and the bonds are not made that can hold him forever. From the swaddling clothes at birth, to each and every obstacle that can be placed in the way of his growth to maturity and power, he will break forth triumphant, helped, not hindered, by them all.

As we gaze in reverent awe upon this wondrous babe, our vision pierces the future and we view the procession of events that shall testify to his nature and mission. He has outgrown the swaddling clothes—grown old enough, though still a child, to contradict the claims of sense and dispute self-made and self-imposed laws that have multiplied human blindness and misery. He speaks with a wisdom we have not found with established authorities.

The learned doctors of the law, crowned with the silvery locks that testify to long years of patient plodding for knowledge, clothed with the rich robes that bear witness to the aristocracy of intellectual and priestly power, while amazed at a wisdom whose origin and possession they cannot understand, are the self-elected saviors of mankind. He belongs not among them, though one day when his words have become works he will face them again.

He has grown to a young and vigorous manhood. Consciousness of oneness with God is established, not to be overthrown by any aspect or experience of purely human consciousness that may threaten it. What was first discerned and conceived, producing the birth, has become a manhood that will prove its power. Human consciousness is wedded to the senses and the plane of phenomena. The son of man has to do with them.

The Son of God in the son of man is wedded to God and the things of God. The Divine in the human redeems the human from bondage to the limited and transient, and saves it from death unto life.

We see among men the redeemer and savior of men, the open door through which pours into the world of sin and sorrow the salvation from suffering possible to all men, the glad tidings that can reach them when there is one to speak and prove.

Drawn by the attraction the superior has for the inferior, deaf, dumb, and blind, "all manner of disease," all the "evil" begotten of ignorance of origin and destiny, crowd around this Son of God. They are outside of and foreign to him. Never have they had place within him. They are not of his Father; therefore, they have no abiding reality and perpetuity. As he has power to do, he casts them out of human life into the darkness in which they originated. They cannot stand in the light of the splendor of the Son of God, who is above and over all that is temporal.

The Son of God within the son of man is purifying him that he may be a worthy dwelling-place for the Divine incarnation; a work than which there is none mightier nor one less possible to believe by others than shepherds who abide in the field and are led to look upon the new-born child. All, not some of them, but all diseases—physical, moral, mental—are conquered by this presence and its word of authority. The complete scale of human suffering is covered by this Savior,

who can be a Savior only as he is born unto us by being born within us.

And yet the proof of power, so incontestable to the redeemed, is but falsity, wickedness, and blasphemy to long-established custom and authority. What is the reception of this son of man, within whom lives and works the Son of God, at the hands of those who cannot, or will not, see?

Clearer grows our vision as the future is illumined by the experiences of the past. We hear the shouts of those who prefer the robber to the Savior, ignorant that they are robbing themselves by rejecting him. We hear the demands of ecclesiasticism that the pestilent heterodoxy be put out of the way, the claimant to dominion over all evil be silenced forever. That this dominion is the birthright of man is forgotten; that this birthright is made practical fact by the presence of the Son of God is unknown. That all men, even the lowliest, may be possessed of this dominion when the Savior is within them is impossible; that the temple of the diseased body shall be destroyed as the insufficient, and the temple of the spiritual body be raised as the acceptable, habitation of the Son of God—this is the wildest vagary.

While he blesses and uplifts to the opened heavens of spiritual wholeness the few who know him, Church and State, mob and rulers, clamor ignorantly for the death of the deathless and urge him toward the dark cross that divides the mists in the distance—the shadow that fell upon the face of the babe as he lay bound with swaddling clothes.

Rejected and flouted by his brethren because he knows what they do not yet know, and can do what they may not yet do; scourged by their condemnation and insulted by their jibes provoked by the display of a power they cannot appreciate or understand; still steadfast to the light that lies beyond their darkness—he utters the words of all words that prove him more God than man: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Love Divine, that can make a man a god and glorify his cross of crucifixion, transforming it into a royal throne whence he shall rule a world!

We hear the sound of the hammers, the shouts of the mob, stilled in expectancy when the nails are driven home. Nailed to a cross! Nailed by the blind instruments of the world's vengeance, ever wreaked upon those who uncover its nakedness and lay bare its sins; who offend by accomplishing what it has tried in vain to accomplish! Ever are the saviors crucified, the Savior of saviors most of all.

But the cross is the link between the greater and the lesser kingdoms. Lifted thereon by the unseen hand of the Omnipotent and Almighty, though led first through Gethsemane to Calvary, the work he was given to do is finished. Demonstration to mankind is complete; the promise of the heavenly babe is fulfilled; the son of man disappears that the Son of God may reign forever, for he has been proved Lord over all.

No laborious travels are needed for the devout mind; for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment's thought, and feel at once the loneliness of Nature and the magnificence of God.—*Martineau.*

THE grand sum total of the world's business is brought to pass, not by the irregular impulses of a few energetic spirits, but by the joint harmonious action of myriads of humble, faithful workers.—*John James Taylor.*

GOD will not disdain to use our prayers, our self-denial, and the little atoms of justice that personally belong to us, to establish his mighty work—the development of mankind.—*Theodore Parker.*

"FOR in whatever instance a person seeketh himself, there he falleth from love."

URSULA N. GESTEFELD: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Like so many others among the prominent exponents of the New Thought, Ursula N. Gestefeld is a living exemplar of the truth she teaches. She was a feeble, sickly child born of an invalid mother, and severe and frequent illness during her childhood seemed to justify the prophecy that "she would never live to grow up." However, after a continual struggle against ill health, the subject of this sketch reached womanhood, married, and became the mother of four children.

Mrs. Gestefeld has always been of a thoughtful and reflective turn of mind, and was by nature and training a radical, so that she found it impossible to accept the ordinary religious thought of the day. It was not until she reached middle age that she was brought into contact with the school of thought known as Christian Science; but almost immediately, on reading Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," which had been loaned to her by a friend, she responded to the fundamental truth which has made the book a living message to many hungry souls. Despite the contradictions and inconsistencies that she noted throughout the book, Mrs. Gestefeld saw in its teachings a truth that, if applied to the problems of individual and social life, would make all things new.

With the resolve to test the efficacy of the good news, and realizing that the proof rested with herself,—and though being at that time in a condition that would have led most persons to seek health in the quickest way possible,—Mrs. Gestefeld resolutely refrained from taking treatment from any one, but proceeded personally to apply the principles of which she had read. In three months she was the possessor of such good health as she had never known.

In 1884 Mrs. Gestefeld entered one of Mrs. Eddy's classes and received her personal instruction, and she has always, both in print and on the rostrum, gratefully acknowledged the help she derived from Mrs. Eddy. Yet, just because Mrs. Gestefeld was quick to see the truth in Christian Science, she was also keenly sensible of its shortcomings. To quote her own words, in the preface to "The Builder and the Plan":

"While a member of the class instructed by Mrs. Eddy, notwithstanding the benefit received and the gratitude felt, I saw the lack in her teaching. Though 'a light shining in the darkness,' it removed but a measure of the darkness. Earnest and honest questioning, legitimate to the declarations made, failed to elicit answers that reconciled contradictions. This failure to present a science, while using that term for the teaching, compelled further seeking on the part of one who would know rather than believe. . . . This explanation has led to the formulated system of thought named 'The Science of Being', which is a legitimate and necessary successor to Christian Science."

There are those who fail to find in Mrs. Gestefeld's writings the light which they seek, but this should only tend to show that no one person can be the vehicle of truth to all; yet the fact that Mrs. Gestefeld did not enter the field as a teacher until she had learned by experience the truth of the principles she sets forth should have much weight with those who are in earnest. As she herself puts it, "let those who cavil or protest *do* what is pointed out as to be done, and then say whether or not the declared results are possible."

If those who coldly criticize the great movement of these latter days toward fulness of life would but "prove all things" in the same humble and earnest spirit that the leaders of the New Thought have tried to do, they too would "know of the doctrine" whether these teachers speak of the God within or from their own earthly will.

It was precisely because Mrs. Gestefeld had realized the power of God in her own case that she began the work that has been hers for the last seventeen years.

The Exodus Society, having its headquarters at Chicago, and which is largely representative of her thought, is an incor-

porated organization that combines the offices of a school and a church. There is a membership of about three hundred and a congregation of from five to eight hundred persons. At the beginning of each season they furnish a program of consecutive courses of instruction in the Science of Being, and membership in the society entitles one to all contained in the program. Pupils desiring to become teachers are trained to that end, and when they have made sufficient progress to warrant it they are sent out as pupil-teachers to conduct classes elsewhere, both in and out of the city.

Besides being a lecturer and teacher, Mrs. Gestefeld has written a number of books, among which "The Breath of Life," a series of self-treatments, is a practical guide to those who can apply its teachings. Another volume, entitled "Reincarnation or Immortality?" has awakened much interest among many thoughtful readers. The *Outlook* says of it: "This book is not written from an orthodox Christian standpoint—yet the fundamental Christian ideas are here: the immanence of the transcendent Spirit, the continual incarnation of the divine in the human, the salvation of the soul through an earnest laying hold of that which is eternal, and *to-day* as the time to seek salvation." "The Metaphysics of Balzac" is another of Mrs. Gestefeld's books, but probably "The Builder and the Plan" and "How We Master Our Fate" are the two best known of her works. The former is a text-book of the Science of Being, while the latter, the subject matter of which was originally published in *The Exodus,* is an attempt "to direct attention to the ever-present possibilities of the human soul and how they can be developed."

There is much food for thought in this volume. Take, for instance, the following: "We may take comfort, however, in the fact—if to us it is a fact—that man is, as the expression of God, all he possibly can be; and we have to put forth no effort on his behalf." In using the word *expression,* Mrs. Gestefeld does not employ it, as do many metaphysical writers, to sig-

nify the outward embodiment of the ideal, but quite the reverse; for to her *expression* is practically *generation,* and to describe the bodying forth on the human plane she uses the word *manifestation*—the recognition or consciousness of that which is represented.

Her reiterated thought is that, as spirit, man is complete, perfect, the very image of the Father; but that as a manifestation in the flesh he rises slowly from glory to glory—the representation of the divine idea being a cumulative one, as his knowledge of his true nature increases. As she says, most truly:

"God's work is all right: we do not need to alter it; but we do need to gain the true idea and understanding of it. . . . The new world was, before Columbus discovered it. He only found that which waited for recognition."

"You are, always were, and always will be complete and perfect in being. You are not yet complete and perfect in soul or self-consciousness, but you will be eventually. In being you subsist. In soul you exist, and existence is not yet rounded out, full and complete. . . . Soul develops only through desire, and develops always according to desire. Hence, a higher quality of soul—more consciousness of what we are in being—is gained only as it is desired. If we are content with things as they seem, we cannot know them as they are in themselves while this contentment lasts. A 'divine discontent' is imperative if we shall grow in soul—if we shall actualize the divine Ideal."

Mrs. Gestefeld has always been a diligent worker, her field of activity being mainly in New York and Chicago, where she has conducted classes and given mental treatment, though she has lectured quite generally throughout the country; and both as lecturer and practitioner she has had marked success.

That men and women in increasing numbers are giving their lives freely for the fullest development of all life is a sign of the times that cannot fail to cheer and inspire those who love the cause of progress.

I DO not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so one's self.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

LOVE'S ENDLESS NECESSITY.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"Love gives friendship and forgives enmity; is the joy of the good, the wonder of the wise, and the amazement of the gods; is desired by those who have no part in her and precious to those who have part in her; parent of delicacy, luxury, desire, fondness, softness, grace; regardful of the good, regardless of the evil. In every word, work, wish, fear—pilot, comrade, helper, savior; glory of gods and men, leader best and brightest: in whose footsteps let every man follow, sweetly singing in his honor that sweet strain with which love charms the souls of gods and men."—AGATHAN, *in the "Symposium" of Plato.*

"As above, so below"—as in heaven so on earth—runs the central thought in the Hermetic philosophy. This ancient maxim constitutes at once both the problem and the key of its mystic lore. And it is this self-same thought, reappearing in the Swedenborgian "doctrine of correspondences," that gives to the cosmology of the Swedish mystic the dignity and importance of a scientific and philosophic system, in which universal Nature is conceived of as a gigantic equation, whose solution lies in the understanding of the action and interaction between cosmic constituents.

As above, so below; as in the spiritual, so in the material world. As we have a physical sun, distributing light and warmth to the things of physical Nature, so we have a spiritual sun illuminating and fecundating the inner world—the world of the heart. The spiritual sun is the sun of love, and its warming and enlightening rays manifest in our consciousness as sympathy and truth. For what is sympathy but the warmth of love; and what is truth but the ray of spiritual life emanating from love and illuminating life's mysteries—warning and guiding?

But not only does the sun of Love shine in human nature:

its creative and directing rays bathe in warmth and light every form of life. Its influence is felt in the tiniest atom. Its grand mission is to lead. Wherever there is love there is leadership. In the cosmogony of old Greece, *Gaia* (Earth) emerges from Chaos, preceded by *Eros* (Love), who with her flaming world-torch leads and fashions the forthcoming evolution. Thus Love is comprehended as the precursor of all life and manifestation. Love leads the atomic world-dance in orderly courses, extending her leadership even to the elemental plane of the world, as can be witnessed in the beautiful display of color in diamonds and precious stones, where the atoms, trying to follow the promptings of Love, begin to grow like her, and become love-like, *i.e.*, lovely.

The more finely wrought substance of the plants and flowers renders Love's leadership in that kingdom still more effective; hence the irresistible beauty and sweetness exhibited in that domain of Nature. The exquisite loveliness of the flower reveals even to the crude and uncultured mind the presence of a directing Divinity whose essence is Love.

Yet Love has greater objects in view than organic beauty: she aims at *character* and *self-knowledge*. In the animal she boldly attempts to awaken the first flutter of self-conscious feeling by evoking in its consciousness the power of self-love. With its whole available scope of energy the animal loves itself, and in this lie the basis and guaranty of the higher expressions of love. The struggle for existence in all its expressions is a love of self—the reaction of universal Love on animated, conscious existence, through which the whole world-wide battle-line of life, under the guidance of Love, sweeps resistlessly onward along its evolutionary course. Love suffers no defeat; to be led by Love is to conquer.

Lifting the animal into the kingdom of man, Love continues to widen the individual consciousness for higher attainment. The family constitutes the grand and sacred agency through which *individual* affections become *universalized*. In

his thought and concern for wife and children, the egoistic, self-sufficient individual is made momentarily to forget himself. If the individual has truly learned to love his family he will soon discover that the love he feels in his heart is the reflection of a larger Love—the radiation of an infinite, a world-embracing Love. As the astronomer, exploring his vast field of research, seeks his star by fixing his eye on its reflected image in the bottom of his refractor, so he that is bent on the discovery of Love must look for its reflection in his own heart. And having found the *reflection,* he will soon discover that which is *reflected*—the universal, impersonal Love; and further, that the same world-light which illumines and warms his own bosom in no way differs from that reflected in every other receptive heart. From this discovery will rise in his consciousness the conviction that in a deeper sense we are all brothers, being in our real essence identical, and separable only in our relation to the world of form and fluctuation. Consequently, every heart in which the radiance of love is reflected is interiorly connected with every other heart in which a similar reflection is obtained. These subtle connections constitute the conduits of Love—the telegraphic wires of sympathy—that serve as media for souls in their interchange of love, faith, and loyalty to brother souls.

Such a soul-communion, however, is possible only between *loving* hearts. The cold, selfish, loveless heart has no connection with this system; it has no transmitting conduits of sympathy relating it to other hearts. Hence the isolation and callousness felt by the selfish man. All his feeling and interests are centered in himself. He is a pool of water, cut off from inlets and outlets—a stagnant pool whose emanations are moral miasmas, destructive to every life subjected to its contagion.

Having no inner points of contact with humanity, the conception of life held by the selfish is limited to a knowledge of sensuous objects; hence, to him the world is a mere gath-

ering of disconnected fragments, springing from a void and returning into a void, propelled by circumstance and gauged by the struggle for individual existence. He is human only as to form; as an evolving entity he is still on the animal plane of self-love. Failing to appreciate any force in the life of humanity not resulting from purely material conditions, he grants no transfer of accounts, but demands immediate settlement of human differences and shortcomings—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Furthermore, where there is no undercurrent of love, with its qualifying influence on human mistakes and misunderstandings,—no sympathy, patience, charity, and compassion to "season human justice" by introducing nobler methods of retribution,—the work of human life will be measured in mathematical equivalents, where the losses of one individual will be looked upon as resulting from others' gains. Blind to everything but their own interests, the selfish resemble the doomed in Dante's Inferno, standing with their backs to the light, and lost in the contemplation of their own shadows.

In the manifestation of the Universe, the organism constitutes the *vehicle,* Life the *driving power,* and Love the *leader.* Love leads. Already in the molecule this leadership is manifest: from the smaller to the greater; from love of *self* to love of *all.* Directing her genius to the specialized issues of the higher evolution, Love blazes out the path to Art and Wisdom. To become an artist means to love art—to love the beautiful for its own sake; to become a philosopher or scientist means to love philosophy and science; to become a prophet, saint, or seer means to love humanity for its own sake. To be loveless is to be mediocre. The greater the love, the greater the man. Constantly advancing, Love leads the evolutionary sweep of entities to the degree in which the latter can discover and understand her meaning.

"Love never errs," says Tolstoi. Her leadership is trustworthy, and to follow her is the only legitimate manifestation

of Life. Touched by the spirit of Love, all human endeavors become actuated by the same motive. Like fire, Love converts all into her own element. Her action is instantaneous and resistless. It is of Love that Lafontaine speaks in his fable of the bee, to which "the divers flowers of the field must yield their sweetness." Touch the vicious by Love, and their vices shall be transformed into virtues; for Love is ultimate and eternal, while hate, selfishness, and their numerous congeners are mere derivatives—mongrel forms of life, temporal and perishable.

Man is great because of the power behind him. Good and evil—the great and the base—have meaning and efficacy only to the extent that they become manifest in the life of man. His mind is the theater wherein universal forces engage in their world-fashioning battles. Good and evil would be powerless as civilizing agents did not man carry out their mandates by opening his nature to the play of their influences. Thus the motive and purpose of an individual indicate the character of the force by which he permits himself to be dominated. Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," introduces a scene of intense dramatic power, where the fires of Love in the human heart are kept burning despite the quenching showers administered by a personified Devil. The fires are maintained by the tireless activity of divine Love, personified in Christ, who hidden from the outer world feeds the flame with the oil of compassion.

Never was an allegory more strikingly true. In our daily life each individual performs the rôle either of a Christ or a devil. He who loves those who hate him strengthens their imperiled love-natures—making it possible for them to subdue and conquer the attacking hosts of their lower selves. To the Sage of Nazareth this metaphysical process was a realized truth. His often tabooed statement, "Love those that hate you," reveals his godlike wisdom as a spiritual diagnostician, physician, and healer. Love is ever the magic formula.

By sending a current of love into the hearts of those who assail us, we shall kindle to a higher glow their better natures and put to flight the hosts of hate.

Again, to meet hatred by hatred means to add our own force of hatred to that already dominant in our adversary. Attacked by a malign energy, by which his love-nature is overpowered, the hater is most urgently in need of love and sympathy—if he shall pass victorious out of the conflict. Hence, to return evil with evil means to add strength to the power that already holds its victim in its fatal grasp—a proceeding in no way less murderous than, in a case of poisoning, in place of an antidote, to administer a dose of the same poison from the effects of which the patient is suffering.

The real and basic work in the fashioning of human destiny is ever invisible and impalpable. Time and space constitute no barriers to the influences of thoughts and motives. Robinson Crusoe on his lone island can throw himself into the midst of world-sweeping thought-currents and mold invisibly the lives and destinies of mankind. All energy originates in the mind. Thoughts of doubt and despondency are black clouds throwing a shadow of gloom over the human heart; thoughts of anger are incendiary agents, leaping from mind to mind to set ablaze its high-wrought, fine-woven life fabric, leaving in their wake smoking ruins; thoughts of hatred are assassins, like Macbeth, "murdering sleep and stabbing innocence"; thoughts of envy are corrosive and fretting—canker growths on the soul, eating away its vital substance and filling the thought-currents with malefic emanations; thoughts of fear are frosty draughts shriveling up the mind to make it unfit for healthy action; while thoughts of vanity mean mental stultification and decay.

The infallible healer of all the ailments of the inner man is Love. Love clears away the clouds and mists; it puts out the fires of anger, dries up the running sores of envy, shields the heart from assassinating hatred; it disinfects and rescues from

vanity the decaying mind-substance, and thaws out the frost-bound vital energies of the timid man.

Any criticism not based on Love is harmful. The motive is all—determines all. Though invisible and impalpable, no force is more powerful in its work on the human soul than the motive of an act. All personal criticism has the character of a surgical operation. Now, for the latter to be successful, certain conditions are indispensable. The surgeon must thoroughly understand his case and employ perfectly clean instruments. So with personal criticism: its operative instruments must be perfectly clean; *i.e.*, it must have a pure motive. A motive based on selfish considerations, as revenge or personal malice, injects a poison into the mind of the person subject to the criticism, and the harm thus inflicted may be incalculable. Much of human misery is caused by ill-timed and loveless criticism. When human beings have more fully learned to understand one another, they will realize that man cannot, must not, be handled without love. "Consider when thou speakest whether thy words be productive of love;—if not, speak not." Love is life's necessity. The sincere wish to help and to improve should color every action in our dealings with the world. The evolution of Nature has in Love its impelling force: in the lower stages, love for *self;* in the higher, love for *others.* But whenever in the course of evolution love for self has been replaced by love for others, a return to the former is destructive. The lesser cannot contain the larger, and it is the attempt of the individual to force himself back into outgrown and abandoned conditions that constitutes the genesis of all sin and suffering. Therefore, while in one stage of evolution love for self is necessary, in a more advanced stage such a love becomes destructive to the entity.

Universal in its essence, Love rules on all planes of existence. Plants are quite susceptible to love. Why is it that some people are more successful than others in rearing plants and flowers, if not because of the loving thought and tenderness

by which they attend them? For Love is the essence or spirit of life, and wherever there is life Love will find admission. Olive Schreiner once told a friend of the irresistible affection she felt in her childhood for plants and flowers—almost amounting to a feeling of personal identity and oneness with its objects. With the unblunted intuition of her child-nature she was able to sense the unity and universality of life and to blend her soul with the World-soul that has its expression in every flower. Her strong love-nature introduced her into the inner mysteries of life and growth.

It is not the climate nor the desert plain that gives to the Arabian horse its world-wide superiority in beauty, speed, and endurance. The causes lie deeper; they lie in the love with which the Arab treats his horse. He regards it as a member of his family. Its grace, strength, and intelligence are products of love.

Trainers of animals soon realize that, when the whip is powerless, kindness and affection accomplish the task. Cruelty, the outcome of lovelessness and hate, devitalizes the animal of its finer forces, imbrutes its consciousness, and deranges its instinctive powers. The poison in certain plants and reptiles and the ferocity exhibited by wild animals are reactions of human hate—rebounding like a boomerang on the lovelessness of man.

Livingston went through the heart of Africa without a weapon or other means of defense. With arms folded, with smiling lips, and with an ever-flowing river of love in his heart, he passed with divine safety through tribes of savages never yet touched by the spirit of civilization. His path was ever untroubled; everywhere he was met by friendliness and faithfulness on the part of the natives. And when Henry Drummond, years later, visited Africa, following the track beaten by Livingston, he found the mere mention of the good doctor's name a password to the trust and confidence of the natives. "They could not understand him; but they felt the love that

beat in his heart." Under the ægis of Love, existence is void of peril.

The famous treaty under the historic Schachamaxon elm, when William Penn under the auspices of justice, sympathy, and fairness effected a more than seventy years' peace with savage Indian tribes, may serve as another incident showing the resistless power of love in wielding human nature.

Having realized this necessity of love as spiritual guide and adviser in individual as well as universal life, the great, absorbing question is how to generate this divine force in the minds of men. There are persons that, having realized the vital importance of love, are yet unable to give themselves up to its sacred possession; for Love is not a gift but an attainment—a lifelong attainment. A power so far-reaching and omnipotent as Love cannot be the result of a single virtue. To evolve Love, the whole nature of man must be engaged in the process. Love is the culmination of all human virtues—a growth nourished by every faculty of our nature. It constitutes the precious fruit of long and careful gardening—the sacred product of a tireless service for humanity. Only to him who knocks, the door shall be opened. As his service has been sincere and his vigil faithful, he will become a sharer of Love's divinity. When he has served his time he shall feel a strange, unspeakable sense of joy and power leap into his heart. The soul fecundated by love shall give birth to the spirit of joy. From being attended by effort, love henceforth will become a joyous necessity—a living, resistless, all-absorbing power in the life of the individual. Love shall reveal to the soul the mystery of divine being and put the man in tune with the Infinite. Living a life of love, and floating on its eternal currents, the individual will no more feel the friction of existence, with its fatal expenditure of vital energy, but will spend the entire offerings of his nature on the altar of Universal Brotherhood.

LET brotherly love continue.—*Heb.* xiii. 1.

HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

II. Opposition to the New. Inherited Evil.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

The previous article, concerning the universal belief in the "weakness" and "vileness" of human nature, placing this as chief among the hindrances to world-betterment, and naming character as accountable for evil doing, will meet opposition if for no other reason than because it is something *new*.

Opposition to the new comes from adherence to the well-established as a sort of judgment seat. It must be counted among the "Hindrances;" for if what *is* is made the standard, how can world-betterment proceed?

Surely, in view of the past, "don't know" is wiser than "don't believe." The seemingly impossible may be based on some fixed law or principle not yet recognized. If so, it must stand.

We may say, then, that every new idea or proposition has rights we are bound to respect, one of these being a thoughtful investigation, irrespective of present conditions, of any existing authority, and of anybody's opinions, our own included. For the new is always established in terms of the new; that is, it makes its own conditions—not by onslaught and overturn, but by displacing the old ones.

Illustrations abound. The ocean cable met with derisive unbelief expressed in leading editorials and otherwise. It is said that Daguerre faced all manner of ridicule for expecting the sun to take pictures, and that measures were in progress to place him in an insane asylum when he made his first success. Think by how little was then saved to the world all it

has gained from photography! The introduction of forks was opposed on the ground that "the Lord made fingers," and it was not well to try to improve on the Lord's plan. Similar reasoning was applied to lightning rods. If the Lord designed to smite with his lightning, how impious to interfere! A devout man not far from New York, having built a chapel, refused the request to add lightning rods. He said he had built the Lord a chapel, and if the Lord thought best to strike it down he might do so.

No departure from the well established has been more feared, more opposed, more ridiculed, than was traveling by steam power. It was declared that if the Lord had ever intended human beings to get over the ground in that kind of way, and at such speed as was proposed, there would have been something said about it in the Bible. On similar religious grounds some young men in a certain locality were refused the use of a place to discuss the matter. A venerable and revered citizen of Boston once told the writer that Dorchester, two miles out, plead earnestly against being invaded by one of those dreadful locomotives. No more safety there, it was feared, for any living creature, afoot or in carriages. Cattle would be frightened out of their wits. Soot from the engines would blacken the wool and thus ruin the sheep industry. A railroad reaching so far out would ruin their town. Property would decrease in value. The jarring motion of the cars would cause disease. One observer said of the locomotive that steam might turn its wheels, but if that thing ever *went ahead* by steam he would eat it! The scheme of a railroad to Albany was derided as foolhardy. Where was the travel coming from to warrant such outlay? A man of national repute, Chancellor Livingstone, though he had encouraged the use of steamboats, wrote to Fulton concerning railroads, returning plans of the same: "I fear, on mature reflection, . . they would hardly sustain so heavy a weight moving at the rate of four miles an hour. . . the expense

would be greater than that of canals, without being so convenient."

Science, through one of its noted professors, showed the impossibility of ocean steam travel by proving in his pamphlet that coal enough to take a ship across the Atlantic would too nearly fill the vessel. Of course, he could not foresee that the demands of the new power would cause the invention of new appliances.

A blue line on the floor of an English cathedral marks how near women might approach the altar in the long ago; this established boundary being itself an advancement on a still earlier one that kept them in the outer court. The present age does not draw for women just this kind of forbidding lines, but it supposes those it does draw to be in exactly the right places for safety.

Always is the untried and unknown declared "dangerous," as on ancient maps all outside the then known world was marked as abounding in horrible wild creatures and treacherous bogs wherein the adventurous traveler would sink to his death.

At the close of one of the old anti-slavery conventions in Boston, a gentleman who had been listening to the speeches said—in effect—to the Rev. Samuel J. May: "What you people say is true. Slavery is a hideous wrong—bad for slave and for master. But it must exist; for emancipation would ruin the country. The commercial interests of North and South are inextricably interwoven. The South raises cotton; Northern factories make it up into cloth, which the South helps to buy. Without slaves they could not raise cotton; without cotton our factories would stand idle and finally decay."

Slavery was adapted to existing conditions, but it had no foundation of principle, and therefore could not endure. The principle ignored in this case was—"no ownership in human beings." The same is true now in regard to women, since to

deny them voice in making the laws that govern them implies legal ownership. That many negroes were "contented and happy" under ownership was an argument not for but against chattel slavery, as its conditions kept them below the complete human standard. This also holds true to-day concerning women. It will be seen that this is not a matter of opinion or preference, but of principle, which is another name for natural law—which, as will be shown later, is another name for religion. The principle here concerned is equal individual right of judgment.

However extensive and varied the working out of any activity, or basic principle, its underlying statement is always brief. A few words cover all occasions. The gain, however large, comes primarily from recognition. The boy Watt noticed that the invisible force called steam raised the solid teakettle-cover. In this intelligent recognition of steam as a motor-power lay the promise and potency of our world-wide steam travel and all that has come of it.

The importance of the point here presented and of the previous one—that the new makes its own conditions—will be seen later on in the consideration of the as yet untried scheme for world-betterment through human culture: one sure to meet opposition because of hindering beliefs and unbeliefs, and of its incompatibility with existing conditions.

Prominent among the beliefs is our third "hindrance"—the alleged heredity of evil and its absolute dominion.

Here and there in ancient story we read of some hideous Dragon, strongly intrenched and guarding desirable paths, gathering in his prey, thus terrorizing the whole country roundabout until some fearless knight, making bold onslaught with his sword of power, slays the monster; whereat the people greatly rejoice—though at first with fear and trembling; for they had believed him invincible. Only for that belief, how many precious lives had been saved! How much of grief and anxiety! The same may be said with regard to

the common belief in the inevitableness of our "inheritance" of evil. This is so strongly intrenched in the prevailing thought that often for those marked as its victims no saving effort is made, either by themselves or by those bound up in their salvation. "Did her mother or grandmother have such-and-such a disease?" Then help is unavailing. "Did his father or grandfather steal, or lie, or drink?" Too bad! But—no use; "it is inherited." Thus we have saddened homes, grief, despair, blighted lives. Cruel diseases or ruinous habits claim their yielded-up victims.

But let us take courage; for surely with the mighty sword of Truth we can slay this monster, Belief, and free the people from their fears.

In the first place such a conception proves too much. For to say that some child's ruinous propensity must rule him because it ruled his father, and that with his child it must be the same, and with his the same, and so on from generation to generation, would show evil forever enthroned above good, which is rank infidelity. It is having "other gods before *Me*."

And the absoluteness of inherited evil, so called, is in various ways out of agreement with Scriptural assertions. One is, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Now, there cannot be two opposing kingdoms within. "But 'the fathers ate sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge,' and so you have the Bible against you, and you can't put down the heredity of badness!" said one of an audience to a speaker who had been proving the possibility of a good human world. The misquoting of this passage in Ezekiel has brought added despair to many a sorrowing heart; for few among us are aware that the proverb is spoken of only to be countermanded, and by the Divine behest.

We are not contending against the belief in the heredity of evil, but rather the belief that no human effort can prevail against it. A case to the contrary can be cited. The father had died a drunkard, and the sons, all except the youngest,

went the same way. By early and wise efforts this one boy was made so averse to drinking liquor that when ill he could not be induced to take the whisky prescribed by the physician.

And often tendencies come from causes that overmaster inheritance. In an instance of this known to the writer the parents were more than usually amiable and serene. The son was almost their exact pattern. The daughter was forceful and aggressive. The mother ascribed this to the prenatal influence of an obtrusive and ill-tempered woman at that period an inmate of the house. This gives hope, for if the formative influence of the mother's mind can be effective for harm it can be made equally so for good, and by a power now recognized by science—the power of thought and of supreme mental and emotional conditions. A national bureau has been experimenting therein and registering differences resulting from differences in these conditions.

Suppose, then, there is hereditary danger from some objectionable tendency. Let the mother-mind dwell much on instances of the opposite of this, mentally asserting that, as all are heirs of the Divine, this Divine heredity dominates all others. Dwell also on the lives of noble men and women and on the grand and the beautiful, especially as these are expressed in poetry and prose, in pictures, in music, in Nature.

It is much to our purpose that science is demonstrating the practical issues of thought; for, like steam force long ago and later electricity, so thought force is now awaiting application in serving our needs. In the way of affecting character it will be found of inestimable value in homes and elsewhere, whether as habitually held or as applied with special aim. All that is to be wrought by thought power in this and in countless other directions is as little comprehended now as a hundred years ago were our present uses of steam and electricity. And besides thought power we have the moral forces yet to be practically applied. Thus advancement will go on.

World-betterment signifies entering upon higher and still

higher conditions through displacing the rule of the low by the rule (or reign) of the high. But such entering in cannot be "except ye become as a little child," and this implies a receptive, questioning attitude, wishing for more light, "not as having attained;" and as attainment has no limits we must not only become like a little child but *stay so,* always ready to "come up higher."

The Saxon word for heaven is ***heben,*** meaning high, or raised up. The sky is raised high above the earth, and is therefore called "the heavens." Thus and in other ways, it has come about that the low and the high are called, respectively, the earthly and the heavenly; and quite naturally heaven has been located above the sky. But this belongs to the consideration of a fourth "hindrance."

GOD dwells in the great movements of the world, in the great ideas which act in the human race. Find him there in the interests of man. Find him by sharing in those interests, by helping all who are striving for truth, for education, for progress, for liberty all over the world.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE piety which dwells in the heights of the soul, which walks and works with God in God-like beneficence, is more sublime than the valor which breasts the shock of armies, than the genius which walks in glory among the stars.—*Frederic H. Hedge.*

WHAT we most need to learn is this: that we may be laying up heavenly treasures of which nothing can deprive us, whilst we are laying up earthly treasure of which we cannot be sure for so much as an hour.—*Rufus Ellis.*

A TRUE perception of the gospel is the entire forgetfulness of self, utter absence of any pretension, and the complete and entire refusal to accept the world's praise or judgment.—*General Gordon.*

WHAT IS BABISM?

BY KENNETH R. FORBES.

A movement already attracting widespread notice in the Western world, and which, from present indications, bids fair to command increased attention in the future, is known to the historian and exoteric investigator as "Babism." Its adherents, however, for reasons that will appear later, prefer being classed as believers in the "Persian Revelation."

It will be almost in the nature of an axiom to New Thought readers to say that the best and truest in any person, experience, or movement can never be learned from an outside survey, an intellectual appreciation, or merely historical knowledge. And this subject of Babism is certainly no exception. It is, to be sure, essential that we have a clear and accurate idea of the history of the movement as a whole, but in addition we should try to obtain a sympathetic knowledge of its teachings and disciples so far as that is possible.

In setting down briefly what has been the history of this movement up to the present time, the writer would acknowledge his indebtedness in very large measure to that most authentic and comprehensive account of Babism given by Prof. Charles Brown, of Cambridge University, England, in a book entitled "The Episode of the Bab," which is very largely the result of his own travel and investigation of the movement in Persia and Syria.

In the year 1844, one Ali Mohammad made his appearance in Persia as an independent religious and philosophic teacher. His exposition of the teachings of Mohammed was to the orthodox Mohammedan at least most novel and startling. He claimed to teach nothing new, but simply to restore to its original purity the teachings of the "Prophet." That the teachings of Ali Mohammad were sound and wholesome from

an ethical point of view there seems to be no reasonable doubt. But the leaders and official teachers of Mohammedanism, seeing that he drew large numbers of disciples after him, and fearing a serious defection from the orthodox faith, used their very powerful influence with the government to induce it to order the execution of Ali Mohammad as a political offender and a man dangerous to the well-being of the country. The truth is, however, that the government of Persia never had a better friend or more loyal subject than this same Ali Mohammad—a fact that is now very generally admitted.

Thus, through the intrigues of the "priests and doctors of the law," his execution was finally compassed in the year 1850; although the final act was brought about in an underhanded way and without the authority of the government.

Throughout Ali Mohammad's teaching he had persistently called himself the "Bab," or "Gate," a forerunner of one greater than he—a prototype of John the Baptist, as it were. He even admonished his disciples to look for "him whom God should manifest," the great revelation, the perfect one, who, he declared, might appear at any time. Certain signs by which this great one might be recognized were given by Ali Mohammad to his disciples.

Six years after the death of "the Bab," one of his foremost disciples declared himself to be "him whom God should manifest," and, in the judgment of the greater number of the "Babis," as the disciples of the Bab were called, manifested the signs by which the Bab had said he might be recognized.

There was, however, another disciple who disputed this claim and averred that the time for the appearance of the "manifestation" was not yet at hand. This occurrence caused a schism among the Babis, but only a very small proportion of the Bab's followers gave allegiance to this skeptic, and as the years went on the vital force of the movement was very plainly seen to be with the followers of Behá'u'lláh, the one who had declared himself as "him whom God should manifest."

Behá'u'lláh, the new head of the Babis, was one of the Persian aristocracy, a wealthy prince possessing power and influence at the Persian court. But, in spite of this great advantage politically, he was in a comparatively short time banished from his native land to the little town of Acre, in Syria, and all his princely estates were confiscated. A part of his property was eventually restored, so that he lived in comparative comfort for the rest of his life, although he was an exile from home and nominally a prisoner in the place of his banishment.

For forty years Behá'u'lláh lived as the master and teacher of the Babis and was an object of the deepest veneration and love on the part of his disciples, whose numbers throughout this time rapidly and steadily increased.

In the year 1892, Behá'u'lláh died, and, according to a long-existing understanding, his mantle of authority and leadership descended upon his son, Abbas Efendi, as he is now known. Thus it is that at the present day this man, living, as his father did, an exile in Acre, Syria, is the leader and acknowledged "Master" of all Babis, whose numbers in Persia alone are now more than a million.

With him the personal leadership of the movement will end, according to the statements of himself and his disciples. The "threefold manifestation" will then be complete, having been begun with the Bab, brought to its fulness in the "Blessed Perfection," Behá'u'lláh, and completed with the advent of the present "Master," Abbas Efendi.

To the Western world, at least, the teachings of Behá'u'lláh are known only in a very general way; for, although he has written very extensively during his lifetime, only very small fragments of his works have as yet been translated from the original. From what we already have, however, we may gain some little idea of the Babist's philosophy of life.

Behá'u'lláh, the "Blessed Perfection," is declared to be the veritable fulfilment of all Scriptural prophecies that refer to

the coming of Saviors and Redeemers. In the case of the Christian Scriptures his advent is declared to be identical with the prophesied "second coming of Christ." To the Babist Jew, Behá'u'lláh is the long-expected Messiah, while Mohammedan prophecies of a coming great one are declared to be realized in him.

The Babist would have none forswear his own religion, but through the clearer revelations of the "Blessed Perfection" understand the purity and inner meaning of that very religion, and eventually perceive the underlying unity of all religions. For this reason, the disciple of Behá'u'lláh does not care to be called a Babist, a Beháite, or a supporter of any "ism," but rather a "believer" in the "Persian Revelation."

Much in the utterances of Behá'u'lláh is in clear, unmistakable accord with New Thought teachings. The idea of the indwelling and immanent God is plainly expressed in nearly all we have seen of his words. That the "kingdom of heaven" is something to be attained here and now—that it is, in fact, "within"—is likewise evidently a fundamental principle among the "believers."

That God has "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," Behá'u'lláh has expressed very beautifully in his own words:

> "We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of nations; that all nations should become one in faith and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of race be annulled. . . . Let no man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind."

But we may well ask, What of the Babists themselves? Are they *living* these sublime principles? Do their words and acts mirror forth their professions? So far as the "believers" in Persia are concerned, it is said by the impartial traveler and investigator that the "Babis" as a class bear a most enviable reputation for truth and honesty (which in some phases are conspicuously lacking in the "man of the street" in Persia).

A story is told of a Russian judge who found it necessary always to have the veracity of his witnesses vouched for before accepting their evidence—such was the untrustworthiness of the Russian common people in his province. At the time in question a witness was summoned as usual and the customary questions asked regarding him.

"Is this man a Russian?" was the Justice's first query. "Yes," was the reply. "What is his religion?" continued the examiner. "He is 'un Babis,' your honor." "Let him give his evidence; he need not be vouched for," declared the judge, decisively.

The accuracy of the foregoing we will not give our word for, although its source would seem to be authentic.

Those Western disciples of Behá'u'lláh whom it has been the privilege of the writer to meet and talk with have without exception shown in their lives both by word and deed the indwelling of the infinite Spirit of Love—the unquenchable desire to serve, to help forward by earnest personal effort, the evolution of the souls of their fellow-men, however and wherever they may come in contact with them.

That the prophet of Babism, Behá'u'lláh, and its present "master," Abbas Efendi, are both good and wise men—in fact, very highly developed souls—would seem to the unprejudiced investigator to be beyond serious question or doubt. That for the people of Persia they have done and are doing a work of the greatest value is now acknowledged by all candid observers.

Even the orthodox Christian missionary to Persia welcomes Babism, not merely as a great improvement on the old Mohammedanism of the country, but as a movement without which he would find it well-nigh impossible to preach Christianity among the native Persians. "For," as one declared emphatically to me, "if I attempted work among 'orthodox' Mohammedans, I would be killed in one hour."

It has seemed evident to the writer, as a sympathetic ob-

server, that many souls, even in our own country, have heard and welcomed the message of the abundant Life, the ever-present Love, the indwelling creative Spirit, through the channel of the Persian sages. Their lives bear witness to the reality of the message they have received. Let us, then, as seekers after truth and believers in the inherent Good in all things, rejoice that so many of our brothers have found Life and present immortality through the words and teachings of wise men from the "land of the rising sun."

That many of us have welcomed the same message through other and possibly less personal channels is, on the other hand, a sufficient reason why we can see no good cause for declaring any particular personal allegiance either to Babism or its "master" and "prophet," however exalted an opinion we may hold of them or their work.

As another agent for the declaring of the Father's Love to all mankind, let us welcome Babism and all of its sincere adherents—remembering, however, that all religions and all systems have in them some measure of good and truth that gives to them the power to endure. It is not of the highest advantage to us that we even satisfy ourselves which religion or system contains most of truth, but the essential thing, rather, is that we live our own lives in harmony with that one central principle which is the heart of all religion—the eternal union of the individual soul with its infinite Source and Life.

"Whatever road I take joins the highway that leads to Thee."

"Broad is the carpet God has spread and beautiful the colors He has given it."

THOSE who climb to the supremest heights of sorrow find its table-lands bathed in the sunshine of hope and immortality.—*Lorenzo Sosso.*

IN every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be gainer, to forget one's self is to be happy.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE SACRED SERMON.

[Being a Treatise of Hermes Trismegistus, metrically adapted from the two prose translations of Dr. Everard and Mr. G. R. S. Mead.]

BY EDITHA CLARKSON.

"In the beginning." Strange, alluring word,
To which our thought is drawn as to the center,
Mystic, profound, of this wide universe!
What subtle energy doth live and breathe
Its life through all the things that were and are?
Whence have all things their source, their end, their nature—
Their beauty, wisdom, law, and their rebirth?

The essence, glory, of all things is God;
Mind, Nature, Matter too is He; His Breath
Both Light and Life reveals; His wondrous Thought
Doth manifest as Spirit, Soul, and Form
Of all the things that are.
In Chaos Darkness was in boundlessness;
Water and subtile Breath which God alone
Might comprehend by His almighty power;
Then came there forth from out that dark abyss
The Holy Light (born of the spacious Darkness—
Which *seemeth* dark alone, for aye transcending
The brightness of all manifested light);
And straightway with the Light made visible
The elements and ordered things appeared
From out the primal substance undefined,
To hold their own and separated places
Within the sphere of manifested light:
Then were the earth's foundations surely laid,
Its boundary fixed, determinate by fire;
The whole inclosed and held in subtile Breath—
The Spirit of the Deity profound.

Then heaven was seen and all its starry gods—
Sons of the Morning, numbered and complete;
To each of whom God gave his rightful power,
And sent him forth on his appointed task.
Borne on their cyclic course by Breath of God,
The sons of God did shout aloud for joy:

(These were those "Morning Stars" who sang together,
Rejoicing in the birthday of the World.)

Then every god by his inherent power
Brought forth the things that were intrusted him;
Four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and others
That swim in water or that fly in air:
All things beside that bring forth fruit in season,
The blades of grass, and shoot of every flower;
While each thing held, as sown within itself,
The seed of future life, or re-becoming.

Thus was "the Word" made manifest in Life,
While last and chief shone Light and Life in man—
Man, chosen out to see and understand
The works of God, and show forth all His might;
Himself the loftiest proof of Nature's virtue,
In multitude increasing and in worth;
For knowledge and for lordship was he born,
And in his nature man should still reveal
The God-head in him whence he owes his birth
(Divinely born, his goal of life is God).
Yet earth must aid his living and his growing—
His wisdom's growth according to the law
And revolution of the cyclic ages,
Which bring him in and order his decease;
Meanwhile he makes and leaves behind memorials—
Remembrancers of all his handiworks
Done on the earth, so that renewing cycles
May dimly trace the passing steps of man.
And that which testifies the Source Divine
Of all things is, that Nature aye reneweth
The composition of this Universe
(Both every living thing that guards a soul,
And seed of fruit, and every cunning hand-craft);
Which, though it see decay, yet by its nature,
And rhythmic circling of this Time-World's wheel,
Must needs renew its generations still,
E'en by the renovation of the gods:
And as are they, so Nature rooted is
And 'stablished in that which is Divine.

THE GIFT OF HEALING.

BY L. C. ORENCHAIN.

The Apostle Paul says there are many "gifts," and that not all have the same "gift." Some have "the working of miracles," others "the gift of prophecy," others "the discerning of spirits," or "the interpretation of tongues," and still others "the gift of healing."

But modern science tells us that, however it may be as to the other gifts, the gift of healing is, in greater or less degree, resident in every human being. We have power to heal ourselves and we have power to heal others. Is it strange that this is so? Man has power to build a house for the shelter and use of his body; the body is the house of the mind, the "essential ego;" and should not this *real* self have power to build and to repair its habitation? It would be an infinite crime on the part of some power if man were placed in a house of flesh that he might ravage and destroy through ignorance of the law, but over which he had no reconstructive power.

The healer is not a miracle worker; he is one who knows something of mind and body—something of the laws governing the relations between them—and who, intuitively or by patient practise, has the power to set these laws in operation so as to produce health in place of disease. Some are "born healers." They heal without knowing how or why. A neighbor of mine, for instance, can instantly stop any kind of hemorrhage. His mother had this gift, and he seems to have inherited it. A friend told me of an illiterate old negro who possessed the same power, and who had repeatedly saved life by its exercise. The gift that these men ignorantly exercise is a common possession, and we need only to develop it by practise and study.

If we concede that all may become healers, of some kind and in some degree, then the cultivation of this healing power becomes a duty, just as it is a duty to develop a talent for mathematics or for music; and, when one thinks of the suffering and disease that are unrelievable by any system of medicine, what broader field of usefulness can there be than that which lies before the metaphysical healer? Besides this, the realization that one has dominion over his own body lifts a man at once out of the helplessness, the fear, the slavish dependence on doctors and medicine that mark the average mortal.

There are so many periodicals devoted to the exposition of metaphysical healing that the *theory* of such healing is familiar to thousands of students; but how few of them care to put their knowledge to any practical use! Indolence, the fear of failure, distrust of self, and other negative states of mind hold them in bondage; and the gift that is in them is allowed to lie idle, wrapped in a napkin, when it might be bringing health and happiness to scores of needy ones.

A group of friends, all students of the New Thought, were one day discussing a certain practitioner's methods of healing, and one of them said: "Why shouldn't we do some practical work ourselves, instead of talking so much about what other people are doing?" "Yes," said another, "I've been stuffing myself with metaphysical literature all these years, and I've never done a thing to help anybody." It was agreed that at a certain hour each day they should concentrate their thoughts on some sick person, keep this up for two weeks, and then report results. Whether they succeed at once in healing any one or not, they are certain to get fine mental discipline for themselves; and, *if they persevere,* healing will surely follow.

Unless you have tried to give a mental treatment to some one, you do not know how untrained your mind is, how chaotic are your habits of thought, and how weak is your will.

You cannot keep your mind on one idea for the space of even half a minute, and in spite of your collegiate education you are in some respects as undeveloped and untrained intellectually as a naked savage.

Suppose you begin to-day to develop your latent healing power. It is a trite saying that no one knows what he can do until he tries, but in these simple words there is a hint at man's unguessed divinity. We are strangers to ourselves, and every effort toward finding out our hidden gifts is an effort to become acquainted with *self*. And what more interesting personality could we find than this mysterious Self? The man that does not know the marvels of his own being is always rushing around to get acquainted with this or that "interesting person," or "distinguished stranger," or "celebrated novelist;" he is constantly seeking happiness, wisdom, and entertainment outside of himself. But the man that has found his own Self is at rest forevermore. Happiness, wisdom, friends—all that he desires—come to him that has cultivated an acquaintance with Self. Power and repose look forth from his face. He has discovered his own power and he rests quietly in the consciousness of unlimited strength.

Metaphysical study fails of its purpose unless it brings the student to this calm, self-centered state, and when this condition is reached the power at command should be daily used for the help of those who need it. Every student of the New Thought should be a center of healing power. While all about him think disease, he should think only health. While others talk disease, he should affirm the universality of health. While others prophesy death, he should recognize only life and look for the manifestations thereof, and he should persistently use his thought force in the dispelling of his own sickness and that of others.

The training of the subjective mind by means of auto-suggestion is a fascinating work; and as you see, year by year, the results of such training manifesting themselves in your

body, you realize what it is to be a creator by the power of the spoken word or the silent thought. To see the faded complexion taking on the hue of youth, the dim eyes brightening and flashing with something of their old splendor, the form rounding out in symmetry and beauty—does not this repay one for the time and labor given to the work of self-healing? You have power over your own body; begin at once so to use this power as to preserve the body from the ravages of disease and "old age." Then learn how to heal others.

The most noted mental healers have given us clear explanations of their methods, which, they assure us, may be used by any one who has the patience to practise them; and they encourage their patients to study the healing art, since abject dependence on a mental healer is almost as bad as abject dependence on a doctor, and there is a radical lack in a system of healing that does not strengthen a person's will and increase his power over his own body.

Everybody covets a "gift;" yet how few may call themselves gifted, since they are not poets, painters, sculptors, or musicians! Perhaps a large percentage of those who bewail their mediocrity have in latency the "gift of healing;" and if so the command comes to them, no less than to the poet and the artist, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

The day is not far off when the use of thought-transference will be as common as the use of the telephone is now, and when control of the body through the subjective mind will be practised by all. Disease will lose most of its terrors, for it will be known as it is—a mere manner of thought expressing itself on the body. Doctors will become what the name implies, "teachers," enlightening the people as to personal hygiene and sanitation; they will be paid for keeping people well, not for dosing them when they are sick. The doctor and the metaphysician will work together harmoniously, each understanding and appreciating the work of the other—and the kingdom of health will have come on earth.

A NEW THOUGHT PIONEER.

BY WM. HORATIO CLARKE.

Dr. Warren Felt Evans, one of the pioneers of the New Thought movement, was born in Rockingham, Vermont, in 1817. In 1837 he entered Dartmouth College, where he pursued his studies both for the ministry as well as a physician, having later received a license to practise medicine.

He became an earnest preacher in the Methodist denomination, and his efforts were attended with marked success. In the course of his ministerial work in various churches in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, among which were pastorates in Newport, Vt., Concord and Claremont, N. H., and Lawrence, Mass., he was noted for the high spiritual quality of his life and sermons.

Dr. Evans lived in conscious nearness to God as the indwelling Life, and in his spiritual experiences he possessed the power to withdraw his mind from the external world—retiring within; and in his profoundest thought he perceived and enjoyed the divine Presence in his increasing religious development.

In his physical constitution he was a nervous invalid for many years, his malady being complicated with a chronic disorder; yet he adhered to his chosen work, and in his infirmities was led to make a practical application of spiritual truth to the deliverance of his own life from the bondage of disease.

A Greek and Latin scholar, his mind quickly penetrated to the meaning of the *roots* of words, and through his studies of devotional and esoteric authors he readily perceived the correspondential or ancient spiritual symbolism of all sacred and mystical writings, especially of the New Testament Gospels. With these intuitions he was led to an interest in the

writings of Swedenborg, and he left the Methodist ministry to become the Massachusetts State missionary of the New Jerusalem Church.

His was a life of constant communion with the Infinite Life, which he strove to make manifest to those with whom he came in contact as well as through his published thoughts.

Dr. Evans possessed such a mental sympathy and influence that even in his early ministry, when making his pastoral visits to the sick and laying his hands upon them to bless them, they immediately spoke of feeling better; and this divine influence continued throughout his ministerial and metaphysical labors.

This healing gift eventually led to the devotion of his whole time and thought to the relief of the afflicted—in ministering to their minds and bodies—with the fixed idea that the divine Omnipresence first imparts the principles of life and health to the spirit, which influence then extends outwardly to the physical body, thrilling with life all the organs of the corporeal frame: the Divine method of cure, as fully available now as in any era of the past.

Through this method his own life was revived, and he dedicated that restored life to the help of the afflicted; not with ostentation or for self-aggrandizement, but in humility. Instead of exalting himself, he delighted in stepping down from the platform of the teacher—to take his place with those seeking the truth as a fellow-disciple, or pupil, in the opening of the inner ear to receive the deep and calm revealing.

Dr. Evans's first books were published in 1858, the earlier publications now being out of print; and he began his practise as a phrenopathic or mental physician in Claremont, N. H., in 1863. He afterward moved to Boston, where his office was located at 3 Beacon street—treating his patients, in the summer, at his country residence in Salisbury, Mass., in conjunction with his wife (who passed to the beyond in February, 1901). He was not actuated by any mercenary motives, and

the poor were relieved without expense; he accumulated, therefore, no earthly possessions as a result of his labors.

The methods of his treatment were explained in a series of four books entitled respectively: "Soul and Body," "The Divine Law of Cure," "Primitive Mind Cure," and "Esoteric Christianity and Mental Therapeutics," which were written in a somewhat logical order of succession, applied both to the practise of his own system and for self-healing by those able to assimilate the teachings. Since the publication of these books much progress has been made in the new statements of old truths, but at the time of their issue they were a long step in advance of the then prevailing thought.

Filled with the spirit of love and help to all, the pure and gentle spirit of Dr. Evans succumbed to the effects of arduous work in devoting his life to others, and on September 4, 1889, at his country home in Salisbury, Mass., he ceased from his earthly labors and entered that realm where "there is no death."

WE have come to believe that the man who is in right relation to God in one part of the universe cannot be out of right relation to him in another part. So there is no salvation in a future world, if a man is not saved here, except that he has the same chance to begin the process of salvation in the one part of the universe that he has in the other.—*Minot J. Savage.*

"THERE is always action and reaction. If the great soul makes the great hope, the great hope makes the great soul—at least the greater soul. Was never great hope yet which did not greaten him that cherished it."

NO ONE can have a true idea of right until he does it, any genuine reverence for it until he has done it often and with cost, any peace ineffable in it till he does it always and with alacrity.—*James Martineau.*

TRUE LOYALTY.

BY M. E. GERLACH.

How rare is loyalty, the test of character! How shifting, how adjustable to circumstances and to the opinions of others, is our view of our friends—those we love to criticize, and whose weaknesses and faults we love to discuss! How rarely do we hear a courageous defense of a friend who is attacked, or meet with that mental attitude which will not allow another to discuss the faults of a friend—the high character that is a shield and guard to the absent one!

Yes, loyalty is rare, and perhaps for that very reason so highly praised by authors and poets. The larger loyalty is generally understood—to the leader, the king, the country—while the other, which begins at home, is overlooked: loyalty first of all to the family. Therein lie the peace and rest of family life—the consciousness that there at least, being part of a whole, one is safe from betrayal, guarded by family pride, by *esprit de corps,* where love is lacking: the consciousness in each that to betray the faults and failings of one member casts a reflection on the entire family—that the disgrace of one disgraces all.

This, however, may be carried too far and become an intolerable burden, as is often the case in European countries, where family ties are so very strong and each member is held responsible for the sins of every other member. In America, where individualism is so much stronger and the sense of freedom more developed, the burden is not so great; the individual, if he be brave, may cast aside the fetters that one member of the family has forged by some glaring sin or crime—he may stand up in his manhood and be or do what he pleases, and be none the less thought of: out of weakness

building for himself a tower of strength. This the strong will do, while the timid and fearful will be crushed.

Yet how much better is this strong sense of family oneness, of indestructible ties, than the opposite—the betrayal to outsiders of family differences and family skeletons! How one has sometimes shuddered in listening to revelations that should never have been uttered! With some it seems to be almost a mania to tell the worst thing that can be said of their own people. There we find the utter absence of loyalty at its very root. It is sometimes, I think, a result of morbid dwelling on these subjects, which seeks mental relief in outward expression to any one that will listen.

Next comes the loyalty to friends—that rare and delicate plant which flourishes only in the finest soil; although it may be found in any and every social grade, and is perhaps more frequent among simple, childlike natures than among the more cultivated. For with increasing culture we develop the critical spirit, the faculty of judging and comparing—a dangerous faculty when not kept in check by love, and one that *women* most delight to exercise, partly for the mere pleasure of showing critical acumen and partly from a curious feeling that by disparaging others we add to our own stature. No idea could be more false, however; for surely when we have proved the incapacity and general faultiness of a friend we have but shown our bad taste and want of judgment in the choice of friends. We have belittled ourselves and betrayed ourselves in betraying others. For the very person who acquiesced in the arraignment—who perhaps urged us on—will distrust us thereafter. Strangely enough, the most disloyal person admires loyalty in another—so great is the power of truth.

We admire chivalry in man, although many claim that the age for it is past—not the need of chivalry, but the faculty. But surely a woman needs the quality we designate thus—and it is almost synonymous with loyalty—as much as a man. Do unto others as you would be done by; for it is an absolute

law that you will be done by as you do unto others. No one can escape that law.

If we realize the power of thoughts, of words, we cannot but see that every time we fail in loyalty to a friend we are putting *all* friends away from us, not only the one we criticize but all possibilities of friendship. We are preparing a desert, which will some day separate us from all those who would have helped us, loved us, stood by us in our troubles, and been a wall of defense.

Friendship is a beautiful flower that requires the tenderest care and nurture. Neglect or carelessness is fatal to its growth. How many of us understand and practise the art of gaining friends? To become an accomplished artist in this field requires great gifts of heart and soul, which not every one possesses but which every one may develop with thought and care. The first step is to determine to see only the *good* qualities in our friends; to rejoice in them and delight in them, as Marcus Aurelius did with the members of his family—his friends. If we dwell on these with pleasure they will so fill our minds that there will be no room for fault-finding. Our horizon will be filled with beauty and gladness; we will soon be wondering how we deserve to have such delightful friends, and we shall dwell in a world radiant with love and happiness.

Everything in life depends on *focus*—the point of view; and this we can always change by an effort of the will and constant practise. How suggestive is the sub-title of the little book called "Brother Lawrence"—"The Practise of the Presence of God!" How curious that seems at first sight! Yet, if we are students of the power of thought, how reasonable it is! The consciousness of the presence of God comes indeed only through *practise,* till the whole being is filled.

Let us, then, like the knights of old who went in quest of the Holy Grail, make loyalty our watchword and our daily practise in all relations of life—especially in our friendships.

AN IMP OF MISCHIEF.

BY ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

Those familiar with the Spanish tongue may find much entertainment if they procure one of the rare copies of a "History of Yucatan" written by Diego Lopez de Cogolludo, a worthy and unprejudiced friar who lived two hundred and forty years ago but whose manuscript was not put into type till long after his decease. The original edition of this *Historia de Yucathan,* published in Madrid, bears the date of 1688.

When we were living in Valladolid, Yucatan, we observed that in nearly every habitation very small crosses of paper or palm-leaf were fastened to beams or doorposts. Inquiries elicited the information that these crosses were to keep out the devil.

"The devil?" we echoed.

"Yes; the devil of Valladolid."

Further interrogations were needless; the voluble natives at once spun a story of a talkative demon by which the city had once been infested. Seeing us smile incredulously, a prominent citizen exclaimed with some ardor: "But it is so! You can find it all in the book of Father Cogolludo, who never lied!"

And there indeed the record proved to be given as a well-authenticated fact—in Book VI., chap. vi., page 319.

Converting verbose Spanish into concise English, we give the account as nearly as possible in its original form, suppressing some unvarnished language offensive to modern taste, though acceptable at the time when Cogolludo wrote.

In the year 1560 the city of Valladolid was persecuted and upset by a loquacious spirit that would converse with any one, between eight and ten o'clock at night, in the dark. It

answered all the questions of two noble conquerors named respectively Juan Lopez de Mena and Juan Buiz de Arce. At one time, when Mena was in prison a hundred miles from home, that spirit announced to him the birth of a son. Mena repeated the news to his fellow-captives, and the same was corroborated a few days later, the event having occurred at the time of the announcement.

The imp played castanets and a violin; it was heard dancing and laughing, but never could be *seen*. Sometimes it started false reports about most virtuous girls, and thus caused one to be ill treated, quite unjustly, by her stepfather. In more repentant moods the ghost would pray aloud, declaring himself a Christian from Old Spain.

At first he did no direct harm to any one, for although he threw stones he did not aim at persons, nor at things that might easily break. As time went by he became more troublesome, making a great noise on the roofs, terrifying his questioners, and throwing eggs at women. He hurt one—who exclaimed, "Clear out, you devil!"—by slapping her face, which remained crimson. In some houses he contented himself with making noises, but in the two already mentioned he always talked, imitated a cricket, laughed, and told what he had done elsewhere and how scared the people had been.

Father Lersundi, determined to conjure him, went in disguise to one of the haunted houses, carrying holy water, hyssop, and sacred books hidden beneath his cloak. Patiently the good man waited; pleadingly he called upon the Christian from Old Spain to approach and manifest: but the imp came not. No sooner, however, had the reverend father retired than the well-known laugh was heard. The ghost chuckled with glee, and cried: "The priest thought to catch me! Not he! And by his table he will see I am not one to trifle with." He proceeded to tell what sort of a trick he had played. The priest himself next day explained what had occurred at his dwelling-place. Before setting out to conjure the spirit he had spread his

own supper on the table—a dish of doughnuts dipped in honey and a bottle of good wine. Carefully he locked the doors, no one being left within. During his absence doughnuts and wine were replaced with obnoxious substances.

Finally, the bishop ordered that no person should converse with the troublesome spirit; whereupon it took to weeping and grumbling, made noises and loud rappings, complained of the bishop's conduct, and at length burned many houses.

In order to "lay the ghost" a grand procession marched through and around the Convent of Saint Francisco, with such good effect, says history, that the Christian from Old Spain kept the peace till 1596, when Father Cogolludo was in charge of church affairs at Valladolid. He says:

"This devil then returned to infest certain villages that were under my care. At midday he always produced a whirlwind that set fire to houses. Though the Indians hurried to put out their fires, this availed nothing because the devil produced the conflagration with the flames that were his torment. These appeared like mighty comets. The Indians therefore slept beneath spreading trees. I ordered him away from a certain village; then he burned houses in Valladolid. This was finally put a stop to by placing crosses on all the beams."

It appears to have taken that mischievous imp fifty-eight years to find his way across the Atlantic; but he accomplished the voyage, if we judge from what we read in Lynn Linton's "Witches of Scotland."

It seems that in 1654, in Glencluck, Scotland, there was a devil that used to whistle, throw stones, and play other tricks. A weaver who was greatly annoyed by this imp sent his children away because the devil persisted in pulling the bedclothing from them. When the children were removed the rioting ceased. All but one were brought back, and still there was peace; that one returned home, and again the disturbances began. This devil set fire to houses.

Cogolludo has recorded other strange stories of psychical phenomena as having occurred in convents in Yucatan. He records an incident connected with the death of Bishop Landa,

in 1579. Diego de Landa is said to have been an exceedingly good man, but he committed the folly of destroying as many images and books as he could lay hands on, when these were the work of native Americans. For this reason his memory is not dear to students of history.

But Cogolludo assures his readers that a marvelous thing occurred at the time of Landa's death. A Spaniard named Pedro de Cazeres, walking along the seashore from Champoton to Campeche, saw a man advancing from the opposite direction. As they neared each other Cazeres recognized an acquaintance who had died some time before. When face to face with him he asked:

"Are you not Fulano?"

"I am," was the reply.

"But how is this? Are you not dead?"

"Yes, I am," rejoined the defunct; "but God permits me to appear to you."

Without further explanation, he asked Cazeres to fulfil certain duties that he, while in the flesh, had neglected. Having obtained the promise he desired, he added:

"In order that you may entertain no doubt that I am really Fulano, know that an hour ago Bishop Landa died in the city of Merida, and was so beloved of God that he went direct to enjoy bliss; for no sooner did we see him than he was gone, as the lightning flashes from east to west. I myself was a witness of this. Now, God be with you; and when I go, turn not your face toward me, as it would not be well for you."

Curiosity, however, conquered prudence; Cazeres turned his head to look. Cogolludo says: "Perhaps God willed it so, better to manifest the truth; for the man's head remained twisted on one side."

Arriving in Campeche about three o'clock in the afternoon, the traveler inquired if any news had come from Merida, and, upon being assured there was none, remarked: "Well, the bishop died at nine o'clock this morning." He was asked

why he affirmed thus, when they, the authorities at Campeche, had not even heard of Landa's being ill. To this he merely replied that they would hear about it before long.

After midnight a messenger arrived, bringing word that the good bishop had indeed died at nine o'clock in the morning. Cazeres was then questioned regarding his source of knowledge; because, when he had told them of the event, Landa had been dead only six hours and Cazeres had come from Champoton, west of Campeche, while Merida was east of it. He gave an account of his experience and called attention to the fact that his head was twisted. We are not informed whether the unfortunate head ever regained its normal position.

EXPERIENCE proves that purity and benevolence of heart, blending with earnest devotion, tend to produce a calm, unwavering conviction of the presence and sympathy of God, which equals, if it does not surpass, in certainty our reliance on the proved facts of physical science.—*Charles B. Upton.*

DON'T measure God's mind by your own. It would be a poor love that depended not on itself, but on the feelings of the person loved. A crying baby turns away from its mother's breast, but she does not put it away till it stops crying. She holds it closer. —*George MacDonald.*

THERE never was a call to men and women to be more solely and fully religious than now. We need to put forth the power of our religion in active duties, to live it out in our social circles as well as personally.—*Channing.*

IT is easy enough to make too much of the outward and visible side of religion. We may think so much of the visible portion of the Church as to forget that larger invisible portion of it which is beyond the veil.—*Dr. Liddon.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

HAS THE METAPHYSICAL MOVEMENT FOUND ITS SOUL?

THE fault-finder, in whatever circle of life you encounter him, is unquestionably voted a bore and a nuisance; and I do not wish to assume this rôle, or even that of a self-appointed critic. But, from all sections of the country, so many letters have come to me burdened with complaints as to the lack of harmonious action and unity of thought and purpose on the part of the leaders of the New Thought movement that I am forced to conclude that there is some ground for the complaint. Among other things it has been stated that almost no effort has been put forth in any public-spirited way—such as the formation of clubs, libraries, or reading-rooms, or the giving of free public lectures; and even when these conditions exist, instead of receiving the hearty coöperation of those who are prominent and have long been identified with the movement, they have to depend mainly for support on the people who have just become interested.

Repeatedly have I known of New Thought devotees uniting with Christian Scientists, because in so doing they could always attend lectures, reading-rooms, or churches provided by this body of people. The New Thought leaders may say that they do not wish to found a church; but it would seem as if all the other advantages that would aid in upbuilding and establishing the cause of Truth should receive first the most careful consideration and afterward the most practical application. If this is not being done, we may well inquire whether we are fitted to carry on a movement of such magnitude and moment to the world as this

one has promised to be. Many are coming to feel that there is something radically wrong that calls for a remedy before the movement can receive its first real impulse of being.

The old theology has ever laid great stress on the thought of saving the soul; but it has seemed to the writer that the most necessary thing in life is first to *find* what one is trying to save—that the *finding* of one's soul is the real quest of life. Man, as he is constituted, has power to feel and to think—the literal way of expressing it is that he has heart and head; and any one who has made a careful study of himself must eventually reach the conclusion that only as the heart and head are united—only as they work harmoniously for the common end—is the real success of life obtained. If this is true in individual existence, how much truer must it be in the life of a great movement!

Anything, then, that would tend to divorce the heart from the head must necessarily prove disastrous to the cause. We speak of the heart as the seat of the love-nature, and the head as the seat of thought. Love is beyond doubt the greatest force in the life of man. What one *loves to do,* that he does; but if there is no love in the doing, then thought may be made the pretext for not doing it. Love is that unselfish element in life which works for universal good, regardless of private gain; but thought, whether philosophic or metaphysical, if separated from love, may be the very acme of selfishness. Yet some of our New Thought leaders, seeing an evident lack in the movement, advocate the study of Spinoza, Leibnitz, Heine, and other philosophers, or depend on the practical knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and kindred studies for the thorough equipment of the New Thought movement.

It has seemed to the writer, however, that Jesus and Buddha resorted, after all, to the more scientific way of life by making their knowledge practical rather than theoretical: they made their living faith evident by their actual works.

Philosophy, physiology, and anatomy undoubtedly have their spheres of usefulness; yet, when placed in the balance against love, any kind of earth-knowledge has but a feather's weight. It is not so much what one knows as what one does and the way in which it is done that is important. The poor, ignorant fishermen who became the disciples of the Master accomplished more for the good of humanity than the world's greatest philosophers.

If New Thought people would put as much energy into what they are trying to accomplish as the average business man puts into his business, the result would be something marvelous. But if the movement has not found its heart—if the soul is not yet born—and it is still in the wilderness of metaphysical questioning, it cannot reasonably be expected that such energy will be displayed.

There is a religious element in human life that cannot and will not be ignored. All the science and all the philosophy of the world will not satisfy the deeper cravings that well up in the life of man—the desire to know God, to become conscious of Him as a living Presence, working within "to will and to do." If this religious element is left out of the New Thought movement, and it is simply to be an intellectual renaissance, then it may be of temporary use as a stepping-stone to a higher order of development; but it will find no lasting, no abiding place in the hearts and minds of the people.

If New Thought leaders expect to reach the masses with their teachings they must appeal to the *heart* as well as to the head; they must work as well as think; they must be willing to forego all petty jealousies and the desire for personal leadership, and, setting aside all selfish ends, work unitedly for the good of the cause.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

THE VACCINATION CRAZE.

AS there is sometimes method in madness, so is there frequently a business element in fads. Though the superstitions of medical science are not less numerous than those of theology, yet the commercialism that seems more and more to characterize all our learned professions, so called, is perhaps most pronounced in that of medicine. By advanced, enlightened, and conscientious practitioners this fact is admitted and deplored. The current issue of the *Medical Times,* one of the ablest journals of its class, contains an editorial by Egbert Guernsey, M.D., LL.D., from which we quote the following:

"We regret to say that the practise of 'working for one's own pocket all the time' has contaminated the medical profession to an alarming extent. We see it on every hand, manifested in various ways, in public and in private practise. It has reached a degree to be recognized by the general public, and its disgust for such methods reflects upon the whole profession."

Here we have a partial explanation of the tenacity with which the mania for vaccination persists in defiance of facts, of history, of logic, and of common sense. The practise adds materially to doctors' incomes, both directly and indirectly—the greatest harvest being reaped from the physical disturbances that result from the inoculation of perfectly sound bodies with a virus for which they have absolutely no chemical or other affinity.

The delusion and consequent terror are more prevalent in the United States than elsewhere, notwithstanding our boasted scientific progress; for even in England, Jenner's own country, popular doubt as to the efficacy of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox is rapidly increasing. However, in New Jersey, Missouri, and other parts of the Union whence reports have recently come of the development of tetanus, or lockjaw, following vaccination, the craze has encountered a sharp setback.

About the only argument offered by the upholders of this sys-

tem is an appeal to "statistics." Yet it is well known that, while "figures will not lie," liars will sometimes figure. Alfred Russel Wallace, in his "Wonderful Century," in which over a hundred pages are devoted to what the author calls the "crime" of vaccination, says concerning this point:

"Beginning in the early years of the century, and continuing to our own times, we find the most gross and palpable blunders in figures—but always on the side of vaccination—and, on the testimony of medical men themselves, a more or less continuous perversion of the official records of vaccinal injury 'in order to save vaccination from reproach.' Let this always be remembered in any discussion of the question. The facts and figures of the medical profession, and of the government officials, in regard to the question of vaccination, *must never be accepted without verification.*"

But, assuming the accuracy of the reports showing that one in every five vaccinated persons dies of smallpox, while about half of the unvaccinated cases succumb to the disease, it does not follow that the vaccine *virus* is entitled to any credit. The lower percentage of deaths among the former class is due, not to inoculation, but to the *confidence* thus inspired—which results from the elimination of fear and superstition from the public mind.

Is it not high time that a government commission were appointed to investigate this whole subject of the etiology of smallpox and the therapeutic efficacy of medical experiments in this country? It has already become a legislative question in some quarters—successive compulsory acts having been passed "by means of allegations," says Mr. Wallace—

"which were wholly untrue and promises which have all been unfulfilled. They stand alone in modern legislation as a gross interference with personal liberty and the sanctity of the home; while, as an attempt to cheat outraged Nature and to avoid a zymotic disease without getting rid of the foul conditions that produce or propagate it, the practise of vaccination is utterly opposed to the whole teaching of sanitary science, and is one of those terrible blunders which, in their far-reaching evil consequences, are worse than the greatest of crimes."

The suggested commission should be composed of men of scientific learning, of trained powers of observation, and of judicial

temperament—men having no "theories" to support or personal interests to subserve. Practising physicians should be excluded from its membership. To quote again from "The Wonderful Century":

"Before proceeding to adduce the conclusive evidence that now exists of the failure of vaccination, a few preliminary misconceptions must be dealt with. One of these is that, as vaccination is a surgical operation to guard against a special disease, medical men can alone judge of its value. But the fact is the very reverse, for several reasons. In the first place, they are interested parties, not merely in a pecuniary sense but as affecting the prestige of the whole profession. In no other case should we allow *interested* persons to decide an important matter."

Another reason why the commission should be wholly non-medical is the combination of bigotry and ignorance so frequently encountered in the profession at large. Think of the number of valuable lives that have been sacrificed to the surgical method of treating "appendicitis"—a term that is becoming almost as convenient as "malaria" in concealing what doctors do not know and refuse to guess at! It is held by the vast majority of physicians, especially by the evolutionists among them, that the vermiform appendix is a "vestigial" remnant that is not only useless but a positive danger to human life; hence, its removal from our corporeal equipment is the only logical cure for "appendicitis" and at the same time a correction of one of Nature's blunders! Yet now and then we hear of a brainy doctor who has the courage to study along lines other than those prescribed by the schools. Such a man is Dr. E. P. Hershey, of Denver, chairman of the Colorado State Medical Society, who recently declared his belief that—

"the vermiform appendix is a secretory organ, the function of which is the lubrication of the beginning of the large intestine. . . For several years I have had this subject under investigation, and am convinced that the appendix is not a vestigial organ. . . There is no organ in the abdomen more important than the appendix vermiformis."

About eight years ago Dr. T. W. Pomroy, the famous clair-

voyant physician, in one of his trances, told these facts to the writer in almost the very words used by Dr. Hershey—adding that within a decade it would be conceded that the appendix is quite as useful as the spleen, which for many years was likewise under the medical ban as a "rudimentary" obstruction.

In view of what is actually *known* of existing conditions and of the theories underlying the practise of medicine and surgery in our day, it would seem that legislative interference along *this* line should precede the proposed investigation of the methods of Mental Science practitioners.

J. E. M.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD SUFFERING.

There are usually three points which those who suffer fail to recognize as steps toward liberation. The first cord to be loosened is that formed by the question, Why? The soul, after making many attempts to rise above the plane of physical dis-ease, finally fastens its perceptions upon the fact that after all its effort the goal is not reached. It longs for freedom, and it struggles continually to develop the power it recognizes as its own; but all the time there is in the depths of its being a restlessness due to its apparent failure to manifest health and happiness.

These precious souls need powerful encouragement. They are weary after long striving, and until the body manifests harmonious activity we may know that the soul has not realized its undying qualities. It loiters in the valley of discernment, because *its needs are there;* and it is gaining strength every hour, even though in its limited vision of itself it cries out against the very experiences through which it is developing a mighty power.

Have you never thought how much strength you must have gained to enable you to pass through every hard experience? Instead of losing strength through suffering, the soul becomes less and less conquerable as it resists and overcomes. In looking back over the path you have come, let your soul now *rest* in the

thought of all that it has gained; and, as its tired eyes behold the hitherto unseen raiment of strength that it has woven for itself all along the way, the peace of knowing that each effort toward attainment has developed strength will fall upon you like dew upon the lily. Then, with this one thought in your consciousness, you will live every day with an indifferent attitude toward sensations and symptoms of pain. You will rest and grow as the flowers grow, without asking *why* you are not free. You will know that you are gaining strength, even though the body does not at first respond to this thought. You will take up your life, fearlessly, confidently, triumphantly, and journey onward in all your activities just as if your body had become harmonious.

In placing yourself thus in line with all the heroes of the ages,—acting so far as possible as if you were strong,—your body will no longer respond to restlessness. It will yield its symptoms of weakness and pain to the calm indifference with which the soul regards them; and gradually its cries of pain will be silenced in the still hour of your soul's consecration to its new vision of all the strength it has gained through suffering. There is that *within* which responds joyously to every recognition of attainment which the outer self sends to the soul. That splendid portion of the spirit which perceives only progress and growth longs to make the soul realize that it is gaining strength constantly. When the soul once beholds this truth and absolutely knows that it cannot lose strength, it rests and rejoices. It then lends a light and vitality to the body, so that almost anything can be accomplished in the physical life.

Arise, dear soul, and breathe the sense of freedom which you have earned! Do not question the way any longer. Behold, the hour cometh that reveals all that you have gained in the blessed process of unfoldment! *Be still,* and know that every step you have taken resounds now and forever to your liberation from physical bondage!

MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

IT is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his helper is omnipotent.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. "What shall I do to help my little girl overcome her extreme sensitiveness? It is a serious drawback even in school."

Sensitiveness is another name for self-consciousness. Teach her to forget herself, not by telling her to do so, but by getting her so interested in other things that she *will* forget. This cannot be done in a moment. It will require patience, tact, intelligence, and, above all, sympathy, on your part. Enlarge her interests in general ways. Study with her and tell her many things about her lessons she would not gain from the text-books. In every way seek to quicken her mind regarding her own capacities. Teach her of the soul-gifts with which every one is endowed, and incite her to develop them. This is to be done first by believing they are real, and then by using them. For instance, one of the gifts is the power of understanding. It is this that enables any one to learn, or to use what he learns. If she would study with the belief that she could not only understand but *remember* her lesson (for that is part of the gift of understanding), when the time came for recitation she would be so interested in telling what she knew that self-consciousness would disappear.

Once thoroughly awaken an individual, be he child or adult, to the powers within himself and what he can do with them, and this difficulty is practically overcome.

To *lose one's self* in an *idea* is to become eloquent in the expression of the idea. What better foundation for a life of happy usefulness than the conviction that every *soul* is equally endowed,

and, no matter what the lacks or limitations of body or condition may be, *any* soul when awakened can *stand on its own merits?*

There is no temperament so highly gifted or so easily spoiled as the so-called sensitive temperament. Like delicate machinery, it has wonderful capacities but requires accurate adjustment. So be patient with your sensitive child, yet wise in every suggestion; for these children are so keenly responsive that a word, a look, or even a *thought* will sometimes set them all a-quiver with elation or despondency, ready to do, or afraid to try, anything. Comparison with other children, allusion to shortcomings in the presence of others, and disparaging remarks should be carefully avoided. Yet equal care should be taken not to set these children above others or in any way feed what might easily become egotism. Too often such children not only become spoiled but spoil others, by their exaggeration of the very sensitiveness that, properly controlled, would make them susceptible to the very highest influences and capable of the very highest development.

Cultivate in your child a sense of true justice—that justice which can only come from a consideration of *all sides* of a question. This will help in a great measure to modify that tendency to "feel hurt" over petty things which characterizes sensitive people, young and old.

"The child bears within himself instincts which can be trained upward or downward." Downward when centered in self-interest; upward when expanded and trained into insights to be used for universal benefit.

* * *

2. "I have a boy of thirteen. What *shall* I do with him? He is boisterous, rude, forgetful, greedy, and often too untidy to be seen. I want to train him to be a gentleman, but am in despair. Still, he is a good-hearted boy."

Wait. This is not the gentleman stage. Moreover, you cannot begin from the *outside* to make a gentleman. The gentle

heart comes first, remember; and this you say he has. Just be patient and do the best you can with all these crudities. They are trying, to be sure; but then they are transitory conditions that belong to the normal boy at this stage. He is boisterous because he has so much vital energy, and unless it be properly directed it *will* have an outlet of some kind. He is rude and forgetful because his mind is filled with great matters—pertaining largely to himself, it is true; but this only indicates the beginning and growth of a forceful personality.

He is greedy because Nature is so busy in that chemical laboratory of his, the body, that she requires an unusual amount of fuel; so he must needs stuff and cram like an anaconda in order later to possess the physique and stature of a man.

As to untidiness, it is only because his mind is so occupied with plans and interests of a larger sphere that he forgets the necessities of the one in which his body moves and has its being.

At present he is to be endured, pitied, and *loved,* although you must beware how you express these sentiments to him. If you let him have playmates, books, games, and all sorts of good times *at home,* saying as little about the ideal but *living* as much of it as you can, you will be doing the very best thing to prepare the boy for putting on the garment of gentleness later on. He will feel your unspoken yearning over him, and some day he will awaken to know himself as a man with a longing to be all that a man should be. If you are tactful you will win his first consideration; and then he will want your words of advice, of sympathy, and of suggestion. Then all the seeds you planted in his child heart will spring forth in his manly character. First, last, and always, *be patient.* Dr. Stanley Hall says, truly, the reason so many parents are disappointed in their boys at this stage is because they expect them to be gentlemen when they in fact are only animals. If they would wait until this stage is past they would see the development of the man.

This is, we hope, a key to the boy whom you have described. For another type we might offer different suggestions.

* * *

3. "Would you advise letting children read 'grown-up' literature if they have outgrown the books provided for children?"

There are relatively few children who would want the more serious or mature reading and those few would better be given comparative liberty in case their choice of books were confined to the elevating or instructive class; but a due amount of restriction as to time and occasion should be exercised—otherwise would ensue the "book-worm," unhealthy, morose, and often morbid.

Moderation in reading, as in everything else, should be the family watchword. But if these children, who yearn for something more than the story-books of childhood, have a taste for the sensational and exciting fiction which so plentifully abounds everywhere, it is better to change their form of amusement most radically. Such reading is superfluous and pernicious to young girls or boys in their early 'teens. It fills the imagination with pictures of a life they are not ready for, and possibly ought never to be ready for; it quickens their sensibilities and prematurely develops feelings that ought to be left slumbering until awakened in a natural and healthy way.

As an aid to character-building and the happiness that makes childhood and youth the spring and summer time of life, there is nothing better than a love of good books; but as far as possible have the books fit the development of the child. Keep him young as long as you can, and let Nature lead him into the highway of life, gently and with sights and sounds of beauty and of joy.

* * *

4. "How would you teach the fundamental principles of metaphysics to children?"

As we have said so many times, and in so many ways, by teaching them concerning their own individuality and all that is inherent in it. Individuality pertains to the *soul*—its qualities and faculties. As each individual *is* a soul, it remains for him to act, to live like one; *i.e.,* to exhibit to the world his qualities and faculties. This he may do if he will. The soul is wise, just, loving, true, honest, patient, strong. Through a willing mind these qualities and many more are called forth and shown in the character. But the mind must be willing. Given to understand that it is a matter of choice whether he will be patient, honest, etc., any child will quickly grasp and eagerly act upon the truth that he has the power *within himself* to be what he will. Trusted and left to *choose,* he will almost invariably adopt the right instead of the wrong course of action. Thus begins his conscious character-building, and his *meta*physical life; *i.e.,* the life that is above the physical, the thought-life, the conscience-life.

Having given him an insight into the wonderful powers of the soul, how easy also to teach him that in spirit he is never sick, cross, or unhappy; and if he will always remember to think of himself as *soul* or *spirit,* and not as *body,* he can overcome sickness and pain as easily as selfishness or anger or any other naughty feeling!

Oh, these wonderful, plastic minds of childhood! Into what wondrous molds may they be formed if we are but wise enough to find the mold! Through imitative activity perhaps more than in any other way, at first, may these tender minds be wisely cultivated, for "this imitative activity, rightly directed, will lighten more than half the work of education." "Utilized at the proper stage," says Froebel, "it will enable you to accomplish by a touch, light as a feather, what later you cannot do with a hundred-weight of words."

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Brave Winter and I shall ever agree,
Though a stern and frowning gaffer is he.
I like to hear him, with hail and rain,
Come tapping against the window-pane;
I like to see him come marching forth,
Begirt with the icicle-gems of the north;
But I like him best when he comes bedight
In his velvet robes of stainless white."

—*Eliza Cook.*

WELCOME, THRICE WELCOME, NEW YEAR!

Over the hill-tops the bright day is breaking,
Earth from night's slumbers is slowly awaking
To welcome the coming New Year;
On the tall pine-trees the ice-tips are shining,
Low in the west the last star is declining—
The sun comes, and morning is here.

Welcome, thrice welcome, O fair cheery morning!
Cold, freezing airs are thy forehead adorning,
Borne through the atmosphere clear;
Far in the distance the joy-bells are ringing,
Mellow and soft as if angels were singing,
"Welcome, thrice welcome, New Year!"

Children with jubilant voices are calling,
Blithely their tones on the ear are now falling,
Hearty and joyous each cheer;
Even the sky, bending lovingly o'er us,
Seems to take part in the loud sounding chorus
Of—"Welcome, thrice welcome, New Year!"

MARY M. CLARK.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

December had passed and the cold had been intense. Cousin Mildred had been very busy and the children had seen little of her except on Saturday nights, which had been great delights to them. One night they had danced to their hearts' content and had learned a pretty French dance, and were going some day to dress up as peasants and dance it for their mama. Another night Cousin Mildred had carried them off into a world of enchantment by singing the cradle-songs of different countries for them. Then they had one night of merry games, and now the last Saturday night of the month had come round once more and they sat before the fire waiting for their story.

"What are you going to tell us to-night, Cousin Mildred?" asked Dick. "Something suited to boys?"

"It's a story about a little girl," said Cousin Mildred. "Next time I will tell you a genuine boy's tale, but to-night I cannot get the story of little Betty out of my mind. I have called it 'The Children of the Kingdom.'"

It was New Year's Eve. The bells were ringing merrily on the frosty air. The streets were crowded. It had been snowing most of the day, but was now clear and the stars shone brightly in the heavens. In the great church across the square the choir were practising the music for the midnight service. Every now and then could be heard organ peals and sweet voices that had an echo of Christmas in them—of "peace on earth, good will toward men."

The lights sparkled in hundreds of shop-windows in the great square. Men and women were hurrying homeward, or on pleasure bent, with anxious or merry looks on their faces. Yet of all the faces of the passers-by the most anxious of all was that of a child, who, standing before a large window, peered longingly inside at all the light and brightness as she stood outside in the cold. The snow was on her hair and her hands were quite red and numb, but her eyes had made her forget everything but what they gazed at in that gleaming light on the other side of the glass, against which she was pressing her forehead.

It was a picture—the most beautiful one she had ever seen—of a man surrounded by little children. He was sitting under a great overspreading palm-tree, and one of the children, the youngest and weakest, was in his arms. In all directions innumerable little ones were coming over green hillsides and from distant villages, their mothers following them with sleeping children in their arms. Betty did not wonder they came; the look on the man's face was quite wonderful, and it kept even her standing there unconscious of the cold.

"What yer lookin' at, Betty?" asked a voice behind her; and the little girl turned to see a boy who lived in the same house with her—Tim, the boot-black. Betty liked Tim; she thought him a marvel of learning. He had once been to school for several uninterrupted quarters.

"I'm lookin' at that ther pictur inside, Tim, of the man with the children. Ain't he got a kind face, though?"

"A kind that don't grow on bushes," said Tim, grimly.

"Do you really think he's alive somewhere, Tim, and we could find him? Them children in the pictur look kind of ragged, but he don't seem to mind rags. What are them words below written in gold?"

Tim scratched his head and then slowly began to spell out: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"There now, I thought he were a-sayin' somethin' just like that!" exclaimed Betty; "but it ain't no use: *they* live in 'the kingdom of heaven,' probably 'cross the sea. I never heard of it afore, but there's a girl in our block as came from Germany—perhaps *she* heard of the kingdom of heaven and knows where it is. You don't think we could ever get there, do ye?" she asked, a little wistfully.

"I dunno," said Tim, turning up his coat-collar. "I heard of it once long time ago, but I've forgotten most o' what were said. But there be no good searchin' for the man in the picture, Betty; for he died years ago."

"Did he?" asked Betty.

Once more her eyes turned toward the bright lights and her face rested against the cold window-pane. There sat the man

with the tender look on his face and his kind arms stretched out. But he had died years ago!

"And I thought he was alive and I could find him," said Betty, as she sadly turned away.

"Oh, ye's no call to fret, Betty!" said Tim, good-naturedly. "Come, run away now; it's time ye were home, and a happy New Year to ye!"

"Good-night, Tim. I wish I could find some one like that to cuddle up to when I get home. Do you suppose there be any like him as is good to children who don't live in the kingdom of heaven?"

"Oh, I dunno. Crackens!—for a young un you ask a heap o' questions."

Betty walked away thinking of that kind face and the children of the kingdom of heaven. So busy was she thinking that in crossing a crowded street she did not hear the noise of a heavy cart behind her, until the horses were upon her and she was crushed to unconsciousness beneath the cart-wheels. They lifted her up, a little bleeding mass, from off the snow and carried her to the hospital, and those who watched beside her during the night wondered at her broken words every now and then: "He's not alive; he's dead, Tim says." "But he is alive," she would say later; "I saw him only a moment ago with his arms stretched out."

Thus she lay day after day until the doctors said that all danger was over and that she would live; and then one morning she came back to consciousness and saw hanging on the wall in front of her bed the picture of the same man and the same children she had seen just before she had lost her head and fallen under the wheels. Underneath were some words that she could not read. She beckoned to her nurse.

"What are those words?" she asked; "please read them."

"I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore," said the nurse.

"Then he *is* alive?" asked Betty, eagerly.

"Who?" asked the nurse.

"The man in the picture," said Betty.

The nurse was preparing her bandages.

"Of course, he is alive," she said, mechanically.

"And he lives in the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes," said the nurse.

"And all the children live there too?"

"Yes, all children are of the kingdom of heaven;" and she smoothed the bandages down neatly and straightened out the little feet.

"Do I belong to the kingdom of heaven?" asked Betty.

"You are a dear, patient little girl; you belong there if anybody does," said the nurse, warmly.

Betty looked at the outstretched arms of the man in the picture—at the more than human face; then she seemed to be like one of the children crawling up his knee to rest there. She was glad the kingdom of heaven was not away across the sea, next to Germany, and that she was a child that belonged there, wherever it might be; and she turned over wearily and fell into a long and dreamless happy sleep.

"She did not die?" asked Elsa.

"Oh, no!" answered Mildred; "she lived to grow up and do a number of bright and delightful things for other people, and she told me the story herself."

EMILY MALBONE MORGAN.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

I wonder how many of the little children who read the stories in MIND are interested in watching the birds and learning some of their names and habits.

Do you know that the winter season is a very good time to become acquainted with our little feathered friends?

Three years ago we moved into a cottage built right among the trees, and we have spent many happy hours watching the birds and squirrels who live about our home.

I will tell you how we became so well acquainted with some of the birds. About the first of December, when the snow cov-

ered up all the berries and seeds, we bought about two pounds of suet and had it tied to the limb of a tree that was only about seven feet from our chamber window.

It was wonderful how quickly the birds discovered the feast that had been prepared for them. The chickadees were the first to find it out, and there was hardly an hour throughout the day when these gay little friends could not be seen flitting about—sometimes seen perched on top of the suet and as often hanging upside down, holding on with their sharp claws. You can easily learn to know these little fellows by their black caps and throats, and by their cheery song—*"chickadee-dee-dee-dee!"* The thicker the snowstorm and the harder the wind blows, the gayer the chickadees.

We often saw another bird that is very friendly with the chickadee. The whitebreasted nuthatch, with his pale-blue or slate-colored back, his black head and white breast shading to a pale reddish under the tail, is one of the dearest little birds I know. Like the chickadee, he is a fine acrobat, for if he finds too much snow on the top of a limb he runs along equally well underneath, tapping the bark with his long bill, looking for spiders' eggs. He has a queer little note, which sounds like *"quank! quank! hank! hank!"* Several times during the winter we had a visit from the red-breasted nuthatch, which could be easily distinguished from the larger nuthatch by its brighter coloring. Its song was quite different, too, for it sounded as if it said, *"tai-tai-tait!"*

The downy woodpecker came every day, and many times a day. You will surely know him when you see him, for he has such a pretty black-and-white coat, with a bright red spot on the crown of his head. His mate is very similar, but without the scarlet on the head. He is smaller than his relative, the hairy woodpecker, and his outer tail-feathers are white, barred with black. He was very fond of the suet, and I am sorry to say that he lacks the gentleness and good breeding shown by the other birds I have named. I have often seen two chickadees and as many nuthatches eating at one time; but when the woodpecker appeared it was a sign for the smaller birds to go. He would not even allow his mate, who sometimes came with him, to eat

until his own appetite was satisfied. Perhaps this was a particularly greedy and selfish bird; so we will not judge all woodpeckers by him.

There are six different kinds of woodpeckers in New England, and they all have quite brilliant coloring. In the kindergarten the children call these birds the carpenter-birds, for they have a strong, sharp bill, which serves as a chisel, or auger, to cut into the bark of the trees. They have many interesting habits, and I never tire watching them.

Before the winter was over, the birds became so tame that we could raise the window, although it was only a few feet from them, and shake the dust-cloth without disturbing them in the least—showing a confiding trust, as animals always do when we treat them kindly.

I must tell you about the little brown creeper which often came to the tree, although I never saw him eating the suet. He was a small, brown-gray bird, with a dull-white breast and a slender, curved bill just fitted to hunt out the little eggs and bugs hidden under the bark of the tree. This bird, as he goes creeping up the tree, clinging closely to the bark—which he resembles so in coloring that he might easily escape our notice if we did not hear his queer sharp voice as he says, "*Zee, zee, zee!*"—is often found in company with the nuthatches and chickadees. You will never see him creeping down a tree, for he always climbs upward in a spiral fashion, and after he has carefully hunted out the food on one tree he flits to another, beginning at the base and working upward.

I have not told you half of the interesting things that I have learned by watching these little feathered friends from my chamber window, for I want you to observe the birds and have the joy of finding these things out for yourselves.

MARY P. SPINNEY.

PEACEFULLY, then, should children dwell;
Each one should love his brother,
Always ready all strife to quell,
And to forgive each other.

—*From the German.*

CHRIST-CRADLES.

Dear Children of MIND:

Many—yes, very many—years ago, in a country far across the sea, lived a king. His people had a religion of their own and for year after year had worshiped the god Odin, together with many lesser gods who it is now supposed were mere symbols of the forces of Nature, like the sunshine, the rain, and the changing seasons. Now, it happened that strange men came to this king's country and told him and his people of a new religion that was being taught in all the countries of the world. The founder, Jesus of Nazareth, had lived in a country called Judea, and went about doing good. He healed the sick and miserable and taught the people a way of living through which their lives would become filled with peace and joy.

This good news the strangers told the people, and they were so thoroughly in earnest—believing without any doubts that the religion of Jesus was true—that it enabled them to win the king and his court, together with many of his subjects, to forsake their old religion and become followers of the Christ.

Now, it was the wish of the good king to do something to show his loyalty to the new teaching, and so he called a council of his wisest and best men. After talking over the matter they decided to have each household bake a pie and eat it upon the birthday of Jesus, which was celebrated the 25th of December. This pie was named the Christ-cradle, and was baked in a long narrow dish, or pan, to represent the manger in Bethlehem. In it they put meat to make them think of the sacrifice of Jesus' body upon the cross, fruits to symbolize spiritual gifts, and spices in memory of the visit of the wise men of the East.

And thus for many long years the custom of making Christ-cradles at Christmas-time was observed; and gradually this custom was extended to other nations. But we have entirely forgotten the early meaning, in this practical day and age, and few of us are aware that the mince-pie of to-day was first known as a Christ-cradle.

Now, don't you think it would be nice for each one of you children to make a Christ-cradle this year? I will tell you how

to make one that will be better than those that were eaten in the far-away times I have been telling you about.

At the beginning of this new century many people are interested in a beautiful New Thought that makes them see very clearly that it is not what we eat, or drink, or wear that can make us a Christian nation; for it is only with the heart or mind that we can follow the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

You know, dear children, that in the head of each little child is an instrument called the brain. When you think, you use this instrument just as truly as you use a bicycle when you mount it and ride away, or just as you use the piano when you play upon its keys. Now, I have a thought that we will call this little instrument, the brain, our Christ-cradle, and in place of meats, fruits, and spices we will fill it with good thoughts.

I hear you all asking how it is possible for you to do so queer a thing as that.

Well, let us see. Here comes Susie with a new doll—such a beauty! Now, Mary, I see by your face that you are not quite pleased because Susie has the doll and you have only a book. A little black thought of envy is using your brain—creeping into your Christ-cradle. We do not want it there, because it is not a thought that is good and helpful to either little girl. So let us take it out and replace it with this one: "I love Susie, and am happy and glad that she has such a beautiful doll." Think this good thought several times and you will soon have a little warm feeling around the heart, and you will know that your Christ-cradle is growing. Let us put into our Christ-cradles all the thoughts of health that we can—all the thoughts of kindness and love for all about us. Let us try to see only the good habits and agreeable traits of character in any one. Let us have faith in the eternal goodness of every soul. If we will all try this plan, our minds will become pure and white and will be fit receptacles for the Christ-spirit; and they will show our allegiance to God better than the Christ-cradle of the old king. Our cradles will become more valuable than golden caskets set with precious gems.

My mind a cradle is
To hold the Babe so pure;
I will not let him go—
With love I'll him secure.

With bands of kindness drawn,
With lacings of good-will,
His soul with me shall dwell
And whisper, "Peace; be still."

Then winds of fate may blow,
And storms of life may rage;
They cannot hurt my soul—
'Tis safe from age to age.

Your loving friend,
HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

THUS READS THE TALE.

I.

On a day, we twain fared forth into the forest, questing the red deer. Searched we afar and long, yet found naught; and when we made to return the day was spent, nor could we at all discover the homeward way. For the wood was parlous dense, neither were any trodden ways therein. Therefore, being aweary and faint for lack of meat, we must even make shift to gather somewhat of moss and leaves, and lie down thereon.

Fast was the sleep, for we awakened not in the wood, but within a little chamber of some castle. Troubled we much how this should have befallen, but knew no friendly hands had borne us thither. For the door was fast barred, and no man fetched us to eat nor to drink. And greatly I feared that which should come upon us. But my companion ever mocked at me, saying that naught could come so evil that might not be endured.

After many hours there was without the sound of many feet and loud voices and the clash of weapons. Then one drew the bolts and flung wide the door, and a great voice spake: "Bring them forth and deal with them as befitteth."

He, my companion, strode forth with firm tread and lofty smile. But fear had changed to water all my blood, and hardly would my shaking knees bear my body.

That room we entered was lofty and great, and spread for

feasting, and in it were many knights. From the dais spoke one, the fairest of them all, saying: "Come up hither, friend, and feast at my right hand; for well I love him who waiteth proudly and fearlessly whatever may befall. But as for thy companion, the chain and dungeon are ready. For this is the Castle Dangerous—and in it cometh no evil to him that feareth none; but to him that feareth, all that he feareth."

And in that dungeon I abode many days.

II.

Red wrath throbbed in my temples, roared in my ears, surged through all my being. For mine ancient enemy had crowned with deadly insult the cup of malice from which I had so long perforce been drinking, and stood before me smiling, cold, malignant, sneering. Yet, might I be avenged, for all weaponless stood he there before me and without armor. Therefore, I struck a mighty stroke and looked to see him fall smitten. But, even as the shining steel descended, a mist darkened my eyes. The blade swerved and bit deep into my own flesh. And as the life-blood spouted there rang upon my ears: "Fool! Thou shouldst have known that anger ever returneth upon itself, and slayeth him who feedeth it."

III.

Long and well I hated him. Boots not to tell from what spite and wrong our hate first sprang, neither to count the many injuries that each had dealt the other; for through long years had our hate waxed ever fiercer.

On a day at last was I taken, not in fair combat but bewrayed by foul traitor, and haled into his castle. Chanced that he was abroad with some stranger guest from the land of silk and ivory, and there bided certain days, the while I must await his coming. Neither could this bring aught but death to me; for, to say sooth, we hated well.

Joyful was he to learn, returning, that I lay within his grasp, and made a great feast when night fell. On his seat of judgment sate he, and beside him the stranger guest, a dark old

carl clad in white robes. Grimly smiled he, as he spake in bitter jest: "A fair and welcome guest, forsooth, art thou. How shall I do fit honor to thee?"

Not less fiercely did I laugh, nor did my eye droop from his: "Linger not, but slay me, as I would thee in like case."

Then upswung he his sword, but, before that it could fall, spake the stranger guest: "Stay thy hand, fair host. For in our ancient writings stands this word: 'Hate doth not in any wise cease by hate, for hate is not cast out save only by love.' Spare thine enemy, and perchance thou makest a leal friend."

A moment doubted he, then smiled, but me seemed not grimly, the while he spake: "Friend, thy hate and mine have stood long and grown great. Mayhap this wise stranger guest speaketh truth. Better might it have stood with us twain, to ride each beside the other."

How it happed I know not, but, even the while he spake, that old hate fell away from me. And from that time ride we as blood-friends.

CHARLES AMADON MOODY.

WHAT DOROTHY SAID TO ROSEMARY ANN.

Dorothy sat in the window-seat,
Holding her doll and swinging her feet.
"My dear little, dear little Rosemary Ann,
Don't you 'member I promised to tell you the plan
Of the New Year's party we'll have next week,
When you'll be the hostess and look ever so sweet,
And the dollies 'll come with their New Year's wishes,
And oceans of love done up in their kisses?
Now, Rosemary dear, my dear little girl,
I want you to 'member not *once* in the swirl
To say in your heart, or under your breath:
'I wish they'd go home, I'm tired to death!'
No, no, my dear pet, 'twould be quite out of place,
To have aught in your heart that's not in your face."

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE WOOLLEY YEAR BOOK FOR 1902. Compiled by Lilian M. Heath. Paper, 50 cents. The New Voice, publishers, Chicago.

This is something new and unique in the way of a reform calendar. It comprises 63 leaves, 6x9, of heavy plate paper, on which are indicated the days of the week and date of the month, an appropriate quotation being placed opposite each. The literary feature comprises selections from the works of John G. Woolley, and may be said to contain the pith of these writings. They are the words of a sincere reformer, adapted to the thought and needs of any advanced mind, and are so arranged as to be easily memorized and assimilated. The tinted cover bears a portrait of Mr. Woolley, the whole being suspended by a silk ribbon attached to an ornamental rod. Miss Heath has shown rare taste in making her compilation of this author's best utterances; as a consequence, the "Year Book" is admirably suited for a holiday gift and will be found a daily help and guide throughout the ensuing twelvemonth.

ELSIE'S LITTLE BROTHER TOM. By Alwyn M. Thurber. 168 pp. Boards, 75 cents. Universal Truth Publishing Company, Chicago.

This is a story for boys and girls that meets a want of the New Thought movement that thus far has not been adequately filled. Inquiries are constantly heard for books that in the form of juvenile fiction embody the simple fundamentals of the New Metaphysics, for this is the most popular method of introducing fresh truths to unfledged minds. From this viewpoint, Mr. Thurber's little book is equally suitable for the use of adults who are yet unfamiliar with the new-old teachings; but as a *story* the volume will be most highly prized by both old and young. The narrative is pure and wholesome, thrilling and instructive, and full of human nature: commending itself thus to families of every shade of belief. The tale is delightful in every way; hence, we do not hesitate to indorse it as a work eminently worthy the attention of buyers of New Thought literature.

J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOLOGICAL LECTURES. From the Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Holl, Mass. Cloth, 343 pp. Ginn & Company, publishers, Boston.

CREEDS AND RELIGIOUS BELIEFS—As they Appear to a Plain Business Man. By John S. Hawley. 167 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Wilbur B. Ketcham, publisher, New York.

BALLANTYNE. A novel. By Helen Campbell. 361 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Little, Brown & Company, publishers, Boston.

ESOTERIC LESSONS. By Sarah Stanley Grimke, Ph.B. 307 pp. Cloth, $1.50. The Astro-Philosophical Pub. Co., Denver, Col.

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL ATTRACTION. A Conception of Unity. By Eugene Del Mar. 79 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Published by the author, Denver, Col.

THE HEAVENLY LINK. Poems. By Ernest A. Tietkens. Cloth, 271 pp. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Company, publishers, London, England.

FROM POVERTY TO POWER; or, The Realization of Prosperity and Peace. By James Allen. 189 pp. Cloth, $1.00. L. N. Fowler & Co., publishers, London and New York.

HERMAPHRO-DEITY. The Mystery of Divine Genius. By Eliza Barton Lyman. 276 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Published by the author, Bay City, Mich.

HOW TO CONTROL FATE THROUGH SUGGESTION. By Henry Harrison Brown. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

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VOL. IX. No. 5.

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MIND.

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 5.

SOME LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY RALPH WALDO TRINE.

I.

A Sort of Creed.

To live to our highest in all things that pertain to us;

To lend a hand as best we can to all others for this same end;

To aid in righting the wrongs that cross our path by pointing the wrong-doer to a better way, and thus aid him in becoming a power for good;

To remain in nature always sweet and simple and humble, and therefore strong;

To open ourselves fully and to keep ourselves pure and clean as fit channels for the Divine Power to work through us;

To turn toward and keep our faces always to the light;

To do our own thinking, listening quietly to the opinions of others, and to be sufficiently men and women to act always upon our own convictions;

To do our duty as we see it, regardless of the opinions of others, seeming gain or loss, temporary blame or praise;

To play the part of neither knave nor fool by attempting

to judge another, but to give that same time to living more worthily ourselves;

To get up immediately when we stumble, face again to the light, and travel on without wasting even a moment in regret;

To love all things and to stand in awe or fear of nothing save our own wrong-doing;

To recognize the good lying at the heart of all people, of all things, waiting for expression, all in its own good way and time;

To love the fields and the wild-flowers, the stars, the far-open sea, the soft warm earth, and to live much with them alone, but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing living creature better;

To strive always to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. In brief—

To be honest, to be fearless, to be just, to be kind. This will make our part in life's great and as yet not fully understood play truly glorious, and we need then stand in fear of nothing—life nor death; for death is life.

Or, rather, it is the quick transition to life in another form; the putting off of the old coat and the putting on of a new; a passing not from light to darkness but from light to light, according as we have lived here; a taking up of life in another form just where we leave it off here; a part in life not to be shunned or dreaded or feared, but to be welcomed with a glad and ready smile when it comes in *its own* good way and time.

II.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE LIFE BOOKS."

By Ralph Waldo Trine.

Soul Radiance.

We are told by the mariners who sail on the Indian seas that many times they can tell their approach to certain islands long before they can see them, by the sweet fragrance of the sandalwood that is wafted far out upon the deep.

Do you not see how it would serve to have such a soul playing through such a body that as you go here and there a subtle, silent force goes out from you that all feel and are influenced by; so that you carry with you an inspiration and continually shed a benediction wherever you go; so that all your friends and all people will say—His coming brings peace and joy into our homes: welcome his coming; so that as you pass along the street, tired and weary and even sin-sick men and women will feel a certain divine touch that will awaken new desires and a new life in them—that will make the very horse as you pass him turn his head with a strange, half-human, longing look?

Such are the subtle powers of the human soul when it makes itself translucent to the Divine.—*"In Tune with the Infinite."*

The Next Thing.

Do not, then, sit and idly fold the hands, expecting to see all things drop into the lap—God feeds the sparrow, but he does not throw the food into its nest; but take hold of the first thing that offers itself for you to do. Work in the fields, at

the desk, saw wood, wash dishes, tend behind the counter, or whatever it may be; be faithful to the thing in hand, always expecting something better, and know that this in hand is the thing that will open to the next higher, and this the next and the next;—and so realize that each thing thus taken hold of is but the agency that takes you each time a step nearer the realization of your fondest ideals. . . Begin at once to set the right forces into operation. Put forth your ideal, which will begin to clothe itself in material form; and send out your thought-forces for its realization; continually hold and add to them, always strongly and always calmly. . . You then hold the key; and bolts that otherwise would remain immovable, by this mighty force, will be thrown before you.—*"What All the World's a-Seeking."*

Inclusive and Exclusive.

The larger the man and the woman, the more inclusive they are in their love and their friendships. The smaller the man and the woman, the more dwarfed and dwindling their natures, the more they pride themselves upon their "exclusiveness." Any one—a fool or an idiot—can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes and it signifies a large nature to be universal, to be inclusive. Only the man or woman of a small, personal, self-centered, self-seeking nature is exclusive. The man or the woman of a large, royal, unself-centered nature never is. The small nature is the one that continually strives for effect. The larger nature never does. The one goes here and there in order to gain recognition, in order to attach himself to the world. The other stays at home and draws the world *to him.*—*"In Tune with the Infinite."*

Good in Every One.

When we thus recognize the God in every one, we by this recognition help to call it forth ever more and more. What a privilege—this privilege of yours, this privilege of mine! That hypocritical judging of another is something, then, with which we can have nothing to do; for we have the power of looking beyond the evolving, changing, error-making self, and seeing the real, the changeless, the eternal self which by and by will show forth in the full beauty of holiness. We are then large enough also to realize the fact that, when we condemn another, by that very act we condemn ourselves. This realization so fills us with love that we continually overflow it, and all with whom we come in contact feel its warming and life-giving power. . .

And in a sense love is everything. It is the key to life, and its influences are those that move the world. Live only in the thought of love for all and you will draw love to you from all. Live in the thought of malice or hatred, and malice and hatred will come back to you. This is an immutable law.—*"In Tune with the Infinite."*

III.

RALPH WALDO TRINE: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

In reading Mr. Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite," many people, impressed with the strength and peace which pervade the whole work, conclude that the outward circumstances of the author's life must have been peculiarly favorable to the at-

tainment of such high ground as is taken in the book, and which all readers instinctively feel he has realized in his own life. The conclusion in itself is correct, but the implication that the outward circumstances were pleasant and easy is altogether false; for, like many others who have attained strength and poise, Mr. Trine has been developed through hardship.

Born at Mt. Morris, Illinois, in 1866, Ralph Waldo Trine very early in life had to face poverty and its attendant deprivations, and doubtless this environment contributed much toward his growth in patience, perseverance, and fortitude.

While yet a boy he earned sufficient money, in and near his native village, chopping wood and doing similar work, to enable him to begin the course of study at Carthage College Academy on which he had set his heart; though to one of less courage and determination the sum of eighty dollars, which was all he took with him, would hardly have warranted such a step. After having worked his way through the Academy, he went to Knox College, Illinois, from which he was graduated in 1891, becoming soon after cashier of a bank in his native town.

While in his second year at college, an indication of what his future work and thought might be was given through his thesis, written in response to a prize of $100 offered by the American Humane Education Society to all American college and university students, on "The Effects of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime." The youth's talent as a writer, as well as his keen sympathy with the subject of the thesis, was evidenced by the fact that the committee of award declared his to be the best of all the theses submitted.

After a year spent at the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Trine entered Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, as a graduate student in the department of history, political and social science, and during this course of study he supported himself with his earnings as a private tutor.

The "word of life" given forth by Mr. Trine, both through

pen and personality, carries double weight when we realize that it is not the creed of one who has lived in the calm atmosphere of a secluded and sheltered life, but is the fruit of a most varied and ofttimes trying experience. He has engaged in various kinds of manual, industrial, and newspaper work, besides teaching and lecturing; and more than once he has known what it was to walk the streets of a large city hungry and without work.

For some years the subject of this sketch has been greatly interested in social and economic problems, and as a result of his studies Mr. Trine will probably publish a book in the near future written from the point of view of a socialist who is such because of his New Thought philosophy. In speaking of this matter, Mr. Trine says, in substance, that after extensive observations and researches and after much thought and earnest study he has come to the conclusion that, so far as ethics and even the actual safety of society, government, and industry is concerned, socialism is the only basis that can be acknowledged—and certainly the only basis that can be deduced from an actual living belief in the great fact of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The author of the "Life Books," although still a young man, is well known in many countries, and the public may well look forward with interest to his forthcoming book, written on a subject of such vital importance.

Mr. Trine was married on the 17th of May, 1898, to Miss Grace Hyde. The wedding took place at the house of Mary A. Livermore, in Melrose, Mass., Mr. Livermore performing the ceremony, which was of a very simple nature. Mrs. Trine is in hearty sympathy with her husband's thought and work, and is a gifted and charming woman.

A little over 100,000 copies of Mr. Trine's books have been published in this country alone. "In Tune with the Infinite" is in its forty-second thousand (American) edition. The demand for the "Life Books" has been a steadily increasing

one from the beginning—a fact that argues well for the hunger, among the people at large, for a vital religion. The volumes are meeting with remarkable sales in England, and thence are making their way extensively into Australia. A French edition of "In Tune with the Infinite" was published in Paris last autumn. Two of Mr. Trine's books have been translated into the German, and a Spanish and a Japanese edition are now in preparation.

There is an especial charm in all that Mr. Trine writes, and he has the rare gift of clothing the greatest of thoughts in the simplest of language. His message is so expressed that both the learned and the uneducated can find satisfaction in it; and his great popularity is largely due to the fact that he speaks not only from his heart but with the simplicity and directness of a child. There is no effort to impress the reader with his knowledge; rather does he ever strive to awaken in all a consciousness of the oneness and infinite powers of our common existence. His books come directly into the affairs of every-day life, and the author is constantly receiving letters that attest the good his readers have derived from the application of the truths therein contained.

Mr. Trine has made it a rule never to write merely at the suggestion of publishers, and he has never been actuated by the thought of financial gain. To quote his own words: "It has been my aim to present in as simple and as concrete a manner as possible certain truths and observations that have been of great value to me with the hope that they might prove of like value to others. I believe, however, that if one is faithful to this principle the money part will take care of itself, and in the ultimate even better than if one work for it directly, to say nothing of its influence upon his work."

There is absolutely no sectarianism or partizanship in Mr. Trine's thought or feeling, and it is therefore not surprising to find that his books are read with equal interest and profit by Catholic, Jew, Protestant, and even by the Orientals.

His first book, "What All the World's a-Seeking," published only a few years ago, met with immediate success; and the second volume, "In Tune with the Infinite," more than satisfied the expectations that had been raised by the first.

"The Greatest Thing Ever Known," written for the "What Is Worth While" series, now being issued by Mr. Trine's American publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., has reached its seventeenth thousand. It is an admirable condensation of his ripest thought; and it is most gratifying to those who have the New Thought movement at heart to know that it sells so rapidly that it is difficult to keep it in stock.

Mr. Trine's other works, "Every Living Creature" and "Character-Building Thought Power," are, like all that has come from his pen, both comforting and inspiring.

Mr. Trine is one of Nature's noblemen—kind hearted and generous in nature, a man singularly free from selfishness, and one you always feel better for having known. He has a keen appreciation of a good story, and enjoys telling one even at his own expense. His genial ways and sympathetic nature have endeared him to many who know him personally. He is a man with the most humane feeling, and has interested himself to a marked degree in the prevention of cruelty to birds and animals of all kinds. He is a director of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the American Humane Education Society. He is a thoroughgoing vegetarian, not simply because of his sympathy for all animals but because he firmly believes that mankind in general would be better off without the use of meat. Mr. Trine's physique, of generous proportions and robust character, is a convincing argument against the claim that a certain amount of meat is necessary for the human animal.

Indeed, if all men recommended their profession of faith, physically, mentally, and morally, as does Ralph Waldo Trine, the hungry world would turn gladly to the Source whence all health and strength are drawn.

A PSYCHIC VIEW OF ANARCHY.

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

Now that the storm-waves of thought have expended some of their force upon the shores of dynamic expression, and the fires of passion in the public mind have been somewhat abated, one may calmly, coolly, critically, and dispassionately consider the assassination of President McKinley from a psychic and scientific viewpoint.

Speaking in a straight and logical sense, every effect has a preceding cause; every fruit, be it bitter or sweet, has within it that inherent quality resident in the productive seed. Hence, properly to interpret a fact one must get behind it—to the preceding cause by means of which the subjective idea enters into the objective realm of fact. Thus the world has come into its present condition by the projection of thought and its potentialities into outward and actualized expressions of life. Behind the objective existence of resultant activity lies the subjective realm of the idea—the world of thought-causes; for never an act came into being without a dominating thought coloring and causing it to be like unto itself. Like cause, like effect; like thought, like deed.

Man has a dual mind—subjective and objective. The subjective mind has relation to emotions, feelings, sensations, and sense-impressions, while in the objective mind are the reasoning, intellectual, critical, and discriminating faculties—those that weigh and examine the mighty matters that come before them.

There are three kinds of people on the mental plane: (1) the psychic, who is controlled by the subjective mind; (2) the scientist, who is dominated by objective thought; and (3) the adept, who can, by means of his self-assertive will, trans-

fer his thought with equal facility from the subjective plane of emotion to the objective plane of reason and desire, and *vice versa.* The subjective mind is also the artistic mind, as the objective is the plane of the scientific and judicial.

During the last fifteen or twenty years, many phenomena of a psychic nature have been presented to the world. There has also been an increase in insanity, suicide, crime, disease, and corruption in high places. In seeking for an explanation of these varied phenomena we find the cause to be first manifested on the thought-plane. Diseased conditions are first developed on the mental plane before they appear in the objective world. As a materialistic doctor once told the writer, the majority of people are *frightened* into sickness, especially in times of epidemic. But there are epidemics of anger and passion, of violent crimes, of insanity, of suicide, of abnormal and terrible conditions that result in acts of torture and the mania for war. In the recurrence of these phenomena, scientists have discerned the operation of a law of *periodicity.*

Epidemics of whatever nature prove the law of thought-transference, as the mental healer proves its efficacy in the fact of healing. Criminals are true psychics. The ferocious thoughts of society, or any considerable proportion thereof, are often absorbed into a criminal's mental system, and when an opportune moment comes he is impelled to commit a crime by which society is shocked; yet if the truth were known, thousands may have thought of that very deed, and by their thought caused its commission when the suggestion found a lodgment sufficiently strong in some poor psychic's brain. Of criminals, Lacassagne, the noted French criminologist, says: "The social environment is the cultivation medium of criminality; the criminal is the microbe, an element that only becomes important when it finds the medium that causes it to ferment; *every society has the criminals which it deserves.*" If that is true, are we not all more or less responsible for the crimes that occur?

Let us consider the question from a psychic viewpoint and apply our reasoning to the assassination of President McKinley; and in so doing let us not unduly eulogize the victim nor unwisely condemn the assassin. I was somewhat disgusted to hear many of those who condemned Mr. McKinley in most emphatic and savage terms when alive eulogize him to a state of godhood when dead. The fact is, he was neither a devil when alive nor a god when dead, but only a man trying to do his duty as he saw it—failing, no doubt, as we all do to live up to his highest ideals, but nevertheless struggling to do the right as he perceived it. Why, then, should he have been assassinated? What was the antecedent cause?

During recent years we have observed two reactionary tendencies—a desire to exterminate rulers, and a growing disregard for the sacredness of life. In ten short years we have had the assassination of President Carnot, of King Humbert, of the Empress of Austria, and several others. That human life itself is no longer regarded as sacred is seen in the universality of capital punishment and our indifference when scores of our fellow-beings are killed in some "accident." Knowing these things, I have often wondered that some one in high official station in the United States was not killed long before September by some half-frenzied fanatic who might think that by so doing he was ridding the world of some detriment to it. I did not entertain this thought because I knew of any conspiracy against any one's life, but because I knew something of the law of suggestion. That such acts in the Old World would suggest a similar course to some one in our own country seemed inevitable. Moreover, there was a power in certain internal dissensions that might tend to actualize such a deed in the physical realm.

There are three classes of people in the civilized world that are desirous of bringing into outward form some change in governmental affairs. They may be designated as the icono-

clasts, the discontents, and the revolutionary reconstructionists. The first two of these are in my estimation much to blame for the assassination of Mr. McKinley—not because there was any conspiracy on their part to kill, but because they are ignorant of the law that governs the suggestibility of thought.

What is an "iconoclast"? The term means a "smasher of idols," and as a general rule the iconoclast has no power or inclination to give us anything better in their place. Though Brann, of the Texas *Iconoclast,* undoubtedly had the right of the argument in the Waco affair a few years ago, I think it probable he would have been living to-day had he not presented his views in so antagonistic a spirit; for antagonism breeds antagonism—war and strife tend to create these conditions. In *resisting* evil we but fight that which wages a heavier battle.

What is a "discontent"? One who is dissatisfied with the conditions of society, and yet has no improvement to offer except a mere palliative. But a "revolutionary reconstructionist," while voicing the discontent of the masses, knows also the remedy and the power of reconstruction. His is a healthy discontent, for he has also the *hope* that leads to better conditions.

How were these iconoclasts and discontents responsible for the assassination of President McKinley? The following paragraphs, from the pen of James F. Morton, Jr., are suggestive:

"Certain of the Administration organs are pointing out, with a considerable show of indignation, that many attacks on the late President in the Democratic papers of the country equaled if they did not exceed in ferocity any utterances attributed to the more radical press. It would be possible to go somewhat further, without passing outside the domain of fact. The Democratic assaults were more dangerous, more calculated to arouse envenomed passions, more liable to inflame a weak mind, than any statements which appeared in the Anarchist or Socialist press. Not only is the enormous circulation of the Democratic organs to be taken into consideration, but the radical difference in their methods of attack. With them the per-

sonal note was altogether predominant. McKinley as an individual was persistently and continually held up to ridicule, contempt, and hatred. For four years he has been the principal target for their most savage editorials and their most insulting cartoons. All that he has done or said has been systematically placed in the most unfavorable light. He has been pointed out as personally responsible for every policy of his party that was deemed in any way objectionable. The minds of millions of men have been kept constantly inflamed against this one man; and many who were not themselves readers of these papers were sensibly affected by the spirit of animosity engendered by them and permeating the whole atmosphere.

"The Anarchist and Socialist press, on the other hand, criticized McKinley as the representative of a system. He was simply an illustration of conditions that they condemned; and they did not single him out as conspicuously better or worse than the large majority of the class to which he belonged. He was typical of the prevailing sentiment, nothing more; and their sole effort was to appeal to fact and argument in support of their contention that this sentiment was not founded on right reason. Nobody would glean from these papers any notion that the 'removal' of the individual McKinley would make room for a better man, or lead to the introduction of a better system. On the contrary, it was always made clear that the continuance or disappearance of a social system depends, not on the life or lives of an individual or of individuals, but on the action or consent of the great mass of the people. To change results it is necessary to convince the people that the suggested change is desirable. This calls for no more violent weapons than those of agitation, discussion, and education. The Democratic harangues, however, being mainly directed against the particular man, might well persuade a weak-minded person that the destruction of the obnoxious individual would speedily usher in a more satisfactory state of affairs. Therefore, if there is any *prima facie* evidence of guilt, it must rest with the Democratic party organs, and in no degree with the more radical press."

Again, "yellow journalism" is often directly or indirectly responsible for many lesser crimes; and there is a reason for this, which those who make a study of the phenomena of mind can easily explain. Through an inordinate desire for money on the part of the newspaper proprietors, "scare-head" sensationalism is more important than the truth; and shocking details of brutality, photographed scenes of crime, and depicted deeds of murder and violence are the order of the day. These ideas and pictures act as potent suggestions and sooner or later find their way into the susceptible mind of some psychic,

causing him to imagine himself a heroic figure of history in the performance of deeds of violence. Thus have we our Czolgoszes, our Brescis, and our Bergmans; for the news of the day (through the methods used by many of our great engines of publicity) is often used as a means of fostering criminality.

Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, in his "Omega," written a few years ago, speaking of the modern newspaper, says:

"As for that matter, the journals of the world had long since become purely business enterprises. The sole preoccupation of each was to sell every day the largest possible number of copies. They invented false news, travestied the truth, dishonored men and women, spread scandal, lied without shame, explained the devices of thieves and murderers, published the formulæ of recently invented explosives, imperiled their own readers, and betrayed every class of society, for the sole purpose of exciting to the highest pitch the curiosity of the public and selling the papers."

Let us, therefore, not condemn unwisely; and when it becomes necessary to expose a fault, let us not do it in the spirit of iconoclastic destructiveness but in the interests of universal justice. Neither should we forget to show the remedy—to point out the law of harmony and coöperation.

LOVE is the first comforter; and, where love and truth speak, the love will be felt where the truth is never perceived. Love, indeed, is the highest in all truth; and the pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save, sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom; love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—*George MacDonald.*

A CALM, restful temper grows as self is learning to lose itself in God. Such grace tells gradually on the daily life: even the minutest detail may be brought under the power of God, and carried out in union with him.—*T. T. Carter.*

FAITH AND HEALING.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

It must be evident to the unprejudiced that faith will heal —faith in anything; faith in bones, nails, wood; faith in pills and gruesome compounds. The requisite is faith; the object of such faith does not so much matter. Faith in bones and relics is possible only to very unawakened minds, and hence can be operative only with such. Faith too in patent medicines implies a share of credulity, and doubtless they who can have such faith derive some benefit. It is always unto us according to our faith.

But the advance of knowledge is constantly shattering our faith by awakening in us a clearer insight into the nature of things. The faith of our fathers will not suffice for us; the faith of one generation will not answer the next. So it comes that we are losing faith in pills as already we have lost our faith in relics. The thoughtful man of to-day does not dream of swallowing some of the mixtures his father took; he regards these much as he might the concoctions of the Chinese apothecary, or of the witch-doctor. He has transferred his faith to more modern remedies. But he is losing faith in these as well, and another generation will have none of them.

And yet it is usual to deride faith as impotent, and as wholly a delusion of the ignorant; whereas in truth it is the lever that moves mountains. None are without it; but our faith is pinned upon different objects according to our degree of intelligence. For that matter the French peasant with his faith in the efficacy of a relic is quite as wise as are we who suppose health—immortal Health—to be corked in a blue bottle. Shall we scoff at miracles so long as we believe a pill to be the seed of renewed life?

Intelligence is ever the faith-destroyer. We must be constantly shifting our faith from one object to another as one by one the illusions fade. The ultimate must be the removal of our faith from all *objects* whatsoever—the lifting it forever from the objective world, to be placed in the Spirit. We do not lack faith, but we lack as yet intelligence in our faith. So it comes that we have faith in various objects, but little or none in God. It is the mission of knowledge gradually to destroy man's faith in the objective, that he may be brought at last to that faith in God which alone can sustain him and which is alone rational.

The strange practise of the "howling dervishes"—the chief dervish walking over the bodies of infants brought thither to be cured in this inexplicable manner; the practises of the Indian medicine-man; the various methods of propitiating the gods in vogue among certain Hindus and Japanese; the Chinaman with his Joss: these are curious examples of the faith of different people. But the history of the Church and the history of medicine afford examples equally strange and well-nigh inexplicable. That a Japanese peasant woman should write her petition for a son upon a scrap of paper, and, after chewing this into a wad, hurl it at the image of a certain god, is perhaps no more remarkable than that an Italian marquise should burn candles before an image or ascend the Scala Santa on her knees, or that the average man of reputed learning should have faith in a Latin prescription—that it will offset the effects of dissipation or of mental discord. The fact is, faith is natural to man, and it tends to cling as the tendrils of the ivy and the woodbine to whatever may present itself. If no oak is near they will run up a bean pole.

This is not to say that faith is in itself the sole active agent, though such is obviously the case where relics are the objects. Custom and tradition have blinded us to the fact that such is also the case with drugs. In view of this the words of an eminent authority on medicine, in a recent review of the sub-

ject published in the New York *Sun*, are significant. After remarking on psychical methods of cure, wherein faith in something is suggested to the patient, as a noteworthy feature in modern treatment, he goes on to say:

"After all, faith is the great lever of life. Without it man can do nothing; with it, even with a fragment, as a grain of mustard seed, all things are possible to him. Faith in us, faith in our drugs and methods, is the great stock in trade of the profession. In one pan of the balance put the pharmacopœias of the world, all the editions from Discorides to the last issue of the United States Dispensatory; heap them on the scales as did Euripides his books in the celebrated contest in the 'Frogs'; in the other put the simple faith with which from the days of the Pharaohs until now the children of men have swallowed the mixtures these works describe, and the bulky tomes will kick the beam. It is the *aurum potabile*, the touchstone of success in medicine. As Galen says, confidence and hope do more good than physic; 'he cures most in whom most are confident.' . . .

"While we often overlook or are ignorant of our own faith cures, doctors are just a wee bit too sensitive about those performed outside our ranks. They have never had, and cannot expect to have, a monopoly in this panacea. . . Faith in the gods or in the saints cures one, faith in little pills another, hypnotic suggestion a third, faith in a plain common doctor a fourth. In all ages the prayer of faith has healed the sick, and the mental attitude of the supplicant seems to be of more consequence than the powers to which the prayer is addressed."

We are naturally led to inquire, if faith is operative in reacting upon drugs, upon inanimate objects of veneration, upon traditional concepts, how much more may we expect where our faith shall go out to God, to the recuperative action of the Life Principle itself? What if we had the faith in Divine Order we now place in force of arms and external means? What if we placed our faith in Thought, which is itself an active agent, a spiritual force—creative, constructive, potent? In fact, faith itself is but a mental attitude of confidence and expectancy, and is thus in itself witness to the efficacy of thought directed to certain ends. What if we opened our minds and hearts to the divine currents and looked to the Spirit as now we look to inert matter? We must learn to place our faith in the Unseen rather than in the phenomenal, in the Substance rather than the shadow, for that alone fails

not. Though heaven and earth be swept away, that shall remain. We trust in banks, we trust in theories, but we trust not as yet in God.

But why talk of *faith cures* since all are such—since without faith nothing is accomplished? It is *more* faith we need; a deeper, wiser, more loving faith; a faith such as reason may support, and not a faith based on credulity; faith above all in the Real and Enduring instead of the things of the hour—experiments, fads, superstitions.

A rational faith is the need of the times, as it has been of all times. Progress is ever working to establish such faith. For its advent all things pave the way, though such is far from any end they may have in view. To this end has contributed Science by upsetting theological dogmas and arousing the skeptical spirit—the precursor of better things. To this end has contributed institutional religion itself by its very defects—its failure to satisfy the demands of growing intelligence. So also has medicine, by its inadequacy. "We are sick unto death!" cries the world at last; "and you cannot help us." And so faith is being shattered in the idols of old and it must perforce turn to something else.

Let the conservative and the orthodox consider always that it is in a measure the inadequacy and inefficiency of their own creeds and practise that give rise to liberal and radical movements. They would do well to inquire as to who are these liberals—for often they are those for whom the doctor had no cure, and the preacher no inspiration. It is out of decay of the institution that the New Thought springs, as the fallen leaves nourish the new growth in the forest. The Church is the greatest enemy of the Church. Medicine itself has prepared the way for the downfall of medicine. But let us not be deceived—the institution, new or old, will not establish in us the rational consciousness. That is a matter for the individual alone—an inner awakening, a new birth, a soul-perception. The institution may suggest and for a time

encourage, but in the end it will do neither—rather will it oppose. We shall work out our own salvation—in faith as in other matters. And so must we develop inwardly the capacity to establish a rational basis for our faith. The world will tell you that such is to be found in the institution. But it is found in Truth alone.

It is often enough proved that the wisdom of this world is foolishness; such is one of the chief object-lessons of the history of philosophy, of religion, of science. Our knowledge is relative and becomes worthless as soon as we gain a new point of view. We are forever making discoveries that upset all our preconceived notions. Who knows on what fine morning some divine fact shall dawn upon us that may change the aspect of life in a twinkling and make it appear that heretofore we have only dreamed, and our reputed wisdom was but the snoring of the sleepers? Such a morning shall come. To the seer it has already come.

Skeptics and cynics would have us believe there is no absolute ground on which to rest our faith; it is all relative, say they. But never for long do they influence any considerable number of people—such is that intuition in mankind in a bed-rock somewhere beneath the quicksands. Throughout our life the soul is making itself known in intuitions, in little gleams of insight. We move in its light, but, seeing no source, we deny that light. It is as if, the sun being hidden, we were to deny its existence; whereas all the time we were sensible of the clouds only by reason of its light. Faith, then, in the soul, though it be obscured by the mists of ignorance, is our need. The clouds only *seem* to surround the sun; they are in fact very near to the earth. In reality the earth, not the sun, is obscured.

May ours be a faith, then, which the advance of reason shall not overthrow. There is ample evidence to-day that Thought, acting as the vehicle of Truth, is itself the *bona fide* healing power; that not only may the individual influence

his own well-being by direct thought-currents, but may in time of need receive the thought-wave of another mentality directed to his own in respect to Truth—a process similar to the gentle influx of pure air into a room filled with unwholesome gases, or of a stream of clear water into an impure reservoir. The whole is bound to become pure in the continued process.

It is to be observed that such a process has no relation to hypnotism, and is in no sense the imposition of one mentality upon another. Personality does not rightly enter; neither has it reference to will power. Truth is absolute and abides in no personality, but transcends all. If I have temporarily lost its perception, become fuddled and confused as to my own nature, and allowed my consciousness to become identified with the outward and seeming, then is it surely a friend indeed who can speak the word of Truth, that the thought-vibrations may enter my consciousness as the sunbeams penetrate the mist till such be dispelled. He does not *will* me to anything, nor coerce me to his view, nor in any way gain control of my faculties. He merely affirms truth in the consciousness that Truth is itself the healing and regenerative power of the universe, and that the thought-waves of his affirmation are dynamic—as heat-waves or light-waves are dynamic. It is a psychic activity—but Energy is ever invisible, immaterial, psychic. There is no more mystery in the transference of thought than in the transference of electrical energy. It is not *his* will, not *his* truth—but some aspect of Truth universal he thus brings to me, and I become the more receptive through my faith in Truth and incidentally in my friend as the efficient instrument of such truth.

Him we call a sick man is more properly one affected with beliefs. His ailment registers his departure from the norm of Truth—with reference more than likely to the nature of man, or of his relation to the Supreme, or to his fellow-man. His beliefs are a blight—a cancerous growth of the mind

which in time withers the body. Truth is the remedial agent, which if brought to bear will so vitalize the mental currents that the blight can no longer find a hold. Observe again that it is not a process of reasoning one into a different mood—though such has its use; but it is the concentration of positive thought upon a negative mental field. Thought is merely the vehicle for the transmission of Truth. An activity is set up just as surely as in connecting the poles of a battery, or in bringing certain chemical elements in contact. We have as yet no adequate explanation of any such processes, but we may use them to our advantage nevertheless. This we know —that somehow that negative, subconscious field is cleared and the body responds, and sooner or later the consciousness itself is changed and the man comes into larger perception of Truth: all this in virtue of the fact that Truth is stronger than error, and its affirmation sets in motion thought-waves that have power to heal the sick.

Here is something on which we may pin our faith in all assurance—bed-rock on which to stand at last. Amidst all uncertainties, all will-o'-the-wisps, all beckoning illusions—the firm ground of Truth! This is ours to gain, and to help others gain.

WOULDST thou bring the world unto God? Then live near to Him thyself. If divine Life pervade thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou may'st be unconscious of being charged therewith.—*L. M. Child.*

THE power to love,—God's greatest gift!
Forget it not, dear heart. 'Twill lift
The weight of burdens heaviest,
When thou rememb'rest that the best
He gives is thine,—thou still canst love!

—*Mary Putnam Gilmore.*

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Christianity stands in the world for as many different interpretations of Christ's teaching as there are different sects calling themselves by his name. Whatever in this teaching has called out a strong response in the heart of some leader, and through him in the hearts of some group of men and women, forms the basis of each sect, or at least its title to the name of "Christian." No one of them has the whole truth; indeed, not all of them together are able to apprehend more than a small portion of the system of religion, philosophy, and ethics implied in the brief summary that has come down to us of the instruction given by Jesus to his disciples. Moreover, each age since he came to earth has emphasized a different aspect of his teaching. Humanity has been obliged to grow gradually toward a comprehension of even the fundamental principles that underlie the religion of Jesus, and still the Church is far from the heights of holy living and spiritual thinking that he pointed out.

These facts are often regarded as a reproach, either to the Church or to its founder, by persons that profess to disbelieve in the divine mission of either. Some, looking upon Christians as they live their daily life, regard the obvious weakness and unspirituality of that life as a fault inherent in the religion they profess, and declare that a better religion must be found, to take the place of Christianity, as the world progresses. They believe apparently that we have exhausted the possibilities of the present religious system, and they are looking about them to see in which direction the signs of the coming of a new Messiah are to be found. Some look to the Orient; others look to Western scientific leaders, hoping for a new inspiration worthy of the coming age. Then there are

others who discern a deeper meaning and a loftier purpose in the words of Jesus than are recognized by many of his own followers, but, instead of blaming the latter, regard the founder of our religion himself as a visionary who attempted to set for mankind a standard utterly impossible of attainment, utterly impracticable, and therefore foolish.

It will thus be seen that two opposite points of view are represented by the critics of Christianity: one, that of those who think the standards of that religion not high enough; the other, that of those who think them too high. Truly, it is impossible to please every one. It may be noticed further that those who are looking for a loftier religion are chiefly individuals who have been all their lives under the influence of Christian institutions, yet have never studied deeply the teachings of Jesus. The critics who regard those teachings as too lofty to be practicable are to be found chiefly among non-Christian thinkers who have not become "visionary" through the influence of Christianity.

I may quote as illustrations of this an eminent Jewish rabbi and an eminent adherent of the religion or philosophy of Confucius. I myself heard the rabbi declare that the only original precept that Jesus ever uttered—the only law laid down by him that was distinctively his own and entitled him to the position of a leader in religious thought—was his doctrine of non-resistance. This doctrine, the rabbi maintained, is so utterly impracticable that no sane man pretends to follow it; it has therefore become (according to his view) a dead letter even among those who profess to regard Jesus as their Master and the head of their Church. In a word, it is an absurd and chimerical doctrine; and as Jesus has no other claim upon our attention than that one precept of his, with that precept his entire influence falls to the ground, and the Church bearing his name must be seen to owe nothing to its reputed founder.

The disciple of Confucius to whom I referred may speak

for himself, as quoted by a daily newspaper. Wu Ting-fang, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, speaking before the Society of Ethical Culture in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the teachings of Confucius, said: "The immortality of the soul is a beautiful doctrine, I admit. I wish it were true, and I hope it is true; but all the reasoning of Plato cannot make it more than a strong probability, and all the light of modern science has not brought us one step further. Now, Confucius would be called an agnostic if he were alive to-day. There were four things that he would not talk about—extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, and spiritual being." The reporter then goes on to say:

"The Minister then compared the practical teachings of Confucius with those of Christ. He read a passage from the New Testament declaring that evil should not be resisted with evil, and if a man smite you upon one cheek you should turn the other cheek. Of this doctrine Mr. Wu said: 'This, it seems to me, is meekness with a vengeance. I am inclined to think no sensible man has ever followed this injunction faithfully. A man who will smite you on the cheek is a dangerous man and needs no second invitation. A man who will take your coat is a thief, and would doubtless take your cloak too if he could lay hands on it. "Love your enemies." Such a standard of excellence is too high for humanity. There is no likelihood that many people will follow it.' "

These are certainly startling arguments to one who has always regarded the doctrine of non-resistance as the most divine of all the Master's teachings, and whose only perplexity regarding it concerns the difficult problem of making it a working principle in his own life. Certain it is that Jesus did teach this doctrine, and equally certain is the failure of the Church thus far to obey it in any literal sense. That it was not accepted by the early Church as binding except in strictly personal matters is evident from the fact that there were soldiers among the early Christians. The duty of obedience to a civil government, which commanded acts contrary to both the spirit and the letter of Christ's teachings, was enjoined both by him and by the apostles. In the heart of the disciple, therefore, was enthroned a law directly in opposi-

tion to the recognized laws of the world, which latter he must nevertheless obey in outward act, rather than come into collision with established civil authority. No wonder that Jesus compared his followers to sheep sent forth in the midst of wolves.

How the two opposing principles should be reconciled became frequently a matter of individual judgment; yet how strongly the leaven thus hidden in the hearts of Christians has worked may be seen in the gradual disappearance of the passion for personal vengeance in Christian countries, by the possibility at the present day for a man to refuse to resent an insult without bringing upon himself the contempt of his fellow-citizens, and in many other ways connected with private life. In connection with public affairs a very striking illustration is shown in the respect paid to the conscientious scruples of the Quaker with reference to going to war, and in the growing abhorrence in which all war is held. We may notice also as very significant the general interest manifested in the attempts of certain individuals, notably Count Tolstoi, to put literally into practise the teachings of Jesus regarding this and other matters.

It seems evident, therefore, that it is the glory rather than the shame of true Christianity that it is based upon principles to which mankind must grow by eager and sometimes toilsome effort; that it presents an idea so glorious as often to be called visionary, yet making so strong an appeal to the higher nature in every man that it draws all toward it, gradually, silently, yet none the less surely. Moreover, we can see that the different aspects or stages of Christianity are but different degrees of understanding of Christ's teaching, and correspond closely to the characteristic qualities of the greatest three apostles, who in turn have held or promise to hold the leadership in Christian thought, namely, Peter, Paul, and John. Of these, John lived in the closest intimacy with Jesus, and we have reason to believe was the

one best loved by him; yet he is the one who as yet has had least influence upon Christian thought. He was a mystic, and no adequate attempt to understand his visions has yet been made, although portions of the Revelation are beginning, in the light of history, to assume coherence. It was upon Peter that Jesus founded his Church in the beginning—childish, impetuous Peter, whose enthusiasm atoned for such a multitude of sins. St. Peter has been the nominal head of the most conservative branch of the Church to this very day. He stands for authority and ecclesiastical law. But a portion of the Church broke away from this iron-bound authority, which had come to mean to them only formalism and hypocrisy, and took as their leader Paul, the apostle versed in both Greek and Hebrew learning—Paul, the subtle reasoner, the theologian, the independent thinker, who found his strongest weapons in the shafts of argument.

But what shall we say of John? The Church has passed through its infancy and early youth, through the stages of the animal and the merely human, the senses and the intellect, and is now ready to enter upon a "new dispensation," as Swedenborg expresses it. Can we doubt that the new era is to be that of John, with his doctrine of the regenerate life of unselfish love? He will surely teach us things more worthy of the Nazarene than we have yet learned, and make plain to us many things that have thus far perplexed us. Thus we may see within Christianity itself the promise of that new religion which the oncoming century will surely need, and also the explanation of the inconsistencies in which at the present time Christian life abounds, yet which were far more striking in ages past than they are at present.

All denominations of Christians are now turning more and more to John as the writer best qualified to present to us the Master's thought and purpose. "Christianity," they all tell us, "is not a creed, but a life. 'Whosoever loveth is born of God and knoweth God; for God is Love.' No matter what

the creed, genuine spiritual love is the sign and seal of the divine sonship." So, too, the love of God to man is emphasized more and more at the expense of the earlier teaching, which presented Him as a being full of wrath and vengeance, a terror to evil-doers, and hence more or less so to every one, since all have sinned. Scarcely more elevated than the old Jewish Jehovah is this conception of Deity, and scarcely resembling at all the loving Father whom Jesus so tenderly presents to us. Gradually the Church is turning to this thought of God, and in so doing signalizes the dawn of the New Era that is opening upon the world. Prophecies from every quarter have heralded this "new dispensation." Even the orthodox commentators on the Bible of a century ago interpreted the visions of Daniel and of John as referring to the end of the old order, and placing that end at about the year 1840, with its completion at the close of the century. This led to the many strange delusions regarding the approaching "end of the world" that were rife about the middle of the century, among Bible students having great faith but little discernment.

We can all see now that the great change is upon us, the old order giving place to the new silently, yet with almost startling rapidity; and we know that the dawn of the new light as found in the New Thought movement began to break upon our mind about the year 1840. While the students of prophecy were looking wildly here and there, expecting to see its fulfilment, the change, all unnoticed by them, was taking place before their very eyes. How rapidly the light has spread and how ready the world is to receive it are known best to those most familiar with the history of this and kindred movements, which aim at the spiritualizing of life, or the unifying of thought, or the progress of the cause of human brotherhood. True religion is not dead nor dying; it may cast off its old garments, but within it is a vitality greater than the world has dreamed—the very Spirit of the Universal Christ.

HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

III. Ideals of Heaven and God.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Neither speaker nor writer need aim to convince by words. If the matter presented is based on mutually recognized facts, or principles, it stands. Mere assertion has no weight, for it can be questioned. Common grounds of agreement to start from, and to hold by, will do surer service than any amount of persuasiveness, however eloquent. Nothing can be more eloquent than Truth.

Our common ground of agreement here is that the world needs bettering. In plain evidence of this are our innumerable charities, reforms, philanthropies, and civil service leagues, our multiplied legal enactments and penalties—all aiming to secure better conditions by getting people to do better than they are now doing.

These efforts are aimed at what appears—pauperism, drunkenness, vice, the selfhood of commercialism, the corruption of politics, the domination of wealth, the desperation of poverty. With Man, however, as with Nature, the processes are from within outward. Thus a man's conduct is not a "something" of itself, but is rather his motives and ideals coming into view. Plainly, then, an effective world-betterment must concern itself not so much with visible conditions as with what shapes and fixes these—with ideals, motives, hopes, standards, aspirations.

It is said of a city prominent in classic literature that the statue of a god was set up in the market-place as a model of grandeur and perfection, in order that it might be to the people a constant inspiration by bringing them under the

domination of a perfect ideal. This was a *help* to world-betterment.

Christendom has set up no statue for imitation, but its declared ideals of God and heaven have had, and still have, large place among our "hindrances." Read the portrayals of God as these are embodied in the sermons and hymns of not so very long ago, and imagine a statue formed on such! And, though given no visible form, yet the graphic pictures thus held in mind have answered the same purpose. They helped largely in forming the human character that has ever since been working out into conduct. They were, indeed, effective beyond all else, for the reason that Religion has always been considered supreme over all else. Those in charge of it have been looked up to as unquestionable authority. Those now in charge still decide the codes of belief and conduct for their congregations.

Clothed with all the authority and wielding all the influence of his exalted position as pastor and a man of learning, President Edwards thus preached to his congregation in Northampton, Mass.: "God designed from all eternity to glorify himself in the damnation of multitudes of mankind. God has given you a capacity to bear torment, and he can enlarge upon it. If God hates any one and sets Himself against him, what cannot He do with him? God deals with you so as to glorify his majesty, power, and greatness in your destruction. God will have his liberty to show mercy to what enemy he pleases and to punish which of his haters he pleases."

Dr. Watts enforces this doctrine by the mighty aid of verse and song:

"The Lord who sits above the skies
  Derides their rage below.
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
  And strikes their spirits through.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
  When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea
  And fling his wrath abroad.

Tempests of fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm."

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
A land of terror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal Hell
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting rocks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dipped in the blood of damned souls."

If what is contained in Edwards' sermons and Watts' hymn-book seems too dreadful to quote from, or to read, it must be borne in mind that our present purpose is not to please but to note whatever has gone to make the character which, appearing in conduct, has been a hindrance to world-betterment, and even helped to make this needful. In Edwards' time and for long after, ministers of the gospel everywhere taught these doctrines. Theological literature was almost the only kind obtainable and was extensively read; while Watts' hymns and others like them were sung in churches and at evening meetings, read at firesides, and were committed to memory by children—parents attending to this as a religious duty.

Edwards told his congregation that, when those who had died unconverted were being borne to the fiery furnace, not one of the saints in heaven, not even their own saved parents, seeing their struggles and hearing their shrieks and groans, would pity them, but would praise God for his justice; that witnessing the tortures of the damned in hell would heighten the blessedness of the saints because it vindicated God's justice, and that heaven would ring with hallelujahs on that account, and also in praise of Jesus Christ, who "had been pleased to so distinguish them who had deserved no more than the others. . . With what ecstasy will they sing!" For the salvation depended not at all on a good life. It de-

pended on election. Some were elected from the beginning of the world, as objects of salvation. These, by the grace of God, met with a change of heart. To be just, virtuous, true, humane, was called "mere morality," and counted for nothing toward a future salvation; it was, in fact, considered dangerous, as being a false dependence. Life agonies were endured by those who survived unconverted kindred.

If all this be considered a thing of long ago, we have only to recall Spurgeon's immense congregations, to whom he thus declared their Heavenly Father's dealings with his unconverted children:

"When thou diest, thy soul shall be tormented alone; that will be a hell for it. But at the Day of Judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then wilt thou have twin hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood and thy body suffused with agony. In fire exactly like that we have on earth, thy body will lie, asbestos-like, forever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of pain to travel on, every nerve a string on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament."

Besides Spurgeon's personal following, his published sermons have world-wide circulation, and it has been said that "the Christian world has suffered a great loss in Spurgeon's death." (Is there anywhere on earth a *Christian* world?)

In fact, God has been represented as a sort of human monster infinitely magnified; for were an earthly monarch to subject to agonizing tortures even one of his subjects, and through only the period of earthly life, the whole world would exclaim against such barbarity. But what would be mere life-long agonies compared with those which an enraged Almighty Being has elected to inflict on countless multitudes, "not for one age, nor for a hundred ages, nor for ten thousand million ages, one after another, but forever and ever, without any end at all, and never, never to be delivered!"

In educating our children we bring to their notice persons possessed of noble qualities, with a view to results in the way of character. Think, then, what Edwards, Milton, Watts, and a whole host of thought-leaders have done for character in

justifying cruelty, vengeance, and hatred by ascribing these to a declaredly perfect Being whom we are to love and worship!

The past tense has been used here, but we need not refer altogether to the past when now these same codes of belief are the basis of the greater portion of our missionary work, and when certain of our religious denominations still hold by them —though keeping them in retirement. But as to world-betterment, what shall be said of the moral effect of righteousness that professes to hold as sacred truth what it is unwilling to preach?

Christ-en-dom means Christ's domain, or Christ in dominion. The instructions of this supreme Lord, or Ruler, were evidently intended for use in our earthly existence. They related to daily conduct. They took high ground, and if applied would have brought about an exalted, or heavenly, kind of world. It is unfortunate that upon these should have been ingrafted the pagan ideals of heaven as a locality on the upper sky, which, being high above the earth, has served as the abode of all beings above the mortal—gods, goddesses, and later angels, cherubim, seraphim, and with these the Divine Omnipresence narrowed down to a Person seated on a white throne, the surroundings being entirely of such earthly conceptions as plenty of pomp, ostentation, crowns, ceremonials, waving of palm-branches, music, unending rest: a heaven made entirely of earth materials! It is a pity, too, that heaven has been preached and believed in as being *a place to go to after death,* since the Master's teachings declare it to be an innermost *condition* to be entered upon at any time and anywhere by such as are overflowing with love toward all, and who, devoid of self-seeking, recognize the oneness of the family of mankind—with the obligations this implies—and their own spiritual oneness with and dependence upon the Omnipresence declared to be immanent in Man.

Since, then, the kingdom, or reign, of God is within, it is

our part to see that this divine rule has free course and is glorified in daily life. It will be helpful to learn just what the term "God" meant to the Bible authors. There are three names given—*God, Jehovah,* and *Shaddai.* The root meanings of "God" are: "a powerful giving forth; entering into; setting up motion; ruling; guiding; directing; finally bringing about relations of beauty, strength, and harmony; majesty and perfection." The second, "Jehovah," signifies "Being; Life." The third, "Shaddai," translated "the Almighty," has various root significations, as: "to shed forth energy; that which nourishes or sustains life; brooding; the act of a mother nursing her offspring; principle of motherhood."

Science, philosophy, and religion agree that by this sustaining and life-renewing Presence we live, move, and have our being. It is working in us all, through us all. It tabernacles with Man. In us, in every one, the Lord of Life resides. It is the Heavenly Father sustaining, quickening, renewing us; the "infinite, eternal energy" manifesting within and without us; the omnipresent Power of which all phenomena are manifestations. All this we are told.

Science has declared that nothing can come from nothing; that all known life is derived from life like unto itself. This being the case, our highest known life, the human manifestation, can form no exception; and back of our finite intelligence, our love, energy, wisdom, strength, spirituality, must be the infinitude of these; and it is from this infinitude that Emerson declares we may draw, at our will, inexhaustible supplies. It is the Jehovah, Yahveh, Shaddai, or Lord God, so depended upon by the Scriptural writers, seemingly every possible word being used to express dependence on this as their strength, refuge, rock, shield, sun, fortress, high tower, buckler, salvation, deliverance from sin and from disease. "All my springs are in Thee," and from and by these "we are renewed day by day." "With Thee is the *fountain* of Life."

If Humanity would but know, and get, and use all thus

made so free to our human world, small need would there be of betterment. But for such gain, such blessedness, we must first come to the *understanding* so often and so imperatively insisted upon by those ancient writers, and whereby they evidently made these resources their own. "With all thy getting get understanding. She is a Tree of Life to all that lay hold on her." A word now in frequent use, as having the same meaning, is *realization*. *Know Thyself* is a synonymous term; *i. e.*, know not only the apparent self, but that inner self called in the Hindu scriptures the Self of selves, and in ours the Divine Omnipresence working in all and through all "to will and to do." This "working," worked out everywhere into daily life, will save the world from sin.

IT is one of the supreme purposes of history—of law, gospel, and Holy Spirit—to enable men to get over being brutes. Yet the most interesting and the most voluminously reported and graphically illustrated struggles are the struggles that are waged between man and man in their capacity as brutes simple and unmitigated. In our colleges and universities there is no event in the entire academic year that so grips upon the interest of the entire institution, from president down to professor of dust and ashes, as the struggle on the campus that illustrates the students' terrific brutality. In comparison with it intellectual feats and philosophic, classic, or scientific competition are not even a barren circumstance.—*Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.*

NO MAN can learn what he has not preparation for learning. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened.—*Emerson.*

BY rooting out our selfish desires, even when they appear to touch no one but ourselves, we are preparing a chamber of the soul where the Divine Presence may dwell.—*Ellen Watson.*

THE RECLUSE.

BY G. CAMPBELL CREELMAN.

The hermit lives in the lonely wood;
  His home is a cave in a rocky glen;
  Far, far removed from his fellow-men
He silently works for the Brotherhood.

He seems a captive, but none more free,
  Nor would he stir from that shady nook;
  His fare is plain—he drinks from the brook
That flows through the dell to the distant sea.

He pores for hours o'er an ancient book;
  He scans its pages with eyes so keen,
  Then closes the volume with thoughtful mien,
And turns his gaze toward the flowing brook.

To read in the heavens the secrets of earth,
  He climbs the side of a mountain steep—
  To study the stars while the world doth sleep,
And there remain till the morning's birth.

Oh! he is a master of mystic lore,
  Who guards the secrets that men have sought,
  And for their possession have bravely fought
With flesh and demons in battle sore.

A scion old of an ancient race
  Is this lonely man in his cavern home
  In the darksome glen, like an ancient gnome—
Oh! who hath gazed on his noble face?

And here the recluse dwells alone
  To aid the world by the power of thought,
  Though his fellow-mortals know him not.
It is thus the great ones are unknown.

THE PATH DIRECT.

BY J. K. LIVINGSTON.

To desire no *thing* is the fundamental principle of the true philosophy of right living. It may be said to be the bed-rock upon which must rest the superstructure that is to stand the test of the long and painful experiences of the "Higher Self" in its struggle against selfhood. The subjugation of the lower nature is admittedly the goal to be attained. All systems of philosophy, both religious and moral, and all codes of ethics dealing with life are a unit upon that point.

"He who findeth his life shall lose it; and he who loseth his life for my sake shall find it," said the Christ. And five thousand years ago, on the plains of India, said Shri Krishna to Arjuna: "The right performer of action, abandoning the fruit of action, attains to rest through devotion; the wrong performer of action, attached to the fruit thereof on account of desire, remains bound."

But how is such supreme abandonment of self to be attained? The whole lower nature of man cries out in protest, and self-preservation seems indeed to be "heaven's first law." No matter how ardently the disciple may apply himself to the task of treading the "narrow way," he is met at every corner by "desire"—not necessarily of a low order; and herein lies the real difficulty. Through a course of right thinking and of rigid self-discipline along conventional lines affecting his moral status, a really very high order of living may be attained—bringing with it, according to the operation of an immutable law, its "fruits" of peace and physical and material well-being. These steps may be said to be absolutely necessary; quite a multiplicity of paths lead to this point in the long and

weary "pilgrimage of the Soul" toward its ultimate good, *i. e.*, "God-consciousness."

It is not my present purpose to point out this or that system of philosophy represented by these paths, nor to take issue with those who think the "wheel of rebirth" can be made to stop its revolutions with the present incarnation. Suffice it to say that no exception will likely be taken to the broad, general statement outlined above regarding the beneficent results, the "fruits of action," up to this point. But here we come to the parting of the ways. Oh, the subtlety of desire! If the soul, "singing in its chrysalis of flesh," basks contentedly in the sunshine of life and says "all is well," rest assured that danger lurks in hidden places and it is time carefully and patiently to "look within."

And wherefore, it is asked, this note of warning; for is not this "all good," these gifts and attainments, heaven born? True, they are; but contentment brings *attachment* and stops growth, unless carefully differentiated from everything earthly and material. Clearly, this was what Jesus meant by "finding" and "losing" one's life. "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," was the stern command of renunciation given by him to a would-be disciple—made necessary, perhaps, by this same feeling of self-satisfied attachment to the "fruits of action" about which we have been speaking.

Whether the same command could be literally construed as applying to you or to me at the present time depends entirely upon the value we place upon the material blessings we enjoy. All of them—health, happiness, and prosperity—are the heritage of every child of God, and no one is to be "judged" because of such manifestation in the great "world of illusion." We are to take them as they come, as a matter of course, just as naturally as we accept the other gifts of Nature—pure air and sunshine.

But there is only one way open to the disciple from this point onward, if he wishes to become really "free," and that

is the path of *love,* of supreme devotion to God—not an extra-cosmic Being, somewhere existing in the "heavens," but his own true Higher Self. As he thus constantly looks and worships within—the regular practise of concentration and meditation quieting and stilling the lower mind—gradually the "I Am" within identifies Itself down through the lower consciousness with "the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" the true Christ-light shines forth, and the Path is found that leadeth to the "secret place of the Most High." And there, as he finds himself upon the mountain-tops with the Father, abiding in the sunshine of His love, vanish all the "desires" of life—they are left far below, among the mists and miasmata of the valley.

IT is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into Friendship through the door of Discipleship. We can learn love through service.—*Hugh Black.*

THE sight of great truths and devotion to great causes transfigure our friendship and our life. Friendship is only a habit of being together; love is only a fire of straw, flaring and falling away in a moment, unless its soul is some generous aim, some noble inspiration.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

OF our departed we recall their sweetness and nobleness of spirit, and these memories make them nearer presences than they ever were before. For the soul sees more deeply and more clearly than the eye or the mind, and faith reveals what sight obscures.—*Henry G. Spaulding.*

THE only real belief is in absolute conquest; and the earlier the battle begins, the easier and the shorter it will be. If one can keep irritability under, one may escape a struggle to the death with passion.—*Juliana T. Ewing.*

COMPENSATION.

BY FRANK T. ALLEN.

To those who view it rightly, the knowledge of the absolute justice and certainty of the Law of Compensation is indeed a great comfort, but, with the partial view that we are so prone to take of all things, our faith in this law is usually so blind and selfish that we place ourselves in a condition that insures an effect of the nature of a boomerang.

We should never worry because of others' woes; fretting can do no one good. Neither can we permanently help another by doing for him that which he is too ignorant or too lazy to do for himself. But if we stop at this partial view, and stifle our conscience and sympathies with the argument that the Law of Compensation will bring it out all right, we voice a truth that reaches deeper into our own souls than we have any idea of.

If my neighbor is out of employment, and his family are without the necessities of life, and mayhap in danger of being turned out of doors for non-payment of rent, it is quite true that the Law of Compensation is at work here as elsewhere. These persons are passing through one of the divisions of the great school of life, and the lesson that is being learned is worth all it may cost. Nature makes no blunders, and if these souls did not need discipline they would not receive it. So far as *they* are concerned, they may safely be left in the hands of immutable Law.

But there is another side to the question. *I* have witnessed or become conscious of the sufferings of a fellow-man; I have seen omnipotent Law working through the conditions with which human ignorance has thwarted its normal expression. The law is just, and good only is its ultimate; but, because of the eternal justice of the law, I cannot escape the consequences

of having seen suffering that I have not done what I could to alleviate.

It is true that gifts of money, and the vicarious bearing of the burdens of others, cannot at best do more than relieve present conditions; and it is equally true that anything approaching charity tends to make parasites of its recipients, thus intrenching the very conditions it is sought to palliate. Now, instead of these facts relieving me of the need of concern about the matter, they increase my responsibility. If I cannot satisfy my humane instincts in the relatively easy task of giving or lending money or other material assistance without the risk of making the matter worse in the long run, it follows that these instincts must be silenced—or else allowed to express themselves in the task of finding a remedy for the *cause* of the abnormal conditions.

There is a tenet of Mental Science that reads: "Get yourself right, and the world will be right." This is true, but not one in a thousand who profess to believe it have as yet gained an adequate conception of its far-reaching significance. If by getting myself right the whole world will be right, it is worth every effort to learn how I may apply this precept. I must, therefore, find out who and what this "self" is. If I am an isolated individual, in no way related to, connected with, or dependent upon any person or thing outside of myself, then the solution of the problem concerns only me, and I need not concern myself about others. But the individual is not and cannot be isolated. We may consider any human being—tracing his relationship and dependence throughout creation—and find that there is not a soul in the cosmos that is not directly or indirectly contributing to his welfare and being. Humanity is a *unit* of which each individual is a fractional part. "Yourself," referred to in the above quotation, means the individuality as related to the whole human family. While any member of the race owns or controls that which another suffers the need of, the whole race will continue in bondage.

The first results of the awakening of the mind of man, which is now known as the New Thought, is the realization of a completeness of individuality that was never before dreamed of. Whereas, before, we were abject slaves to our environment, we have now begun to realize the omnipotence of the Divine Self. We see clearly that no one can work out the salvation of another, and we are just getting an insight into the workings of the laws of Nature by which all things coöperate for ultimate good and justice. The great mass of those who have embraced Mental Science, including some of those who are teaching and healing, are self-deceived and unwittingly deceiving others with the idea that the establishing of the kingdom of heaven is entirely a personal matter, and that any individual can enjoy the full glories of that kingdom without regard to its realization by others. They are like the false prophets spoken of in Ezekiel: "They have seduced my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace." Whether a stipulated fee be charged for lessons or treatments, or voluntary contributions be the sole reliance, the effect is the same, for the acceptance of any kind of compensation is proof that the teachers or healers are dependent upon others; and so long as this mutual dependence exists we have evidence of the indissoluble oneness of all men.

I have no word of criticism or condemnation for those who charge for their services; that is a necessary consequence of the conditions under which we live. The point I make is that there can be no complete heaven, or harmony, for any soul until the whole race is redeemed. I recognize the relative difference of individuals, and know that some manifest more of the "kingdom" in their lives than others; but the very fact of their relative exaltation increases their responsibility to just that degree. Those who by dint of strong will and marked personality have succeeded in conquering poverty, disease, and discord in their own lives are proportionately charged with the responsibility of devoting their talents to the task of re-

moving the causes that keep millions of their brothers in bondage.

The sequences of the penalties and rewards involved in the unerring justice of the Law of Compensation may not all be worked out in this one brief span of existence. If I have conquered poverty and discord in my own life, it is not sufficient that I teach or treat others gratuitously. The fact that it may *seem* necessary that I do something for my fellow-men is a proof of a mutual dependence, and nothing short of the absolute surrender of my whole life to the finding and cure of the causes that produce this pauperizing condition will free me from the certain retributive working of the above-named law. If I have "good things" while my brother has "evil things," there is but one way in which I may escape his torment, and that is by a life consecrated to the task of finding and applying the remedy for his condition. I may not be "my brother's keeper," but so long as I *need* to ask payment from him for my services I am compelled to admit that he is *my* keeper—and, conversely, I am his to the extent that he must call on me for what I can do for him.

A thorough understanding of the Law of Compensation would furnish a key to the solution of all life's problems. How many times we have done a kind deed with the thought that, should we ever need such a service ourselves, our act would be compensated for by a like kindness from another! The Law of Compensation, when dealing with individuals, takes little or no notice of deeds *as* deeds, but deals with the *motives* that prompt the deeds; hence, if we are prompted by a selfish motive, the law is that we reap what we sow: if I give the proverbial cup of cold water with the secret hope that should I ever need such a service myself I thus insure having it, the law will at once set to work to bring about conditions in which I will have to "hustle" for my own cup of cold water. "Be not deceived; God [the Law] is not mocked."

It is right and proper to trust the Law of Compensation,

but it must be remembered that the law is founded on the universal LOVE principle that "seeketh not her own." It is a wise child that knows its own father; but who can measure the wisdom of the man or woman who recognizes in the reverses of life the progeny of his or her own blundering thoughts and deeds—when they are delivered from the womb of time by the inevitable working of the Law of Compensation?

MANY people wear themselves out needlessly; their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty leads many a person to anxious, ceaseless activity, to be constantly doing something, over punctual, never idle a second of time, scorn to rest; such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years. Self-control of nerve force is the great lesson of health, and therefore of life itself. To understand how to relax is to understand how to strengthen nerves. Hearty laughter is a source of relaxation, as are also all high thoughts, as those of hope, beauty, trust, or love. Relaxation is found in diversion.—*The London Doctor.*

IF God is really preparing us all to become that which is the very highest and best thing possible, there ought never to be a discouraged or uncheerful being in the world.—*Horace Bushnell.*

LET it be our happiness this day to add to the happiness of those around us, to comfort some sorrow, to relieve some want, to add some strength to our neighbor's virtue.—*Channing.*

"THE path of all excellence lies in the following of advancing ideas which rise as we approach them, and which are perpetually calling us from loftier heights."

THE VALUE OF THE FOCUS.

BY MARY HEBARD.

In considering a subject so ambiguous, yet admitting of such varied and extensive treatment, one is almost at a loss for a method by which to present within reasonable confines its intangibility and illusiveness. Eschewing the literal and technical aspect of the question, which would only lead us into the haunts and by-paths so delightful to the lovers of microscopy or into the factories and laboratories of the lensmakers, we find that the figurative import of the term *focus* is "a point of concentration." Further to elucidate, the following statement will not be inapropos, for in this conception do we repose the validity of our argument: *A gathering together of forces, the union of which is the focus, its significance or value to be determined by results.* Bearing this in mind, we will faithfully endeavor to trace its history and subsequent importance.

At intervals in the operations of the Universe, there is a gathering together of activities, a uniting of energies, a concentration of forces, and from the resulting nucleus come causes, effects, transitions, incidents, circumstances. Without this union there is no power, for it is the duality of life that suggests completeness; and as we find in compensation the evidence of an eternal balance, so only in the law of concentration is possible an expression of power productive of events. This is the one principle that underlies and establishes the truth of evolution. In the cohesion of the atoms that form invisible molecules is the same focal law expressed that is manifest in the mightier phenomenal occurrences that mark the epochs.

Going back to the beginning or rather the ending of

Achean Time, for it is from the closing of this period that Science dates her investigations in the "Life History of Our Planet," we find comparative quiet following an era of chaos and revolution—from which were evolved order, law, and life. Then earth began to build, construct—evolve. All the scattered energies, activities, and elements became centered in one centripetal force. Continents appeared and disappeared. The internal fires abated. In the shrinkage that ensued, mountains were folded into being, and the rivers uniting sky and sea bore them again to the ocean level. From the ice-beds of the North, glaciers transporting their burdens to warmer climes carried on the commerce of the deep, and, grain by grain, the mighty boulders became the sandy beach.

Gradually these greater phenomena gave way; the forces, having spent themselves, became quiet; but beneath the quiet could be felt the vast preparation that was in progress. Yet an appearance of hesitation and an apparent ceasing of all activity prevailed, during which period centuries dawned and died; age followed upon age; the waters subsided, and there was rest: still no sign of the approaching *event*. A primeval darkness enfolded the earth; no sound interrupted the profound quiet save the echoing of the eons as they went rolling in upon the shores of Time. Earth slumbered, and the slumber was the gestation preceding the dawn of Life.

With the ushering in of the new era, wave after wave of light and heat set in motion all the tenacious and throbbing atoms of the nether world, and, in this animation of the physical, earth teemed with creeping, swarming, visible life—life that multiplied incessantly. Coral reefs from tiny polyps grew; the luxuriant development of foliage, together with the rise and fall of forests, made the coal-beds of to-day.

In the Protozoa and Radiates appeared the first visible center, or head, of intelligence; and this intelligence was perceptible in the branching and separating of life into manifold forms—an experimenting of the forces in which the physical

found a maximum expression in reproduction. Through this reproduction evolution gave birth to a race in which, after long ages of struggle and conflict, "might is right," the primal law of physical existence, triumphed.

Standing solitary upon the boundary of a vast past, *man*, the focus of life, surveyed the immense dominion over which he was to hold sway. With him we view a past from which a present came, and in him we read the destinies of races yet to be. In the strange workings of his primitive nature there is, perhaps, more of brute than of man; his only intelligence is instinct; doubt and a dumb yearning for a *something*, he knows not what, gather and fight again the conflict in his breast. All the pent-up feelings of the past rise and flood him —he thinks not, neither has he faith; he only *feels*, and, borne on by the current of an uncontrollable desire, hope leads him onward and upward. The primitive man has passed—civilization has begun.

Man seeks his fellow—*companionship;* he shares his crust—*humanity;* he loves his brother—*divinity.* Society is the focus of association, and in the "dynasties" of the East, the "Longhouse" of the West, man congregates and builds. The handicrafts become the fine arts; learning puts forth philosophers, professors, and investigators, pursuing in various ways the same goal—truth; the one ideal—perfection. Neolithic and paleolithic man finds fuller expression in the Ptolemies and the pyramids of Egypt; from the migrations of the Pelasgians came the civilization of an Athens and a Rome, and in a Homer and a Cæsar we reap the harvest of antiquity. In the vast scheme of an Alexander to Hellenize the ancient world was the anticipation of an ideal—an ideal that later, in the Augustine age, was realized in the Master.

As in every evolution a race is the culmination of physical force, so in every epoch an event is the focal issue; and in the Master is the expression of the spiritual conditions of the age.

In the spiritual conception there are atmospheric con-

ditions that center about and impart color to every nucleus. Whether it be in the abstract or the concrete, every idea, thought, and deed sheds its halo, so to speak; every flower that grows, every raindrop that falls, has its fragrance and its hue. So it is in history and in life. Every epoch and event bears its own degree in the radiance or the darkness of its hue, and in the brilliancy and luster which it sheds we read the value of the focus. Thus, in the artistic conception of sculptured beauty, Athens sheds an esthetic purity that is unrivaled; Rome, in the glorious achievements of conquest and promulgation of the arts and civilization, expressed in life what Athens carved in marble. Later, the splendor, the warmth of the Renaissance, reaching its meridian, becomes a focus in the romance of the Elizabethan age; its hue is of the heart—divinity has dawned, and life is love.

The era of man divides itself into three distinct groups—the physical, the mental, and the spiritual; and, while these are apparently separate and distinct, they are held together by the umbilical cord of life, which makes one force the subsequent issue of another. Thus sensation is the result of a physical condition and aspiration the faint whispering of the soul.

As in Nature, so it is in man; and we find the focus of his physical being manifested in reproduction—and the expression of this fact makes possible mental and spiritual individualization.

The spiritual is the perfect, the approach to which is man's loftiest aspiration; and this ideal, when achieved, is the center or focus of the soul.

As the physical manifests itself in degrees, so does the spiritual, and we have all grades of virtue clothed in as many phases of light and shade. Purity and strength are the two positive elements essential to the development of the spiritual being—the one finding expression through the intuition of the feminine and the other through the reflection of the mascu-

line; and in the harmonious blending of the two, Christ the Ideal is possible. This dual conception is the Ideal—the focus that is the dominant force in all life, all thought and aspiration. It is this duality that makes the wholeness and the holiness of the conjugal relation, and that establishes communion with Deity. We give our worship—our purity—and God gives us strength; the interchange is prayer, which is but the anticipation of the Ideal.

Not perhaps in the way we speak of the value of evolution may we speak of the value of the focus; for, while evolution is a law, focus is a termination, a culmination. A result cannot, like a law, be justified according to what it produces, but rather in its relation to other events. We have found that the focus, from whatever standpoint we elect to view it, is but the result of concentrated activity; and its value is apprehended only through perceptible effects. For instance, the present is the focus of the past, as the future will be the focus of the present; and we can only determine the value of the past by what the present is.

Man, Civilization, and the Ideal are the three great epochs in the focal law of life; the three great culminations in evolution, standing like white landmarks in bold relief against a dawning future—the glorious achievements of a law creative and eternal. And while this law—concentration—underlies all evolution, and is in fact the source of all results, we cannot estimate the value of its focus save in the perspective. Time and distance apportion to genius its due niche in the hall of fame—and time and distance will yet indicate the value of the present.

We realize the inevitability and eternity of the law by which man is existent; we also realize that he bears a significance to the future. But, closely enveloped as he is with the present, he cannot as yet be assigned his position either in history or in life.

Could the mind become sufficiently exalted to rise above the

conditions by which he is restricted, man might then contemplate and grasp the meaning that prompts the workings of the Most High. Intuition teaches us that there is an Ideal—a sublime Perfection toward which all law tends; and as its value in the entirety can be estimated only in the realization of this achievement, we must answer with our intuition: We know that it is good, and Good (or God) knows why.

THERE are certain characteristics that all admit to be excellent in their way, but that few persons regard as serious and binding duties to cultivate. Accuracy is one of these.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE true democratic idea is, not that every man shall be on a level with every other man, but that every man shall be what God made him without let or hindrance.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE wealth of a nation then, first, and its peace and well-being besides, depend on the number of persons it can employ in making good and useful things.—*John Ruskin.*

IF you are true to God, you shall feel that there is a life of the soul that pales all other in its exceeding glory.—*Robert Collyer.*

IF you would advance in true holiness, you must aim steadily at perfection in little things.—*Abbé Guilloré.*

RELIGION is nothing but the faculty of love.—*Buddha.*

"IF you have not what you like, like what you have."

FEARING leads to fretting.—*Ram's Horn.*

"ONE truth openeth the way to another."

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SOUL.

BY ISABELLA INGALESE.

Winding among the lofty and beautiful mountains of Hope is the shaded and gloomy valley of Groan; and almost out of sight, at the base of the largest and grandest mountain in the range, is a little village called Moan. At one time this tiny town was composed of perhaps two thousand households, and it is about one of these households that I purpose to write.

The rightful owner of this household was a woman who bore the name of Soul. She was both beautiful and good, and was beloved by everybody who knew her; but she had never been taught during her childhood to govern anything, and so, on reaching womanhood, when she attempted to assume the duties of that larger and grander sphere of life, she failed, and soon became a miserable menial in her own domestic circle.

Among the members of her family was an individual called Spine, who was tall and straight and very proud of himself; and whenever Soul expressed a wish to go anywhere he nearly always protested and never missed an opportunity to assert what he believed to be his rightful authority over her. So, when she declared her intention to attend the Paris Exposition, he said:

"Now, you know you never can go such a distance as that, because I am so tired with the least effort you make. You must favor me first, because Mr. Medicine says I am the principal person in this household, and it is because of my great importance that all the smaller, insignificant members depend upon me. There are the Misses Nerves—clustered into little groups on either side. If I get overworked they will begin to quiver in sympathy with my weariness; and until I am rested and fully restored a great confusion will prevail in this household. There are times when I must have

absolute rest—and this is one of those times. Mr. Astrologer wrote last week in his horoscope-letter to you that at this time, in this particular month, your stars have decreed unlucky conditions, and I do not propose to take any risks. He did not say what those conditions might be, but it is not at all difficult to imagine a few. For instance, the cars might run off the track and break me into two or even three pieces. Then you might walk too far and give me a curvature that never could be straightened out, and I ache now when I think of all the dreadful things that might happen to me—if you should go abroad."

Soul, being unconscious of her own power, decided not to attempt the journey, nor to try to see any of the beautiful things her Father had made for her to enjoy.

But after a while it happened that a feast was to be given in this small village of Moan. Soul was invited to attend, and indeed it seemed incumbent upon her to go, because the money to be received from the sale of the tickets was to be given to some of her own poor relatives. After thinking about it for a few days she spoke timidly to another member of her household, called Stomach. Kindly, almost coaxingly, she told him she would like to go to this feast, and asked what he thought about it.

Now, this individual was a short, pudgy little creature, and, unlike most stout persons, was exceedingly irritable. In an instant he became angry, and replied:

"Now, that's just like you! You know I'm as weak as water, and yet you are everlastingly trying to overwork me. You would expect me to take care of more stuff at that old dinner than anybody else in this house; and I should have to carry a load that would break the back of a donkey. You never know when to stop eating when you get among your friends, and at such times you pay no attention to me, but fill me with unusual and ridiculous things that I'm deadly afraid of. I'm actually turning sour now with thinking of what you

might introduce to me at that feast, and if you go I promise to make you sorry."

Poor Soul was now bitterly disappointed, for she hoped it could be arranged; but she had been through such trying experiences with Stomach when he had been in tantrums that she decided to yield rather than quarrel. So she sorrowfully sent her regrets—adding that a member of her household felt unequal to the task—and then rang for the cook to send up a cupful of warm water. This she drank so hot that it blistered Tongue—another member of her family; and, while she was trying to comfort and relieve the pain of this poor member, Stomach threatened to have a congestive chill because of the fright she had given him about the feast. Before peace was restored in the house, Mr. Medicine was sent for and many of her relatives were called in; and it was far into the night when the confusion had sufficiently subsided to allow any one to go to sleep.

At last winter came to this small village, and some of Soul's relatives planned a straw-ride. She was invited but was not expected to go, because many years had passed since she had been to such a frolic as this one promised to be. But she was greatly pleased with the invitation, and, after again reading Mr. Astrologer's letter and finding that on the day appointed for the ride there were no unfavorable conditions prophesied for her, she first timidly asked Spine for his opinion—since it had been by his orders that the household had been imprisoned in the Jail Fourwalls for many months. Spine rather liked the idea—since she was not going to walk him about—and said if she would see to it that there were plenty of cushions for him to rest against, so there would be no danger of his getting a cramp, and if she would wrap up well with heavy furs, so that no cold air could reach him, he believed he would allow her to go.

Soul was so happy after having received Spine's consent that she sang for joy; but she suddenly remembered that he

was not the only one who had to be considered. Stomach must be consulted, and she spoke almost fearfully to him because he was so opposed to her making any changes in the regular routine of affairs. Stomach was not at all pleased with the prospect of a ride in the cold air, but after listening with great dignity to her pleadings "for just this one little pleasure," and when he remembered that she had devoted the beautiful autumn months almost exclusively to him, he relented a little and reluctantly promised that if she would agree to eat nothing at all and stop somewhere during the ride and get him a cup of boiling hot water he would let her go.

Soul was very glad to accept these conditions, and began at once to get ready. The furs, cushions, and an easy-chair were got for Spine, because he absolutely refused to sit on the bottom of the sleigh like ordinary Spines. He demanded better accommodations than that, and whatever he demanded he always got, because early in life he had learned something about the operation of the law of supply and demand. Then a jug of hot water was provided for Stomach, and a little foot-stove that had belonged to Soul's grandmother was brought down from the garret, cleaned, and filled with coals enough to keep the water hot—for Soul knew her relatives would not stop at any farmhouse for Stomach to get his drink.

Those relatives were strangely unsympathetic with some of the members of her household, and, though very kind to her, often laughed and made great fun of Spine, Stomach, and others. But Soul loved everybody and let every one in her house have his own way, and, like many other indulgent mothers, made all kinds of sacrifices to please each individual. She had, however, observed that, notwithstanding her efforts, her household as a whole was never satisfied; that when one was happy others were complaining and disagreeing. But she believed it had to be that way—at any rate she did not know how to change conditions for the better, and so the disharmony continued.

When the last duty was performed, and Soul was ready and waiting for her relatives to come, two other members of her household, called Lungs, whom she had entirely overlooked in her consultations, spoke up sharply and in unison said:

"You didn't ask *our* permission to go out into this dreadful atmosphere. Stomach and Spine are willing to go because they have nothing to do, but we shall be obliged to work much harder than usual and we shall also be exposed to a different temperature than we have been accustomed to. This sudden change will produce such a shock to our sensitive tissues that we shall be in a state of collapse before you get home —and what will become of you then? For three months last winter we coughed almost incessantly after you exposed us so cruelly to the weather, and now since we are better you are beginning your old tricks again. You will be likely to know what pneumonia really means before we finish with you this time."

Soul was surprised to hear these twins, whom she had loved so dearly and had nursed so tenderly, speak so indignantly and saucily to her; but, now that she was reminded of it, she remembered the fuss they made with her last winter. She stopped to consider. Was it wise to go out directly in opposition to their warning?

"It isn't so cold to-day," she said, softly, hoping to pacify them with her gentleness and non-resistance.

"It's cold enough to freeze water!" they snapped in one voice, "and we're not accustomed to such weather. We've been inside Fourwalls by the fire since the equinoctial storm, and now you are going to plunge us into this beastly frost without saying 'by your leave.' We shall make a lot of trouble that you'll never forget if you do!"

"But I will put on another veil over this one—a woolen veil, so thick that Eyes can't see a thing," said Soul; and she sent a maid to bring the veil. But just at that moment the

horses dashed up to the door, and in a huge sleigh behind them was a great load of her relatives; and, when she heard the jingling of the sleigh-bells and her friends calling to her to hurry, she forgot about Lungs and Eyes and ran recklessly out to greet everybody. In the excitement of getting off, the jug of hot water for Stomach was forgotten and left behind, some other household got into Spine's easy-chair, and everybody sat where he was not expected to sit.

Now, Soul was just as timid about telling that other household that she wanted Spine's chair as she was about insisting upon her own rights against Spine's claims; so she dared not speak up, but just cuddled down in the straw in the very position that Spine had forbidden. In about twenty minutes Stomach asked, "Where's my hot water?" And almost at the same moment Spine said, "I am getting a curvature!" In another instant the pin that held Lungs' veil dropped out, and somehow the flimsy stuff got caught by the wind and was carried away. The moment those twins felt the frosty air they, too, began to growl: "We are congesting! This is the beginning of pneumonia! We are a doomed pair of Lungs, and you can't live without us."

Soul was now terribly frightened. The clamoring of all these members was dreadful to listen to. She dared not speak a word in self-defense, but just sat speechlessly staring at the fearful pictures that like a panorama were passing before her. There was Spine as crooked as a letter S, and poor Stomach was in awful convulsions. There were those two Lungs congested beyond all hope of recovery—and what could she do?

Then the horses became frightened and started to run. Soul seized hold of the edge of the sleigh and held on with all her might—forgetting everything but the tremendous speed at which they were going. On and on they went, till suddenly the sleigh struck a huge snowdrift and over it went with a crash—and Soul found herself and all her relatives lying in a

promiscuous heap, while the horses were dashing down the road dragging the overturned sleigh behind them.

It was never quite clear to Soul just how she got out of that heap of struggling households; but after a while she suddenly became conscious of walking along the road as fast and as easily as when she was a girl going home from school. Spine was so much surprised at the sudden change of affairs that he had straightened himself and was as erect as any other Spine. Stomach was silent, and those twin Lungs were both working like heroes.

It is needless to add that Soul brought her household home safely and well, and learned before that five-mile walk was ended that *she was absolute mistress of the situation;* but a report is prevalent that she became so independent after that straw-ride that she moved away from the village of Moan and went up on the mountain—to a larger place called Freedom—to live.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A NEW YORK "SVENGALI."

WHEN a man of the intellectual and professional standing of John D. Quackenbos, M.D., of Columbia University, lends his indorsement to the practise of hypnotism, not only as a therapeutic agent but as a transformer of character, it is not surprising that charlatans in increasing numbers are exploiting it as a means of revenue. Indeed, it may be said that the alleged schools, colleges, academies, bureaus, and institutes of "hypnotic science" that are springing up like mushrooms in this country owe much of their startling success to the countenance given to their main idea, if not to their methods, by European and American physicians of good repute. The high-sounding names adopted by these concerns usually shield the identity of a single individual who thus takes advantage of the weakness of uninformed minds to pander to the cupidity of the credulous. The astounding claims set forth in their advertisements and literature are so marked by overstatement concerning the exercise of "secret influence" as to defeat their purpose among *intelligent* people; yet the harm that ensues in many directions from this prostitution of one of Nature's occult principles will sooner or later, we are convinced, call for its suppression through legislative action.

The serious feature of this newly-developed practise is not the commercialism that deprives misguided persons of their money without adequate return; neither is it chiefly to be deplored because it disseminates false ideas as to the nature and growth of mental processes. It is a menace to the public welfare for the sole reason that hypnotism is not a delusion but a

fact; and, if popular enlightenment shall not soon erect a barrier to its further progress, a battle for mental freedom must be fought by this generation that will be not less needful or just than that waged by our forefathers for political liberty.

To have one's body under the absolute control of the most despotic tyrant is not half so dangerous to one's future well-being as to be the mental slave of a hypnotist. To be hypnotized is to be under the *control* of another mind. The condition is one of helplessness, in which all power of initiative volition is inhibited. There are, of course, degrees of profundity in hypnosis, in the lesser of which the operator's dictum is not supreme; but when the mesmeric sleep is deep enough the subject may in certain cases be forced even to the commission of suggested crime. In any degree whatever it is a gross abridgment of individual and natural rights, even when the subject ignorantly consents; and a mere "suggestion" can be made sufficiently strong to affect the mind of the most unwilling victim.

Says a recent cable despatch from Berlin: "A student employed as a 'subject' by a hypnotist of Koenigsberg, Dr. Weltmann, in lectures to medical students, has gone raving mad. Therefore, hypnotism and suggestion have been forbidden by the authorities as dangerous to the public health, and Dr. Weltmann has been forbidden to use 'subjects' in his lectures." When such a result as this follows the practise, it must not be supposed that the subject is the only victim: Nature allows no action without reaction. Every natural law is a righteous one, and it cannot be "broken." All that man is capable of violating is his right to obey it. Yet the hypnotic operator, being intellectually and morally a free agent, may abuse, or misuse, his powers at will. In such a case the penalty is ultimately his own, though temporary consequences may be inflicted upon a person whose mind is sufficiently negative to vibrate in sympathy with such perverted action.

The possibility, however, of interfering by psychical means with the acts or purposes of any person depends on two conditions—the character of the undertaking whose inhibition is sought and the agent's degree of receptivity to telepathic impressions. Any one engaged in a laudable enterprise, and whose mind is unselfish, positive, and invested with a clear comprehension of the goal at which he aims, cannot be seriously affected by the opposing "hypnotic suggestion" of another; although the converse of this proposition is not equally true. Light dispels darkness, but darkness cannot dispel light.

The immense vogue of Du Maurier's novel, "Trilby," has given rise to much speculation as to the artistic possibilities of hypnotism; it has also inspired a number of amateur *Svengalis* to attempt to make silk purses out of sows' ears, or to gather figs from thistles. But the most recent conspicuous effort in real life to manufacture a genius by "suggestion" is the achievement of Dr. Quackenbos, already referred to. This well-known physician claims to have made a great actress out of a poor one by awakening in her consciousness, through hypnotism, a realizing sense of her innate soul powers. There seems nothing incredible about this until one reads the Doctor's explanation of the process and of the philosophy that underlies the phenomena produced by him. In a *World* interview he is quoted as follows:

"I'm not a 'Mother Eddy.' I don't profess to be divine, nor have I any gifts to distribute. I am not taking the truth of hypnotic suggestion and attempting to build a religion on it, as the Christian Scientists have done. This is not a religion. It is a science based on the belief in two selves to each finite body—the mind self and the matter self: the objective, superior self, and the subjective, inferior self. The mind or objective self is a thing utterly distinct from the subjective self, which it governs. When the objective self is in a hypnotic state and receives a new suggestion from some other mind it retains it, and on awakening that new suggestion governs the subjective self, which is the body."

While it is encouraging to know that we are not to be further confused by another new religious sect—although the assurance

is rather late and is now superfluous, since other hypnotists a century ago did equally remarkable things without yielding to the temptation to "found a religion,"—yet this gentleman's conception of man's dual mind and its workings will startle New Thought students of the occult. He seems to have got the facts reversed. The very etymology of the word *objective* should suggest its reference to the visible, the tangible, the concrete, the external; yet Dr. Quackenbos employs it to signify that part of man which is wholly distinct from the body!

The higher and diviner portion of the human entity is that which functions on the *subjective* plane of Nature, and the object of evolution is to effect its coalescence with the lower (or objective) mental self by raising it to its own spiritual level. Its essential phases of consciousness are *intuition* and *will,* which correspond to the objective mind's chief qualities of *reason* and *desire.* It is on this lower plane of mere intellect that the hypnotist operates—in the realm of sensation; and this explains the numerous cases of alleged *healing* by hypnotism. A "cure" may be effected by removing the consciousness of pain from the objective mind,—another way of "suppressing the symptoms,"—and the improvement will continue while the hypnotic suggestion lasts; but the emergence of the patient's mind from the "control" of the operator is usually attended by renewed activity of the *cause* of the disturbance and a recurrence of the symptoms under worse conditions—because the mind has been weakened by a psychical assault.

Man's greatest natural birthright is mental liberty. Individual freedom to think and to control one's own intellectual processes should be safeguarded at whatever cost. No one should allow another to hypnotize him for any purpose, or to any extent, as the mechanism of the mind is of a delicacy and fineness of structure that should preclude external interference with its operations. J. E. M.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE March issue of MIND will be of more than ordinary interest to friends of the higher life everywhere. It will contain a detailed description of a new summer school of philosophy, founded by Editor Patterson, who will contribute the article to this Department. The site is at Oscawana, N. Y., where a large tract of land has been purchased and preparations are already under way for the coming season. It is intended to make this a distinctively New Thought center; and as the school will be situated on the right bank of the Hudson River, about an hour's ride from the metropolis, and is therefore very easy of access from all points, a very large attendance is anticipated.

Another feature that will prove of unique interest to readers of our next number is a fine essay on "The New Thought in Australia," from the pen of Mr. W. J. Colville, who has recently returned to America from a lecture tour at the antipodes. Mr. Colville will also contribute a critique of Editor Patterson's recent book, "Dominion and Power," which is reviewed at considerable length by B. O. Flower in the current issue of *The Arena.*

The subject of the frontispiece portrait and biographic sketch in preparation for the March MIND is Mr. Warren A. Rodman, ex-secretary of The International Metaphysical League and author of "Fate or Law?" Mr. Rodman has written an excellent article on the subject, "'After I Am Risen,'" which will be followed by a number of contributions of more than usual interest and value to students of the New Thought in all its phases.

J. E. M.

BOUNDLESS BEAUTY AND BENEFICENCE.

The Divine nature resident in every human being demands recognition as the one condition of bestowing perfect happiness. Its purpose is to express Itself through everything in the Universe, but especially through the human organism. This, then, is the destiny of man and the purpose of his being—to recognize and express the nature of God.

We live so much in externals that it seems, at first, almost

impossible to seek the highest good within ourselves. Yet this is what all must do. Not till the merely human will is yielded wholly to the Divine can life be lived as God intends on the spiritual plane. From the hour of the earnest declaration, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God," each day becomes more harmonious than the last in unfolding the possibilities of boundless beauty and beneficence.

It is marvelous to observe the change of circumstances and environment that comes to the man or woman whose every thought and act is directed by the indwelling Spirit of Good; for no one can *think* beauty and beneficence continually without bringing them into outward manifestation. Whoever in the face of apparent failure ignores the seeming, and holds persistently to his inward conviction that he is heir to all the good he can possibly desire, is sure to obtain it; for there is no power in heaven or on earth that can withstand the unswerving belief of the soul that has yielded itself to God, in Omnipresent Good. It has become a magnet to draw whatever it desires into outward manifestation. Moreover, it attracts far more than it can realize; for these thoughts of Good travel farther than we can conceive, influencing on their course countless minds and hearts in our behalf, and setting in motion infinite currents of Love that shall bring our own to us through all the coming years.

It seems hard, from the human standpoint, that the storms of adversity should buffet us so often before we are ready to accept the Divine plan, and let it shape our lives. Yet those to whom comes this experience of conscious union with God find full and complete indemnity for all the suffering they have brought upon themselves in the past by their refusal to acknowledge and accept the Divine Will. All agony of bereavement is forgotten in the joy of perfect oneness with the *real*, the Divine Self; for there is no other. We may call this Ineffable Presence by whatever name we choose: the Son of God, the Christ within, the Oversoul, the Universal Spirit, the Daimon. It is one and the same, even the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Its mission is to express God, and in this expression to bestow on all humanity the infinite treasures of boundless beauty and beneficence.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

In the mothers' classes, perhaps no question is asked more frequently than this: "What shall I do with a child who has no respect or reverence for authority?"

We can only say, the root of this and similar matters lies in the parents' character or behavior. When young, untaught girls, with no thought beyond the new dignity as wives, enter so blindly into marriage with young men who have had no training, time, or inclination for any responsibility but that of money-making, how can it be expected that the children will be otherwise than temperamentally inclined to pleasure and power-loving? It is true, the right training and spiritual nurture from the *beginning* would do much, perhaps all, that would be necessary to correct the prenatal bias; but if the young parents still remain in ignorance, no matter what their desire, the child will be as wax in their ignorant hands.

The power of example is a greater teacher than all the precepts that could be compiled. How many young people with their precious baby realize that every day they are *acting out* their life principles in their conduct before the child? Setting heredity aside, their example lays the foundation for whatever morals or vices the child will develop. Do they speak reverently of the great Power that made the earth and the heavens, and "all that in them is"? Do they observe respect for each other's wishes and perform every duty with cheerful accuracy? Do they observe the law of order in the rule of the household or outside affairs? Do they speak only kind words of others, and seek to know in order to *do* good? Do they refrain always

from saying what they do not mean, and faithfully perform every promise they make—or give a sufficient reason for not doing so? If they do not these things, but quite the contrary, there is every reason why a child would be disrespectful and rebel against any authority.

A mother came asking this question: "What shall I do to make my little girl of eleven respect what I say, and believe there is a Power beyond herself?"

When she told me, in response to questions as to home atmosphere and home training, that she had been married young, and her husband, having a conviction that she did not know how to train the child, had criticized and openly laughed at her attempted discipline, I could not wonder that the child had never shown any respect for her mother or anything she might say. But what could be said? The only thing I could offer was this:

"Begin with yourself and your husband. Say only what you mean to have carried out, and insist upon its being done with no comments, grumblings, or contemptuous glances. Command respect, first by embodying the law, then by saying with calmness and dignity, yet with love and gentleness, whatever you have to say. Win your husband, and then your child, by a frank declaration of your desire to have order and harmony prevail in your united lives and in your home. Keep your ideal constantly in mind; think much; say little, and *have faith* that in time all your seed will spring up. Your own reverence will shed its atmosphere abroad; your silent strength and gentle dignity will in time create respect even though at first it be little evidenced."

In another case came a mother who had the most serious conception of her motherly duty in regard to certain important instruction she felt ought to be given to her boy of fifteen. "But what shall I do?" she exclaimed, in despair. "He is always full of fun and only laughs at anything that seems serious. I don't know how to begin, because I never *have* talked with him about unusual things, and don't even know what he needs!"

"If you had only begun when he was little!" I could not help saying. "But we must never look back nor indulge in regret.

Begin *now*. The easiest way, perhaps, will be to write a little note, short but impressive, and ask Charles to meet you in your room at a certain time. Be very sure to select such a time as will not interfere with his plans. When he has come in for the night and has no other interest would be best, perhaps. Then, when he is in the room, tell him frankly that you have something to say that ought to have been said before, but you did not know quite how to begin; but now your desire to have him know these things made you willing to blunder rather than not *try*. Tell him of your love and interest, which even in your silence had been strong. Go on, no matter how falteringly. Say what you have to say; give a reason for saying it, and, if you never had them before, you will have your boy's love, confidence, and respect by the time you have finished, and ever after he will be glad to have mother talk to him seriously."

A happier woman I never saw when, a short time later, this little mother told me with tears in her eyes that she had never in all her life had so precious an experience with her boy, who had revealed an entirely different side of his character in this confidential talk, which they both decided would not be the last.

Mutual confidence, sincerity, a deference for other people's opinions, a recognition of Omnipotence as revealed in Nature—these constitute the true basis for reverence or a respect for authority. They cannot be practised too early in any home.

"By our actions in small matters and our thoughts in definite spheres, we fix our spiritual and intellectual tendencies."

The value of ideals cannot be overestimated. Keep them ever in your own mind and heart, and you will find it impossible not to inspire them in your children. There is an ideal side to every question and to every fact. Find it. Emerson says: "The whole universe lies under the necessity of beauty, . . and this indwelling necessity plants the rose of beauty on the brow of chaos, disclosing the central intention of Nature to be harmony and joy." Is not this "central intention" in the soul also? He who is one with it will as naturally breathe out reverence as the rose exhales its perfume.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows;
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks
Are cased in pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A PACKAGE OF SUNSHINE.

How fast the snowflakes fell and how hard the wind blew! It was the first snow-storm of the season, and each tiny snowflake was doing its best to help cover the brown earth with a beautiful warm white blanket. In spite of wind and snow, big children and little children were moving toward the schoolhouse, for the hands on the church clock said it was a quarter of nine.

The door that led to the kindergarten-room was wide open, and the circle of little chairs stood ready for the children. It was a beautiful room—its dainty green walls hung with pictures that the children loved so well, its windows bright with flowers, and the cabinets filled with work that busy little hands had made.

Miss Hope stood near the door, waiting to say good-morning to the children. They had always found a smiling face and received a cheering word from their teacher, whose dearest wish was to lead these little people to be thoughtful and loving, and to show them that the way to be truly happy was to make others happy. Miss Hope *tried* to smile *this* morning, but found it hard work, for her dear mother was lying ill, many miles away; and, although she tried to be brave and cheerful, her face looked sad and the children knew that something was troubling their dear friend.

Just before nine o'clock Miss Hope closed the door and sat in the circle, and, as she looked into each little face, she saw her own sad thoughts reflected there. While she was trying to be brave and put aside these sad feelings, there came a loud knock at the door, and before any one had time to open it Mr. White, the expressman, came in and said:

"Here is a package of sunshine for you, Miss Hope. It is the most valuable package that I have with me, for its being in the sleigh has somehow made me happier. You may take care of it this morning, but I shall call for it after school is over; for I have promised to deliver it to my neighbor, who thinks she can't get along without it."

As Miss Hope and the children looked at the package, which Mr. White held so tenderly in his strong arms, they, too, caught the happy glow that shone from it, and their hearts grew joyful and their faces brightened and the whole room seemed to grow more cheerful. Surely the sun was shining indoors, though without it was snowing.

Mr. White carefully set down his package in front of Miss Hope and placed under its arms two tiny crutches; for this package of sunshine was a brave little boy, who had only one leg, the other having been crushed by the wheels of a heavy cart under which he had fallen several months before. Owing to a delicate childhood and this accident, he was still in the kindergarten, though seven years of age. It was the first morning that he had been at school since his accident; and he was so happy to be once more with his teacher and the children whom he loved so well that his face fairly shone with joy.

"I'm so glad that I could come back to the kindergarten today!" he exclaimed. "It stormed so hard this morning that Mama thought I would have to stay at home, for she could not leave the baby to come with me. As I stood by the window, Mr. White, who lives next to our house, saw me, and he came over and said he would take me to school on his way to the express office. I was *so* glad! We had a fine ride in the snow-storm. There were lots of packages in the sleigh, and some of them were large and some of them were small, and some of them were going to be sent in the train a long way off. Mr. White said you

could not tell the value of a package by its size. Some of the little bundles might be worth more than the big ones."

Warren, with his face all aglow, stood leaning on his crutches as he talked, and, wishing to show the children how strong he was and how well he could move about, asked Miss Hope if he might wander around the circle and shake hands with each of the children.

Of course, they were delighted to see their little friend able once more to help himself; and as they sang together, "Our Warren likes to wander, from one child to another, and wishes many happy days!" Miss Hope could not help thinking: "What a happy little fellow Warren is! He is so full of love and joy that he makes every one about him happy. Mr. White was right when he said he was the most valuable package he had. But the best of this package is, that the more it gives out the more valuable it becomes."

What beautiful, happy homes we would have if each one of us would make up his mind to become a package of sunshine! We would be so full of the Christ spirit that we could not help shining.

MARY P. SPINNEY.

IF I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go—
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine!
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die or shine.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

MRS. LAMB'S MISTAKE.

A Ladybug once went for a Walk, and left her children at Home. As she was returning, she, by chance, looked up quickly and saw a Red Blaze. "Why!" quoth she, without another glance in that direction, "there is a fire!" She arose in the air on her wings that she might hasten to the Spot. And while flying, she cried, "O woe! It is my own house, and my Children are perishing." So, half dead with fright, she reached her home, where she fell down and could scarcely speak, while her Children stood round her in terror. But when she was able to tell what had put her into so sad a plight, the eldest Child said: "Nay, Mother, there is no fire. I tell thee it was but the Red Rays of the Setting Sun that thou mistook for fire."

And to this day the children of men say—

"Ladybug, Ladybug, fly away home;
Thy house is on fire and thy children will burn!"

Things are not always what they seem at first glance.

To worry about those we love does not help them in the least, and wastes our own strength.—*An Imitation Æsop's Fable.*

"There's some one in the Sperry cottage, Mother," said Harry Dale. "Smoke is coming out the chimney."

"Who *can* it be?" said Mrs. Dale. "Mrs. Sperry wrote me she and the children wouldn't be back from Colorado until October, and of course they won't come down to the shore so late as that. I hope we'll find the people that have taken their cottage pleasant neighbors."

When Harry came back from rowing that afternoon he exclaimed: "The new neighbors are the right sort, Mother! Their name is Lamb, and Mr. Lamb says I can use his sail-boat all I want to."

A few days later Mrs. Dale called on Mrs. Lamb, and when she rose to go Mrs. Lamb said: "I want to ask you for all your cast-off clothes, if you have no special use for them. I know two families at home who are suffering keenly because the thread-mill shut down six months ago, and it was run only half-time several months before that. Don't throw away anything. Old stockings can be re-footed, and odd stockings can be used for patches."

Mrs. Dale promised to save all the cast-off clothes, and she went away feeling that the Lambs were going to be very pleasant neighbors.

Mrs. Lamb was exceedingly fond of children, and she was deeply grieved that she had none of her own. She made much of the Dale children. There were always cookies, or fruit, or sweets of some sort for them whenever they went to the Lambs' cottage, which you may be sure was pretty often.

One morning, when Mrs. Lamb was at the Dales' with her sewing—she was making a mite of a dressing-gown for a wee baby that had none at all—she told Harry that she expected her two nephews to come any day: "And they're fine boys, Harry. I know you'll like them. I wanted to have them here all summer; but they live in the country, and the summer term in school means much to them. However, school closes in a week or two, and then they'll be down here. Just think!—they've never seen the ocean. You'll have to teach them all about surf-bathing, boat-sailing, and all that sort of thing."

* * * *

It was nearing the last of August, and Mrs. Dale collected the worn-out summer clothes belonging to the different members of the family. There were stockings that could be darned no longer, underclothes that the spindling girl-twins had simply shot out of,—so rapidly had they grown,—and Harry had become so broad across the chest that a coat he had worn but little was rapidly reaching the point where it wouldn't "go half-way round." Then there was a pair of Mr. Dale's trousers that he thought too shabby ever to wear again. Altogether there was a great heap of cast-off clothes for Mrs. Lamb's poor families.

"*Now* is just the time to take them over," said Mrs. Dale; "for the fog is so thick to-day that Harry and his father can carry them to Mrs. Lamb's without having every one on the beach wondering what they are doing." Thereupon she called Mr. Dale and Harry, and, between them, they managed to take the whole load in one trip.

The fog kept rolling in thicker and thicker; by the time the Lambs' cottage was reached one couldn't see three feet away. Mr. Dale and Harry stumbled up the back veranda steps, with their burden, and knocked at the door. No one answered, even after repeated knocking and shouting.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Dale, "it's plain that no one is in.

We can leave these clothes here on the veranda. We'll pile them on top of this barrel—standing close to the wall—in as small a space as possible." And forthwith the clothes were laid on top of the barrel, their shabbiness being hidden by laying Mr. Dale's trousers and Harry's outgrown coat over all.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lamb had taken the trolley-car into the city that morning, and it was late in the afternoon when they returned. The fog had lifted at noon, and the day had been bright and clear.

"John," said Mrs. Lamb to her husband, "I'm going round to the back veranda to put these tomatoes in the refrigerator. Please unlock the front door and go through and unbolt the back door for me."

"The days are growing much shorter," said she to herself, as she went up the back veranda steps and toward the refrigerator, which was kept outside. "It's only quarter-past six, and it will be dusk before long."

She put the tomatoes in the refrigerator, and, turning, she saw Harry's coat and Mr. Dale's trousers spread neatly over the barrel-top.

"John," she exclaimed, as her husband opened the back door, "the boys have come! It's too bad we were away. Harry Dale must have come over here and loaned them some bathing-suits. Our bathing-house is locked up, and they put on the bathing-suits out here and left their clothes on this barrel. Of course, they'd want to try surf-bathing the first thing. Dear me! I wish I'd known they were coming to-day. You'll have to go right down to that little grocer's and get something more for supper. There isn't anything in the house but bread and milk and cake and cheese and peaches and eggs. You'd better get some shredded codfish and I'll cream it. There's a half-loaf of stale bread I can cut up and toast, and we've some new potatoes that would be good baked. Hurry, John!" And Mrs. Lamb covered her pretty gown with a big gingham apron, made the fire, and hastened supper preparations. "They'll have to wait a little for supper," thought she; "but that will make them hungrier."

She heard voices and went to the front door, thinking it was the boys, but it was only neighbors passing.

When Mr. Lamb returned from the grocer's he found the dining-room table set, and Mrs. Lamb had just put a platter of buttered toast in the oven and was pinching the potatoes to see if they had started baking. "They'll be ready about the time the fish is," said she.

Mr. Lamb brought in more wood and put fresh water in the water-pitcher, while Mrs. Lamb watched the stewing fish and simmering cocoa. "Why *don't* the boys come?" she said several times.

Finally, Mr. Lamb went to the front door to look for them. No one was in sight. Supper was all ready and waiting in the "warm oven," and Mrs. Lamb mourned that the potatoes could not be eaten at once, for baked potatoes are not improved by waiting.

Half-past seven came, but not any boys!

"John," said Mrs. Lamb, anxiously, "do you suppose anything has *happened* to them? This surf-bathing is new to them, you know."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Lamb, but with a tremble in his voice. "I think I'll just walk down toward the beach. I'll meet them, probably."

While he was gone Mrs. Lamb walked nervously up and down the dining-room. Suddenly she remembered the clothes on the back veranda.

"How stupid in me to forget to bring them in!"

She took the lighted lamp and went out and picked up Mr. Dale's trousers and Harry's coat; and, as she lifted them, down tumbled the twins' undershirts, stockings with gorgeous stripes and no feet, patched blouses, and old hats. Mrs. Lamb, amazed, stood with the lamp in one hand and Mr. Dale's trousers and Harry's coat in the other, until it burst on her mind what it meant. Then she dropped the clothes and very nearly the lamp, flew into the house, ran to the front door, and shouted: "John! O John! *J-o-h-n!*"

Mr. Lamb's blood seemed to freeze when he heard that cry. He ran as he had not since he broke the record for sprinting at the

high school. He found Mrs. Lamb sitting on the stairs in the front hall, crying and laughing at the same time.

"The boys haven't come at all," she gasped; "it's the Dales' old clothes!"

It was some time before she could control herself enough to explain matters to Mr. Lamb. And when he understood, all he said was: "Well, I'm glad we've got a cat. He's so fond of fish, and there's so much of it, that this will be a 'red-letter' night for him."

And it was. F. P. P.

THE FAIRIES' SECRET.

Fairies have told me, in visions of gladness,
Life is bright sunshine, and there is no sadness;
Mortals, sad dreamers, they sigh and they groan
'Neath burdens they think that they cannot disown.

Mortals, why suffer? Awake from your slumbers!
Black clouds that hover will vanish in numbers—
If you look for the key to the fairyland's fold:
They tell me 'tis found in the beam of pure gold

That wanders from heaven and seeks in and out
To pierce old Earth's shadows of sorrow and doubt;
And it gets through the hearts of the girls and the boys,
When they sit in the silence and hush all the noise—

Not the noise of your laughter, your play, or your toys,
But the noise and commotion that ruin your joys:
The noise of bad temper—you know of its sound—
It's worse than the thunder that rolls round and round.

Now, open your hearts, brave boys and sweet girls;
Wipe off the tear-drops and brush out the curls;
Search in the sunbeams for Love's key of gold,
That opens the door to fairyland's fold.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

RAGS.

"Pooh!" says Fred; "who cares about *rags?* Come, Aunty; do give us something better than old rags to talk about. Don't we hear enough about rags when the ragman comes around with that old song, 'Rags! rags!'—as if we were nothing but rags?"

But, my dear, do you not know that there is really something beautiful to be learned even from rags? Let me tell you something about them.

Nature, who is like a loving mother to us all, is always looking about to see that all her myriad children are kept well fed and well clad.

Robert asks, "Who are her children?"

Never had mother more, and never had mother a heart so big and warm—and she loves us all. Her children are more than I can count—from you and me down through every animal and tree and plant. Her daily thought is, "How shall all my children be fed and clothed?"

I call her *Mother Nature,* which is one and the same thing as the Motherhood and Fatherhood of God. Little Ellen says she didn't know before that there was a Mother-God.

Oh, yes, dear children! God, who is the great Source and Supply of all our wants, is too far above our understanding for us to comprehend Him. But we know this: He must be our Father and Mother, both in one. In Him are the tender love of a mother and the strong, fond care of a father—just such love and care as earthly fathers and mothers have; only *His* love for us is far greater than even the love of one's own parents.

I know of a family where there are several boys and girls. When a pretty dress is made for one of the girls, and through some mistake it happens to be too small for her, the mother says: "Oh, well, it will just fit Emily." Or, if the suit she has made for Bennie is too small for him, she says: "No matter; it will just fit little Ralph!" So nothing is wasted in that home.

Now, Mother Nature does the same, only, what is very wonderful, she makes all the new garments out of old material—out of "rags!" But let me tell you more about this sort of rags.

I always feel so bad to see the leaves, which have made the trees and shrubs and flowers so beautiful, chilled by the frost

and fallen to the ground. It is then the time of rags, and nothing but rags. It is as if the spirit of every plant and tree and flower had crept away into the roots in the ground—just as a weary child creeps away to bed because it is too tired to play. And when the trees and plants and flowers wake in the spring-time, behold, dear Mother Nature (or God) has given them all beautiful new robes. She causes the old leaves to rot on the ground under the snow, and then the spirit of the plant, or tree, sets to work with all its might to draw up nourishment through its roots, so that the buds and leaves and flowers may grow again. New grass clothes the hillsides, and each spring all the world takes on fresh, lovely garments—made from rags! Why, spring couldn't do without the rags and tatters of the past seasons. These rags can be made over again into whole new things, fresh and beautiful, each spring.

There is nothing that need be wasted. Old rags (I mean now the sort we usually think of as rags—those of cloth), old iron, old papers—all can be made new again. So when you see bits of old tin or iron covered with rust, or planks on the old foot-bridge that are decayed so that they are unsafe to step on, and other things "going to decay," as we say, remember that this is God's way of making things new again—out of the old. Mother Nature never allows anything to be wasted. She has some good use to make of everything, and thus she says to us:

"Don't let anything be wasted of all that I have given you; for I have all the world to feed and clothe."

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

THE STORY OF NAT'S CORNET.

Nat Cornwall was a bright youth, but to the great annoyance of his relatives, and especially of his widowed mother, he had, during his brief existence of seventeen years, imagined himself particularly fitted for almost as many different vocations.

Clerking in a drug store during holidays, Nat was sure he would like to be a druggist; and in time a chemist—Nat always kept his eye on the top round of whatever he was attempting. Helping in a first-class hotel, during fair week, he was sure to be proprietor of some of those immense establishments on the

seaside of which he had read. This would be exactly suited to his taste and ability. And so it went through a long list, as Nat, on every school vacation, even the Saturdays, tried to earn his way.

Mrs. Cornwall's pride in her son's varied talents was shadowed, however, by the fear that he would cultivate none to a degree that would bring him honor and a "living."

At the age of seventeen, through his professor and the reading of certain books, he became thoroughly filled with the desire to attend a military school.

"I'm sure I can make a major-general, Mother," he said one day, as the two were discussing the question of his going and the "ways and means." "It runs in our family on both sides. Both my grandfathers were colonels and served in the war;" and Nat straightened himself up with an air truly *militaire*.

Reluctantly Mrs. Cornwall consented—he would at least be under strict discipline and have to *stick* to something.

The first few months Nat's letters were full of enthusiasm. He was delighted with his new life; he was sure he had now found just his niche! But the mother's anxious eyes soon noticed a change in his letters—another might not have detected it; and soon a letter came from the principal, saying that her boy had become uneasy for some reason and then negligent of lessons and duty, and was daily losing credits. "He wants to join our band—thinks he would make a fine cornet-player. Do you think he has any special musical talent? Do you approve of letting him change?"

Supplementing this came Nat's letter, declaring he was "just dead from the monotony" of life there, and if she would only consent to his going into the band, where there was some variety and stir, and get a nice cornet, he would try to regain his credits, "and stick to this if it kills me."

Mrs. Cornwall smiled through her tears. This was not wholly unexpected, knowing Nat's disposition.

"Don't fool away a cent of your hard-earned living on a cornet," said her brother John. "It's only another of his fads that needs to be squelched! Let him work his way out of the strait he's got into by his carelessness, without the hope of a

cornet to bolster him up." A hearty "Amen" to this advice came from other relatives.

But a mother's heart, you know, is tender, and from Nat's pleading letter, and the fact that several of his cousins were fine musicians, she could but decide to "humor him," as uncle John had said, once more. So she wrote the discouraged, fickle-minded boy that he might try the band—and that so soon as he had regained his standing and had reached a certain degree in musical knowledge he should have a cornet of his own, and a nice one too.

Nat's spirits were revived as by magic, and he worked like a man on his "last chance," determined to show "Uncle John" and his doubting relatives that he "*did* mean business."

Regaining his standing, Nat was placed in the band, and, learning rapidly, was entitled to his cornet; for some months before his mother had earned the money necessary for it.

"You must wait patiently," she wrote the restless youth, "for I am working and economizing, as you cannot realize—even to washing and going out by the day; but you'll soon receive it."

How Nat's face flushed at this! "To think of a Cornwall taking in washing and going out by the day!"—his cheeks took on a deeper hue—"and just to gratify a *fancy* of mine!" For he had to confess that more than once in the last six months he would have given the whole thing to the winds if he could. But "Old Lang," the band leader, was a keen-eyed, unflinching master; and, realizing just what his pupil Nat needed, he dealt with him most conscientiously.

So, for this reason and the knowledge of his mother's sacrifice, he seemed to be "held to it," in spite of his fickleness; and in due time he possessed his cornet—a most beautiful and choice one—and was promoted to first cornet in the band.

"I've done it! I've got there, dear mother!" he wrote, with pardonable pride. "Tell Uncle John and the rest! I cannot tell you all this cornet has done for me, and I mean you shall never regret the sacrifice it cost you."

And Mrs. Cornwall never did; for through it Nat had been lifted up and had been taught to conquer self and score a positive victory.

ESTELLE MENDELL AMORY.

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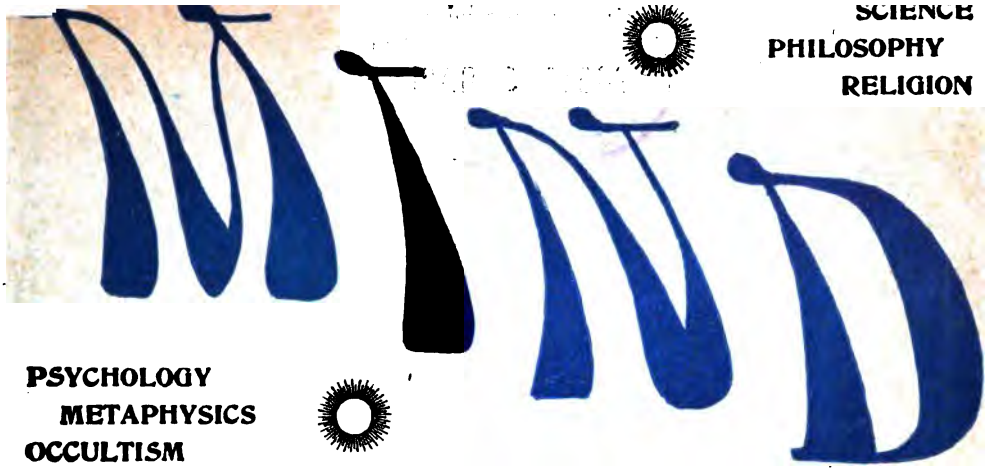

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THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

569 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

WARREN A. RODMAN.

MIND.

VOL. IX. MARCH, 1902. No. 6.

"AFTER I AM RISEN."

BY WARREN A. RODMAN.

The affirmations, "All is Spirit" and "Matter exists," are not contradictory, although generally assumed to be so. They are, at most, successive revelations of the expanding consciousness. It would be just as true to say of the pond, "All is water; hence, there is no ice." Unexplained negations are the dull tools of crude workmen. Matter is a grand fact of the universe. But, as ice melts into water and water into invisible vapor under the warm rays of the aspiring sun, so matter melts into ether and ether into spirit under the transforming alchemy of the illumined consciousness. Through all these transmutations the sense-consciousness will see only matter. This is the limit of its range.

Our whole relationship to the Universe changes, then, with a changing of consciousness. Matter touches and affects only the sensuous self; it cannot reach the reason or disturb the serenity of the spirit. The great, vital, spiritual realities, on the other hand, can make no direct appeal to the senses. "Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned." It is only as matter, including the body and its senses, is transformed through spiritual alchemy that it becomes responsive to spiritual influences.

Living in a narrowly limited consciousness, we have looked outside of ourselves—have looked to the world of matter for causes that were really within. We have considered matter

as substantial. But modern material science has proved, by its methods, what the philosophers long ago perceived intuitively—that matter is spiritual when the analysis is pushed to its limit. Under this analysis matter disappears completely, to reappear in an entirely different guise, as form and motion in an imponderable, sense-defying ether. To the one who has once gained this point of intellectual insight, matter is shorn of its alleged reality; it can never be to him just what it was before. The changed consciousness has opened up to him a new and more marvelous universe. It is but another step in the same direction to transmute the ether into something still more subtle and refined, something more potent and substantial—into spirit itself. Matter depends, for its quality, on the plane whence it is viewed.

This transformation of the universe means a like radical change in everything that goes to make up the universe—physical expression, intellectual conceptions, ethical and social relations, even the content and quality of the ideal. Through it we reach the realm of causation; we take our stand on the plane of principle; we find a rational starting-point for larger and truer living; we become creators with unmeasured power.

It is a great thought that the virtue, the purity, the goodness of the world rise and fall with the virtue, the purity, the goodness of each human being. You cannot grow corrupt and leave the moral tone of the world where it stood before, no matter how little you may affect it. And it is a gloriously inspiring fact that as you rise in purity, peace, and power you lift the whole world with you. You are, to this extent, the ruler of the universe. You are, to this extent, free—therefore responsible. You are master of the situation. Neither powers nor principalities can prevail against you.

There is a still larger sense in which the man who *re*-forms himself *re*-forms the world. The man who finds the kingdom of heaven within himself has conquered the world and can make of it what he will. This is the only true self-develop-

ment—the development of that inner, that divine self which is supreme in quality and most potent in life; that self which is hidden on the sensitive plate of the soul until the chemistry of life reveals it in its fulness of beauty and majesty of power. But the completeness of this self-development comes to the individual only by and through his very noblest service to humanity. This is his final test, because the quality of a man emanates from him as freely and as naturally as the perfume from the rose—without thought and without effort.

In preparing to serve, then, one must give his best service. As a man develops spiritually he increasingly radiates an atmosphere that subtly affects all with whom he comes in contact and that spreads far beyond the circle of his immediate presence. Sensitive and receptive persons will go into his house and feel there the atmosphere of peace and love. People who sit by his side in the car will be soothed and calmed by his nearness—by touching the hem of his garment. Meeting him on the street, people will see the glory shining through his face. The grasp of his hand will be a healing treatment. And all this will take place more or less unconsciously to himself. It will be as normal to him as breathing. Along with this new consciousness will come the ability to control the great uplifting forces of life; consciously and intelligently to send out currents of divine love that shall reach and melt and purify some soul toward which they are directed. The paradox, seen everywhere in Nature, is found here as well—the preparation and the doing are one.

In the process of change the consciousness of self becomes submerged in the consciousness of universal oneness. Human kinship becomes a vital and universal verity instead of a pleasing ethical theory. Principle is found to be the only reliable basis of action that aims at true helpfulness. Law is no longer a respecter of persons. Material possessions cannot buy exemption from the working of natural law, nor can poverty render one more amenable to it. Political boundaries

cannot be established to shut brothers away from not-brothers. Fire and flood cannot devastate one country without making the whole world suffer, however much we may deceive ourselves by temporary appearances. War cannot reign in the most remote region without drawing the whole world down toward barbarism. We are, indeed, members one of another.

The beginnings of a life of genuine service are in the divine unrest that, soon or late, comes to all of us; not the sort of dissatisfaction that vents itself in harsh criticism of "things as they are" in the external world, but the candid recognition that the inner life is not being lived in accordance with the dictates of the spirit. Just here it is well to ask ourselves one or two deeply searching questions. On the answers to these hangs the real outcome of our search. "What we seek we find." Do we want to find the causes of existing conditions with a view to changing them? Are we earnestly seeking for fundamental principles that we can use as our cues in the great drama of life? Having found some such principles, are we brave enough and strong enough to follow wherever they may lead?

If we are to go below the mere surface-level of ordinary reforms, if we are to work from the basis of principle, class distinctions of every kind must be synthesized into an underlying and all-pervasive unity. Millionaire and pauper are symbols of a gross externality and do not touch the real issue. The criminal and the law-abiding merge into a common humanity in which the saint and the sinner are separated by a microscopic distance on the infinite scale of attainment. Empirical classifications are not indications of different needs, but, at the most, of slightly different degrees of the same need.

But even under the present artificial system of classification we do not direct the power of service to the point of greatest need. A loved and honored President, stricken down in the midst of the conscientious performance of his duty, is not the embodiment of a profound need of uplifting love and sym-

pathy. Rather is it the other party to the event whose need cries out to heaven; and yet where the need is greatest humanity gives nothing. Out of the infinite store of divine Love there is enough for martyr President and martyr anarchist. Each gains by the true gift to the other.

Even if we feel that forcible restraint is still a necessary accompaniment of our undeveloped civilization, our prison system will continue to be the great moral menace, will never be reformative, will have no regenerative influence, until the welfare of the criminal and the welfare of society are seen to be identical—until love for humanity, including the restrained, shall be the sole motive for restraint. The reform process must begin, not with the criminal, but with those who have the criminal in charge. The need goes back further still—to those who have the appointing power and the supervision of prisons, back even to the people themselves, back to you and to me. That the material for reformatory prison administration is to be found has been proved by the late Ellen Johnson and other noble examples.

Our prison system will never be ideal until every vestige of revenge, and even of punishment, is purged from the motive that maintains it. "They that are well need not a physician, but they that are sick," has a much wider application than to mere bodily disease or derangement. There is a sickness of the mind, of the soul, that is more crippling than any that comes to the body—hence harder to cure. Indeed, the body-sickness is but the shadow of the soul-need. Yet with what patience we minister to bodily ills; with what tender solicitude we watch the fluctuations of bodily pain; with what rejoicing we welcome release from its pangs! But when the soul is suffering the keenest agony, how different is our attitude! Our tenderness toward the soul-sick brother is, to put it most mildly, not divine.

It is no light or easy matter, then, to render true service. Harried by that fiend of which Emerson speaks, the "love of

the best," no true servant of humanity can rest content until he is putting into the completest expression the very best that is in him. Service of the greatest value is the fruit of the equipment, preparation, and development that come through earnest service. There is no royal road to the capacity for real service, as there is no royal road to any supreme attainment.

It is a metaphysical fallacy that by some sudden illumination, by the quick grasping of some mystical *"it,"* by the credulous acceptance of some vague, occult teaching, or, indeed, by any other process of mental jugglery, a man can become truly a man; can become centered, poised, serene; can become the channel through which spiritual power may, unimpeded, flow into beneficent and uplifting expression. The way is long, but it is not necessarily weary or joyless, and one can and must do much by the way. But one must *be* before he can truly teach; otherwise the teaching has a hollow ring that cries aloud the counterfeit.

The teacher's work is to rouse the slumbering soul to a glimpse of its immense possibilities; to stir it to a dawning appreciation of its inherent greatness; to direct the desires to a lofty level; to call into play some of the spiritual forces that lead the individual on to high attainment. The real, the lasting, the fundamental work the individual must do for himself, through patient, persistent, consecrated effort to live out the life of the spirit.

THE spirit world is the thought world. And as thought lives within the physical man, so the spirit world interpenetrates the material world. Thus, right in the midst of material grandeur, culture, and luxury there may be filthy hovels of undeveloped spirits, if the thoughts of those who inhabit that material magnificence are on a low spiritual plane. And right in the midst of humble surroundings a sphere of ineffable glory may be enshrined, inhabited by angels, if the inhabitants of that humble dwelling are spiritually enlightened.—*Lucy A. Mallory.*

WARREN A. RODMAN: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Warren Anson Rodman, the son of Charles G. and Mary H. Rodman, was born at East Boston, Mass., February 10th, 1855. He began teaching school at the age of sixteen, and when only eighteen years old he was in charge of a large grammar school in a Cape Cod town. Subsequent to this he was graduated from the Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass., in 1876, and also took a diploma from the Massachusetts Normal Art School. Following the period of study, he taught school for two years and then applied himself to the study of architecture, which he soon entered upon as his life-work, joining the Boston Society of Architects and remaining actively engaged in the work for ten years. At one time he was architect for the Florida Southern Railroad, and also superintended the erection of the first buildings for the Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

On November 24th, 1880, Mr. Rodman married Miss Caroline E. Southwick, of Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Eight years ago he became so deeply interested in the Metaphysical movement that he gave up his architectural practise in order to devote his whole time and energy to this work. He has been a careful and persistent student of all phases of the movement, and an effective worker in promulgating the philosophy.

Mr. Rodman was one of the prime movers in founding the Metaphysical Club, of Boston, and was also active in the formation of the International Metaphysical League. He has been secretary of the former since its organization in 1895, and of the latter until the fall of 1901, when owing to the press of other interests he felt obliged to resign the office.

During the last few years he has lectured occasionally in New England and New York City, and has contributed articles to the leading magazines—an illustrated poem, entitled "Wellesley," being perhaps one of his best productions. Mr. Rodman has also issued a book of selections under the name of "Trust Thyself."

But his best known literary work is a novel, which is calculated to lead those who have never seriously considered the close connection between mind and matter into an interest that would result in a search for the truth expressed in New Thought literature. The book is entitled "Fate or Law? The Story of an Optimist," the central character of the tale being a young man who is greatly deformed as the result of a shock received by the mother shortly before the child's birth.

The author states in the preface that "nearly all of the book is drawn from actual and verifiable experiences," so that the reader becomes interested in Harry Vaughan's development from the condition of physical helplessness to one of power and usefulness. The message of hope that comes to him through the metaphysician is clearly expressed in Mr. Whitmarsh's explanation of the power resident within. After going somewhat into detail, the healer says:

"'To briefly recapitulate, I may say that the subconscious mind, by a law-governed and love-governed process, builds and renews the body; that this building and renewing can be, to a very considerable extent, directed and modified by the wise use of the powerful thought-currents of the individual, for thoughts are really forces, aided, if need be, by the influence of another mind.'

"'The value of any experience,' said he, 'depends very largely upon how we use it. And the use we make of it is again largely dependent on the standpoint from which we view it—Life is one thing to all of us as a reality. It is only different as we view it differently. Life is perfect as a principle. According as we realize that perfection do we express it in the body in the form of health or wholeness.'"

Later on we note the growth in the cripple's concepts in the following conversation between himself and his mother:

"'When we let the "if" into the discussion we must take care to let it in on the right side.'

"'You are right, Harry. It is so easy to let the ungrateful thought come in to mar even our greatest happiness. It is a habit we get into.'

"'Yes; but there, too, the beautiful thing is, that habit once well formed makes it easier to do the right thing than the other. Habit works both ways.'"

As time goes on, Harry Vaughan succeeds in building up a most successful business, and we find him expressing this great truth:

"'When we, as manufacturers, go beyond a certain point, in either direction, so far as wages and prices are concerned, we are the losers. There is a great natural, immutable law working here as well as everywhere else in the universe, bringing the just recompense to every one for his effort. "What is mine will come to me," and it rests with me to decide what it shall be. Absolute justice is bound to be done. The great trouble is that most of us do not desire justice, and we show that we do not desire it by not giving it to others. . . . These experiences have a purpose to serve, and they come just as we need them. There is no chance or accident. They come as a part of the endless chain of causes and effects.

"'Each one is in itself both cause and effect, and hence law-governed. And each one is the very best that could possibly come to us at the time and under the circumstances.'"

Again, truth is put into the mouth of the metaphysician where he says:

"'People are not to be helped by setting them off into classes or castes on any basis. . . . Do not, for a moment, think that I object to the giving of money, or other material aid, at the proper time and under the proper conditions. But to be effective it must be the expression of love, and love may frequently express itself more fully by withholding than by giving. Many a time it is much easier, much more agreeable, to give than not; and it often seems hard to decide which is the right and wise thing to do. But if our love be pure and strong and unselfish, the intuition will be a safe guide; and whatever the apparent outcome the act will have been right.'"

The book has a wholesome atmosphere and presents fundamental truth in a popular way.

Mr. Rodman has always identified himself with movements looking toward human freedom and equality, and he is pro-

gressive, tolerant, and receptive to truth from all sources. He is positive in conviction, but not given to dogmatism. He is now actively engaged in the teaching and practise of spiritual healing.

Mr. Rodman's work has been of an impersonal nature, and his aim has been to lift the Metaphysical movement above personality into the realm of spiritual realization.

THE UNIVERSAL GOLDEN RULE.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindu.*

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—*Egyptian.*

Do as you would be done by.—*Persian.*

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.—*Buddhist.*

What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others. —*Chinese.*

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedan.*

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him. —*Grecian.*

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—*Roman.*

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Jewish.*

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Christian.*

If our intellectual action finds physical expression in Nature, and not only reason but imagination is found to be an aid in physical investigation, may we not retrace our steps and again define all science as *the verification of the ideal in nature?—Prof. Du Bois.*

THE NEW THOUGHT IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Having been requested by the editors of MIND and many other friends in America to relate some of my experiences in the southern hemisphere for publication, I shall endeavor in this article to speak of Australia and New Zealand exactly as I found them, leaving each reader free to draw individual conclusions from my unvarnished tale.

On the 7th of February, 1900, I left London for Australia, *via* Marseilles direct to Adelaide. The voyage, which occupied about five weeks, was a pleasant and profitable one, with nothing out of the ordinary to mark its progress. On the good ship "Ormuz," belonging to the Orient-Pacific Company, I met many agreeable people, among them a celebrated Unitarian minister from Liverpool and two clergymen of the Established Church of England.

On arrival at Adelaide I was met by Henry Cardew, editor of *Progressive Thought,* of Sydney, an excellent monthly magazine not unknown to MIND readers. Mr. Cardew had arranged for me to deliver an opening lecture in the Town Hall, Adelaide, on the day following the date of my arrival. The steamer reached Adelaide March 12th, and on the evening of that day I addressed an important meeting of the local society of metaphysicians by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Glover, who met me before I left the steamer and who, I soon discovered, were two of the most earnest workers in the field of mental healing and teaching it has been my good fortune to encounter anywhere. Reporters of the local papers also interviewed me before I landed. All this, together with the interest excited by a conspicuous announcement of my lecture on "Divine Science, the World's True Regenerator," sufficed

to draw an immense audience to the splendid Town Hall on that memorable evening of March 13, 1900, when I began the continuous and somewhat arduous work south of the equator which occupied me uninterruptedly till November 30, 1901, when I left the Antipodes—I know not for how long a period—and wended my way back to San Francisco on the good ship "Sonoma," which flies the Stars and Stripes across the Pacific Ocean.

People are constantly inquiring of travelers concerning the predominant characteristics of the populations of lands remote from the birth and abiding places of the questioners; and since my return to the northern hemisphere I have been requested wherever I appeared to render a detailed account of our Australian cousins. My present narrative is a minor attempt to supply the demanded information.

The beautiful city of Adelaide, chief city of South Australia, has now a population of about 200,000, including suburbs, which are quite extensive. Arriving in March, which is the equivalent of our September, I found the heat intense but not oppressive. The thermometer registered from 90 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade at noontide, but after sunset, though the air was hot, it was not sultry. It was not the lecture or amusement season, and many residents were at the seaside, yet I faced one of the largest and finest audiences it has ever been my privilege to address. Adelaide is a cultured city, reasonably called the Athens of the southern hemisphere, and I believe that every worker on progressive lines of thought who visits that center of intellectual and artistic development receives a warm welcome from the earnest truth-seekers with whom the whole countryside is thickly populated. Adelaide is often called the "city of churches." It is also a university center and possesses a magnificent art gallery, public library, and numerous other educational institutions. It is only six miles from the sea, and during eight months out of every twelve its climate is ideal: the remaining four months of the

year are too warm to suit the wishes of most visitors from north of the equator, unless they are natives of Ceylon or India.

After my first lecture in Adelaide numerous requests were made for its publication, and it was issued in pamphlet form—also an impromptu poem on "Destiny," delivered at its close, which had evoked applause. Twenty thousand copies have now been disposed of throughout Australia and New Zealand, and there is a demand for republication. Afterward I began regular work in Adelaide in the spacious hall of the W. C. T. U. and also in Rechabite Hall, where I lectured twice daily for several weeks to large and enthusiastic audiences. I then visited Gawler and a few other places within easy reach of Adelaide.

The local metaphysicians I found were very sincere and kindly people, doing an excellent work in a rather quiet manner. I heartily coöperated with them, and they with me, on all favorable occasions; but my work was more public than theirs, and I confined myself to no single denomination. I revisited Adelaide five times after my first appearance there, and on my sixth visit I was importuned to make a seventh and sign a contract for at least three (preferably six) months' continuous services—on liberal terms offered both by organized metaphysicians and unattached students of psychic problems. I have often occupied the pulpit of the New Church (Swedenborgian) in that enterprising city during the absence of the regular minister, and have repeatedly spoken in that fine edifice to large congregations. I have also lectured on literary topics in the schoolroom adjoining the Synagogue, under the presidency of the distinguished rabbi, the Rev. I. Boas, and also spoken from various platforms having no special religious affiliations. Wherever I went—and I went wherever I was invited—I was allowed the utmost freedom of expression.

An attempt to maintain an exclusively metaphysical book depot did not prove a success in Adelaide—not because people

would not buy or did not read the kind of literature furnished, but because it was so widely circulated and so easily obtainable at the general book agencies that there seemed no necessity for placing it by itself. Dr. and Mrs. Mills had done a great deal of work in Adelaide before my arrival, and they certainly had moved the community to think on metaphysical lines. I found the local Theosophical Society active and efficient, and the Unitarian Church flourishing while enjoying the effective ministrations of the Rev. Arthur Wilson, a liberal-minded preacher, both eloquent and powerful.

From Adelaide I went to Ballarat, where I certainly did not find the same enterprise or enthusiasm. Though I was there in April (generally a warm month in Australia), I was out in a snow-storm on Easter Sunday, 1900. I believe Ballarat has enjoyed since that date a wave of prosperity, but when I was there I found it rather gloomy, though possessed of many natural advantages. I did some work there and met some pleasing people, but it impressed me as rather cold and stupid after bright, enterprising Adelaide.

From Ballarat I went to Melbourne, and there I was greeted with such overflowing houses that on Sunday evenings it was necessary to affix a card to the door of the great Odd Fellows' Hall announcing "no further admittance." The people came in crowds, and I had in my audiences on Sundays and Wednesdays metaphysicians, Theosophists, Spiritualists, and a very polyglot representation of the great unchurched and unclassified populace of the capital of Victoria. Melbourne has a population of over 500,000, and has always disputed with Sydney the claim to rank first among Australasian capitals. In Melbourne I found Mr. W. H. Terry—the veteran editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, a fine monthly journal that has accomplished a grand educational work for more than thirty years—at the head of a large book business of truly eclectic character. MIND was always on sale and in the reading-room, and, though Mr. Terry and his efficient secre-

tary, Miss Hinge, are outspoken, uncompromising Spiritualists, they take a deep interest in mental healing, and read and circulate all good books that deal with the various phases of man's complex though harmonic nature. I lectured in Melbourne in many places, including the lecture-rooms of the Metaphysical Society and the Australian and Unitarian churches. The Rev. Charles Strong, D.D., of the former church organization, edits an excellent monthly magazine called *The Australian Herald,* in which all advancing phases of thought find able advocacy. Miss Alexia St. Hill and other practical mental healers in Melbourne were attracting large numbers to their classes and treating successfully numerous patients at the time when I was forced reluctantly to say farewell to my friends in that cosmopolitan city, where I had paid as many return visits as I had paid to Adelaide before my final embarkation for New Zealand on my way back to America.

From Melbourne I went to Sydney, the home and business headquarters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cardew, under whose auspices I opened my protracted and successful work in the chief city of New South Wales, June 23d, 1900. Progressive Thought Hall, Norwich Chambers, has long been a renowned rendezvous for those looking into Mental Science and all that appertains thereto. Long before my arrival, Mr. Cardew had established a circulating library, and I found him carrying on an extensive trade in books, besides superintending his well-known magazine.

My first impression of Sydney, as I reached it by steamer, was extremely pleasing, for Sydney Harbor is quite as beautiful as the Bay of Naples; but Sydney as a city is in some respects disappointing. It has fine streets and many beautiful public buildings, in addition to superb gardens; but to me it never seemed home-like. It is a delightful place to visit (except in the rainy season), and some of its hotels are palatial. Were I to attempt to record my own experiences there between

June, 1900, and October, 1901, I should have to produce a bulky volume; suffice it, then, to say that I was never busier in my life than during that period. My audiences on Sunday, June 24th, 1900, were enormous, and—from that day to the moment before I bade adieu to Australian shores—whenever I was in that city I was more than fully occupied. I was invited to accept the vacant pastorate of the Unitarian Church, in which I conducted many services and where I lectured on numerous occasions. The Rev. George Walters of the Australian Church invited me to take charge of his services whenever practicable. The Psychic Society of New South Wales got me on their platform whenever I could appear, and I always found their great hall crowded to the doors. The Metaphysical Society, occupying a sumptuously furnished hall opposite the general post-office, called me to speak there whenever my other engagements allowed me an open evening. The Theosophists also secured my services on various occasions. In a word, I seemed in demand everywhere; and when under Mr. Cardew's management I spoke again and again in the lecture-hall belonging to the School of Arts and in other great public meeting-places, on an immense variety of subjects, I always had large and enthusiastic audiences.

One of my pleasantest remembrances of Sydney is the three visits I made to the Coast Hospital, Botany Bay, by invitation of the chaplain and the matron. On each of those occasions I spoke on "Mental Therapeutics" to the large staff of nurses and attendants, in presence of resident physicians, and nowhere have I been more kindly received and from no source have I heard more gracious comments anent my utterances. My sixteen months' reputed residence in Sydney was broken in upon at intervals by return visits to Melbourne and Adelaide, and also by a trip to New Zealand, where I spent Christmas and saw the birth of the twentieth century.

In December, 1900, there was a large Mental Science College in Christchurch, with which Miss Franc Garstin, who

has since traveled to America, was prominently connected. I had a four-weeks successful season in Canterbury County, of which Christchurch is the chief city, during the Jubilee celebration to which I was called. My Sunday lectures in the great temple were listened to by throngs, and daily in a less pretentious building I expounded to an eager audience the theory and practise of mental healing, and also discoursed upon numerous popular reformatory and educational topics. Literature sold in vast quantities in the Exposition building, where the local metaphysicians had established a book-stand, as well as at the halls where I lectured. Professor O'Brien Hoare continues the good work regularly in Christchurch, and during my second visit, in November, 1901, Miss Rhoda Stacey and Mr. Kline were establishing a large work teaching and demonstrating. Mr. Kline is a fine writer, and his strong utterances in the public press, together with frequent notices of Professor Hoare's discourses, serve to keep the New Thought prominently before the Christchurch public.

Wellington and Auckland are also strong centers of progressive work, and in both places (Auckland in particular) I found the resident metaphysicians thoroughly alert and prosperous.

During part of September and October, 1901, I was in Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, where I also received great encouragement. Large audiences day by day for a month, and crowds unable to gain admission to the hall on my final Sunday, more than proved the great interest taken by the public in the views promulgated. Wherever I have traveled south of the equator I have found a great public ready to listen attentively, and always desirous of purchasing New Thought literature. Small pamphlets sell by tens of thousands; but large books are bought in quantities only after a good deal of seed has been sown.

Wherever enterprise and enthusiasm are manifested by promoters of the New Thought movement, the public seize

the ideas advanced with great avidity; but Australians and New Zealanders need to be attracted and aroused by some signs of positive activity before they attend in crowds and inspire their friends by their own manifest enthusiasm. When I left Sydney I found Mrs. Verlage very active and successful. In Auckland Mr. Hawthorne (in Victoria Arcade) and Mrs. Wiseman (a most influential woman in society) were doing a noble work.

I have received so many tokens of friendship and esteem in all parts of Australasia that I look forward with pleasurable anticipation to a return visit at no very distant date; and I herewith express my unshakable conviction that great, growing, federated Australia and charming, progressive, picturesque New Zealand (justly called "The Workman's Paradise") are two of the most fertile fields on earth for the dissemination of all phases of thought that tend toward the all-round elevation of humanity. As I am a cosmopolitan, and must work outside of all shackles—and, further, as it is my intense conviction that there is some truth in all systems but the whole truth can be confined by none—I may find it especially easy to make my way in many countries. At any rate, Australasia has treated me royally, and I have the greatest confidence in its present and in its future development.

THE Church has learned wisdom. The persecution of Galileo is not likely to be repeated, nor even the milder forms of persecution which assailed the geologist at the beginning, and the evolutionists in the middle, of our century. And science, too, has learned something. In all its wealth of discovery it recognizes more clearly than ever before the fathomless abysses of the unknown and unknowable. It stands with unsandaled feet in the presence of mysteries that transcend human thought. Religion never so tolerant. Science never so reverent. Nearer than ever before seems the time when all souls that are loyal to truth and goodness shall find fellowship in freedom of faith and in service of love.—*William North Rice.*

IS THE CHURCH AWAKENING?

BY B. O. FLOWER.

There are many evidences that the New Thought movement is permeating the churches of the Western world and compelling the clergy to take cognizance of one of the most solemn commands of Jesus to his disciples—a command that was obeyed with remarkable results by the primitive Church, ere it fell under the corrupting influences of materialistic paganism. A little over a year ago a leading Episcopalian divine of St. Louis, Missouri, while attacking Christian Science, frankly admitted the obligation imposed by Jesus and faithfully and successfully practised by the early Church touching the healing of the sick. Since then, clergymen in various places have more or less timidly come out in favor of the Church returning to the teachings of Jesus in this particular.

The great success that has attended the practise of mental therapeutics and of Christian Science, in the restoration of thousands of cases pronounced incurable by representative physicians, has already produced a revolution in public opinion; and evidences are not wanting that indicate that as time passes the Church will be compelled to accept the demand of the New Thought leaders—that Christianity recognize God as the Source of life and health, and that the Church shall cease to ignore that part of the teachings of Jesus and the practise of primitive Christianity which proved one of the most potent influences in arousing the mental and moral nature of the people. The following, taken from the New York *Herald's* report of a recent discourse by the Rev. George C. Lorimer, the distinguished Baptist clergyman, is a striking illustration of the general awakening among the clergy to which I have referred:

"On this theme the Scriptures are definite and pronounced. The Almighty is over and over again presented as the source of strength and as the supreme cause of health. Not without reason is he termed 'Jehovah that healeth,' and various are the references to his healing mercies.

"When Jesus appeared as the Messiah he treated the broken hearted, bound up wounds, and gave sight to the blind. The direct agency of the highest of all beings is brought out in the case of the woman who for twelve years had suffered and spent her living on physicians, and only found relief when she touched the border of Christ's garment. We have another instance in Abraham's prayer for Abimelech, which brought health to that ruler and his wife.

"God, the ultimate healer, will be more fully recognized as science attains to its maturity. There are two extant movements which indicate that the latest thought yet cleaves to the earlier on this point—one the mausoleum of Hadrian, at Rome, and the other in Boston. It was reared to one of the discoverers of anesthetics, and on the pedestal may be read this sacred text: 'This also cometh from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.'

"But it is worthy of note that in the Old Testament the priests are not regarded as exclusively the channels of the divine power of healing. While God was magnified as the source of recovery from illness, other than priestly instrumentality was employed in conveying the blessing. But it is impressive and instructive that from Abraham to Gregory, and from Gregory to Boston science, the real connection between Jehovah and Boston science has been recognized.

"I believe it would be well for Christians in their prayer-meetings to tell how God has helped their bodies as well as their souls. Were we to speak more in His praise we would encourage more to look to Him for restoration.

"Among curative agencies blessed of God a very high rank must be assigned to the moral and the spiritual. The ideal of a pure manhood is a long step as a help to healing. When the spiritual is supreme and Christians have little time to think of themselves or their cares, and when they are fully occupied with celestial visions, they usually keep well and are hearty."

If the Christian Church is awakening to the fact that God is the Source of health and the Center of life, we may have a general revival in the Church—a revival that will touch the heart and the brain and make Christianity something of the moral and spiritual force that it was in its early days, when it cured the body and filled the mind and soul with that moral fervor and spiritual enthusiasm that exalt, ennoble, and glorify

life. There is in the heart of the world to-day a deep and unsatisfied hunger—a longing for something that the lordly temples and their pretentious services fail to supply. The world is reaching out for a living God, who is at once the Source of life and health and the Essence of all-comprehending Love. Unhappily, the Church is not extending its hand and bringing its members into touch with such a God.

The old belief that God and the higher influences were the source of health and life, and the conviction that all men are brothers, which sprang from a living faith and a love that makes justice a passion in the soul of man, hold empearled the redemptive hope of civilization; and, if the Church can cast off the deadly lethargy that overtook her when she became a suitor for the favor of conventionalism and the materialism of the market, she may yet again inaugurate a spiritual renaissance greater and more far-reaching in influence than were the New Learning and the Protestant Reformation, which gave western Europe so mighty a moral impetus during the morning-tide of modern times. But, if the Church fails to recognize the supreme opportunity given to her by the present, the moral and spiritual awakening will come from without, and in the light of its influence the Church will find herself weighed in the balance and found wanting; while her power over the heart and brain of civilization will pass away as surely as the influence of paganism gave way before the moral and spiritual enthusiasm of primitive Christianity—and hers will be the dismal cry:

"Mine held them once; I flung away
  Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
  But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
  Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
  Grope shuddering at the gates of night."

HINDRANCES TO WORLD-BETTERMENT.

IV. Character as Motor Power.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

"Character," says Emerson, "is the rightful lord who is to tumble all other rulers from their chairs." This is a true saying, since, whatever a person may possess of abilities or of opportunities, the uses made of these depend on the kind of man he is. His character rules him—and thus rules the world.

This has an important bearing on our present purpose of learning what it is that so stands in the way of our innumerable schemes for world-betterment, and, indeed, causes the need of it. In the February article this was traced in part to the preaching that represented heaven as a place to go to after death, instead of an inward condition to be attained, and lived, here; and, while declaring the Almighty to be infinite in Love, Truth, Justice, and Holiness, yet it portrayed this holy Being as beyond all human possibilities unjust, cruel, and revengeful. Our claim here is that the influence upon character of the mental pictures thus presented has helped largely in making world-betterment needful, and that still existing creeds in agreement with these are now prominent among its "hindrances."

But our quest takes us one step farther. Those sermons and creeds were based on a volume still held as divinely inspired, and a true representation of the Divine nature and character. Now, as to other writings, are there any among us—is there even one—who would recommend a volume that held up for love and adoration a character exhibiting utterly despicable traits, declaring such a volume, without reservation, a standard of righteous living? Were some portions of

it rich beyond expression in uplifting influences, while other portions were to an equal degree unworthy and even vile, we would surely make a separation, exalting the one and condemning the other.

This very distinction exists in the Scriptures, and since they are declared, without reservation, the only rule of faith and practise, as searchers into the causes of character it becomes our duty to point out the unworthy portions. There is no irreverence in this. Whatever of a harmful nature may be brought to light, it cannot be irreverent to say that what is there *is* there. The irreverence is on the part of those who have ascribed so much of malevolence and other unworthiness to a declaredly infinite, holy Being, and of those who still hold to all this as sacred truth and practically embody such aspersions in their creeds under the name of religion.

Some of the accounts are too vile for mention and will not be given; yet the chief point of significance in these, and in others, is not their vileness, but in giving such abominations the Divine approval, direction, and coöperation. The story of the Midianites might have furnished a text for those old-time sermons of wrath and vengeance. And if this and other accounts held as sacred seem too dreadful to read, or if the mention of them gives offense, it must be remembered that these articles are in the interests of science—the Science of Human Beings—and that, in all scientific research, whatever disturbance or displeasure may be caused has no bearing whatever on the main purpose: Truth.

Ahab, a king of Israel, caused the death of one of his subjects, but the Lord withheld punishment, saying, "I will bring the evil in his son's days." By direct command of the Almighty a later king was ordered to destroy the whole house of Ahab. On his way thither, passing through the city where dwelt the widowed queen, he ordered her to be thrown from the window. By his direction Ahab's sons—who were very numerous, polygamy being then a divinely recognized institu-

tion—were slain and their heads brought in many baskets and placed in heaps at the gates of the city. He then slew all that remained of the house of Ahab, and all his great men, and all his priests. After this he issued a proclamation inviting all the believers in *Baal* to come and sacrifice to their god, doing this "in subtlety, to the intent that he might destroy them." When they had filled their temple he commanded his soldiers to go in and slay them and let none come forth. And the command was obeyed. Then followed the Divine approval and requital: "Because thou hast done unto the house of Ahab all that was in mine heart, thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel." Could anything be more irreverent than this account? Yet a modern church-member whose attention was called to it said of the massacre in the temple of Baal: "If those people were enemies of God, they *ought* to have been killed!"

Some years ago a religious publication stated that for three years the International Sunday-school Lessons had been devoted to the history of the Israelitish kings, and called this period "a long, bad, shameful time." The account, as carried through Chronicles, Samuel, and Kings, consists almost entirely of descriptions of battles, assassinations, acts of revenge, and merciless slaughter, together with exhibitions of the grossest licentiousness, revolting cruelties and nameless barbarities. And all this is sent to the heathen as part of a religion superior to their own! And to savages as well!

When the whole Scriptures were translated into the language of Sitting Bull, a leading editorial said: "As he reads the terrible slaughters committed in the name of the Lord, we can see him putting on his paint and feathers and starting for the war-path with his rifle in one hand and his Bible in the other."

Much is said, and well said, of the harm done to character by the circulation of indecent literature. It is a fact bearing on Human Science that the Scriptures called holy furnish nar-

ratives such as none of our publishers would dare openly to publish. Lying is sanctioned by those highest in the Divine favor, as when Abraham—and afterward his son Isaac—declared that his wife was his sister. It is not even hinted that this deception was a sin; on the contrary, God is represented as conniving at it, and interfering to prevent its consequences. We are also told that God sent forth from heaven a "lying spirit," to make his prophets prophesy falsely.

David, the "man after God's own heart," obtained the beautiful wife of one of his people by putting him in the front rank of battle. His imprecations on his enemies are fearful. He prayed that their habitations be desolate; that what should have been a welfare should become a trap, and iniquity added to their iniquity. And his last dying directions to his sons were of vengeance on certain persons. And the holy prophet Jeremiah prays for his enemies that their children may be delivered up to the famine and their blood poured out by the sword; that their wives be bereaved of their children and become widows.

The Divine command, "Arise and slay," is constantly repeated, and all mercy is forbidden. "Utterly destroy; spare them not—men and women, infant and suckling."

Is it not absurd for our missionaries to translate and offer such accounts to savages, and others, as being our sacred writings, our superior religion, directly revealed by the Christians' God—called our Heavenly Father?

The one thing we strive to instil into the minds of our young people is the fixedness of moral principle. But how can we assure them of this fixedness, and of the fact that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and at the same time give them, as sacred truth, narratives showing that men in close communion with God, enjoying his personal guidance, acted in direct opposition to the principles by the command of God himself? And we must remember that the Bible is considered especially safe and desirable reading. To read it

through once a year has been thought a religious duty. Pious mothers enjoined this upon their sons leaving home.

It is known that many years ago a book was in circulation called "The Beauties of the Bible." The name indicates that it contained only the desirable portions—desirable, that is, according to the Christ standards of living—the numerous frauds, trickeries, indecencies, and brutalities being excluded.

True, there are some who claim that the Scriptures are to be interpreted by a system of "correspondences." The vast majority, however, take even the worst of the accounts not only literally but as being part of a Divine revelation. It is also urged, by way of lessening the harm, that these portions are not much read, and certainly they are not used for pulpit selections, nor for family devotions. But this very avoidance shows that their influence is thought undesirable.

As inquirers into the causes of character we ask, Would it not be well to compile in one volume the guiding, sustaining, spiritually-uplifting parts—those precious beyond expression as containing bed-rock truths and actual soul-experiences; the *entire* Scriptures being reserved for students of theology and history, and the separate compilation used for pulpit and household readings, Sunday-school Lessons, and sending to the heathen? We should thus be freed from the danger of implanting the evil with the good, and from the absurdity of begging rich men's hoards and widows' mites for translating, printing, and sending abroad what our very avoidance acknowledges to be unworthy—and we hope will not be read.

Should it be objected that it is not for human wisdom to decide between portions of the Sacred Scriptures, it may be replied that human wisdom decided which of the ancient writings should *compose* the volume—those which some human minds considered doubtful being for quite a period inserted *between* the Old and New Testaments under the name of "The Apocrypha." Is not human wisdom as infallible, and

as wise, in these days of enlightenment as in medieval times? In fact, as has been shown, such separation is already being made. The mother makes it when in her Bible-readings she "skips" what her human judgment decides are bad portions. The clergyman makes it in his pulpit-readings. Why not give it permanent form?

There is good authority for this. The Archbishop of Canterbury, now Primate of England, in his essay on "The Education of the World," declares "conscience is the judge of Holy Scripture." And the celebrated author, the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., a settled orthodox minister in New England in 1843, afterward professor at Yale and succeeding Woolsey as its president, states in his writings: "No law, even from God, can have any moral force unless it require such perfection as man exacts from himself." "All communications fom God to man must be interpreted . . . by the light of those ethical truths which shine by their own light, . . . the moral law which the creature finds written upon his heart." "God cannot but use his personal force for the moral perfection of others."

Some change is needful for the reason that almost any proceeding can find Scriptural warrant. The Religious Wars, long continued, were second to none in ferocity and slaughter, the Divine command, "Arise and slay," being always on the lips, and the war spirit kept alive by constant perusal of the Scriptural war records. And quite recently Dean Farrar, of the English Church, defends and glorifies war on the ground that the Old Testament is full of fighting. In the Garrisonian times church pastors defended slavery—from the Bible; and a number of them issued a "pastoral letter" enjoining it upon women, on the same grounds, that they refrain from all public speaking. This mention of women brings us to another of our "hindrances," and suggests that it is about time to square up woman's account against Milton and some of the early Church Fathers.

EARTH'S HALO.

MATERIAL *vs.* SPIRITUAL.

BY EMILY WRIGHT HOOD.

How widely different we!
You love the storm and stress:
I find no happiness
In such a life.
Give me the waters calm
Of an untroubled sea,
That mirrors back the sky
With its sweet denizens—
Those distant orbs of light—and I
Will happy be.

What aura hath this earth,
To give it rank among
Those brighter spheres?
What murky clouds of sin and hate
Envelop still this planet fair—
O misused power!—
To make of her a lesser light
Who should effulgent gleam,
'Mid entities where spirits rare
Have heavenly worth?

But let us not repine,
Nor give ourselves to doubt;

Intelligence is here
Pervading all.
Stretch forth thy hand and use
What hath been given thee,
And let thy light so shine
That men may see,
And, seeing, take example from
Thy love divine.

Thus may be purified,
When sin and strife shall cease,
Earth's aureole.
Free from the mud and slime
Of every petty vice her children know,
When every child of God
His heritage doth win
By altruistic service here below;
When love shall reign supreme,
Vibration swifter be—a very sun—
Shall we give light to other worlds
Less glorified.

IN LOVE'S SCHOOL.

This have I learned of love:
  To curb impatience strong;
To gentle be as dove,
  And musical as song.

The heart will have its own,
  As streams must find the sea;
And love to spirit shown
  Is its eternally.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

HYPNOTISM: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND DANGERS.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Hypnotism came to the Western world freighted with a mission—the mission of rendering testimony concerning the existence of an immortal soul in man. The representative men of modern psychologic science, however, refuse to acknowledge that so epoch-making a value is due to the hypnotic testimony. The Maudsleys, Hammonds, Richets, Ribots, and others of the Charcot school contend that the phenomena of hypnotism do not necessarily involve the existence of so indestructible a factor as a soul. According to these thinkers, the theory of what they call "suggestion" is sufficiently comprehensive to account for the phenomena of hypnotism without requiring the aid of a synthesizing, imperishable unit of consciousness—a soul.

"Suggestion" is the technical term for an optically conveyed impulse imparted by the hypnotizer to his "subject," and causing the latter mentally to revolve the idea suggested to him until the enforced fixity of his mind refuses hospitality to any other impression. The result is "self-hypnosis," followed by hallucinative visions.

Credit may be given to the "suggestion" theory for the explanatory power it possesses. The real question, however, is yet to be met—Are there authentic hypnotic phenomena that cannot be covered by it? To be workable, the theory necessitates a "subject" sufficiently intelligent, first, to understand the character of the suggestion, and secondly, so to concentrate on the matter suggested as to exclude all other thoughts from his consciousness.

Granting that such intelligence may be found in the average man, the power of hypnotizing *animals* would yet remain unexplained, as it would be wholly unwarrantable to accredit the lower orders with the intellectual equipment such a process would call for. Yet animals are quite susceptible to hypnotism. Lafontaine hypnotized lions and tigers, changing for the time being their entire nature; and M. Alexis, the Russian equestrian, was able by a single glance to subdue the wildest horse. Furthermore, the power of transfixing a hen within a chalk-line circle, drawn from a point opposite her beak, cannot possibly be accredited to the agency of "suggestion," as the hen's low intelligence forbids it. Another theory, therefore, must be found if we shall be able intelligently to approach the problem of hypnotism.

A person under the influence of hypnotism is swayed by an altogether different sense-perception than when normal. His faculty of hearing will detect sounds inaudible to others. Made to "play" on a broomstick, he will appreciate with some hidden faculty of hearing a wholly imaginary melody. Placed before a rough board, he perceives, in obedience to the silent command of the hypnotizer, his own image reflected as in a mirror. A glass of water brought to his lips may impart a taste of the choicest wine, and a paper flower may appeal to his sense of smell as if charged with exquisite fragrance.

In view of these facts it is difficult to avoid the conviction that, if no other senses than the physical have been active, such results could not have been obtained. Evidently the process has called deeper functions into activity—functions responsive to subtler stimuli than the physical, and hence belonging to a different plane of consciousness. Yet the change of plane and mode of perception has not changed the *ego,* whose inferences, from once accepted (even if apparently unreal) premises, continue to be logical. During the entire process the synthesizing, coördinating, and apperceptive faculty of this inner center of intelligence, disconnected from the sense-consciousness, has

remained intact. And it is in this psychologic fact, sustained by thousands of hypnotic test-experiments—the fact of an apperceptive, self-conscious, synthesizing activity, capable of being removed from its physical sense-apparatus—that hypnotism furnishes irrefutable proofs of the presence in man of an immortal ego, or soul.

It is conceded by physical science that things and substances receive their structure and character from the vibratory ratio of their molecules. If this be so, the brain, like any other substance, must depend for the character of its activity upon the rate of the vibration of its molecules. Furthermore, as the brain stands in the same relation to the ego as, let us say, a musical instrument bears to the performing artist (a vehicle of expression), it follows that the ego in its relation to the sensuous and concrete is limited by the expressiveness of the instrument. Hence, notwithstanding its divine powers, the soul is incapable of acting through a brain-mechanism not attuned to the character of its mandates. As it is thus dependent on the harmonious relations between man as individualized and unique intelligence and the brain-vehicle in his charge, any influence disturbing these relations must result in the dissevering of the soul from a rational connection with sensuous life—or its transfer into a condition of abnormal consciousness.

This dependence of the soul, for its normal consciousness, on the molecular vibration of the brain-substance renders the phenomena of hypnotism intelligible; for it is through the introduction of a change in the ratio of these vibrations that a hypnotizer gets control of his "subject." By fixing his gaze on the eye of the latter, the hypnotizer succeeds in establishing a vital-magnetic conduit between his own mind and that of his "subject," using this as a means of forcing his way into the mind he intends to control. If the hypnotizer's will is the stronger, he will send a current of vibratory energy from his own mind into his "subject's," thereby introducing into the

brain of the latter a new rate of vibratory motion, by means of which the vanquished soul will be forced to withdraw into interior planes of consciousness. Having thus become master of the situation, the mind of the hypnotist assumes sovereign charge of the surrendered brain. During the hypnotic process, the "subject" is a helpless moral serf, under a master whose slightest intimation has the majesty of inexorable law. Both brains, being attuned to the same rate of vibration, are lorded by the same mind; and the cerebral functions of the "subject" respond with the same readiness to the hypnotizer's mind as to that of their real possessor.

Driven back to inner, supersensuous planes of consciousness, the exiled soul observes with unreasoning interest the thoughts and mental images of things as they emerge in the hypnotizer's mind; for to the soul poised on the subjective side, on the threshold of consciousness, these images must appear as concrete forms and substances. Hence the hypnotic illusions. Rendered unable to discern things on the physical plane, but sharp-sighted and alert on the plane of thoughts and ideas, the hypnotized person perceives with the vividness of inner vision the image, let us say, of a violin, suspended as a thought-form in the hypnotizer's mind, while remaining blind and oblivious to the broomstick placed in his hand. Moving an imaginary bow across the broomstick, he recognizes as audible sound the melody the hypnotizer silently calls up in his own mind—and the illusion is complete. On this principle as a basis rests the entire gamut of hypnotic phenomena.

Having gone through his performance, the hypnotizer permits the soul to resume control of its old instrument. Sometimes, however, the hypnotizer, before withdrawing his influence, may impress a command upon the memory of the usurped brain while connecting its execution with the time-element of its cerebral mechanism. The consequence is that, when the returning soul regains possession of its mind-organ, the thinker finds in the faculty of memory an impulse pressing

for expression. Disconnected with the brain at the time the impression was made, the soul has had no opportunity to identify itself with its moral bearing. The impulse, however revolting, having once become a part of the cerebral mechanism, assumes the character of automatic action and cannot be stayed in its course toward execution—any more than can the explosion of an infernal machine the moment its mechanism has advanced to the prearranged point of time. The real culprit, of course, is not the performer of the crime, but its instigator —though no statistics can tell how often the guilty one escapes and the innocent suffers the punishment. The heinous crimes committed by Mlle. Gabrielle Bompard in Paris and Josephine Hughes in Amsterdam, which caused such a storm of indignation a few years ago, were plainly proved to have been inspired by hypnotic influence. From this it may be readily understood how otherwise quiet and law-abiding persons may commit shocking offenses.

Thus, while hypnotism, on one hand, proves beyond all doubt the existence of a soul, on the other hand its unscrupulous practise has been the cause of untold suffering. The natural receptivity of man to influences and suasions of universal character renders the practise extremely dangerous to the moral nature and mental balance of man. Psychic influence, though accentuated in professional hypnotism, is universal and sways more or less every creature in the entire domain of Nature.

The force employed in this process is *will*, or rather that universal energy which, when manifested in the kingdom of man, is known by that term; for there is only one basic, primal force in the Universe—all other forces being mere correlates, which manifest in ever-varying forms and vestures of expression. This force expresses itself in the mineral as cohesion; in the plant as selective affinity; in the animal as the instinct of self-preservation, and in man as *will*. The name of this all-embracing force is *Love*.

In this great, calm, creative, sustaining energy the whole gamut of world-dynamics is contained; for what is will but a desire to do, and what is desire but an aspect of love? Similarly, self-preservation in the animal is the love to live. *Love is what man makes of it.* Employed for the furtherance of selfish ends, love yields passion, ambition, despotism, hatred; if employed in the service of humanity, in the forgetfulness of self, love gives birth to compassion, sympathy, altruism. Loving the base, man becomes base; loving the noble, he becomes noble. The selfish, ambitious, avaricious, vain man is such because he employs this supreme energy in the service of his animal self.

With few exceptions, the professional hypnotizer loves to control his fellow-men. Instead of employing his conscious power in the strengthening and moral elevation of mankind, he levels it at the weakening of the most sacred of all human possessions—the individuality, or *egohood;* and no hypnotically-induced trance state can be followed by the rude intrusion of the hypnotist into the sacred precincts of the mind of his "subject" without causing the sense of individuality in the latter to become weakened. Hypnotism deprives the soul of its central, self-determining, cohesive force. The natural protection rendered the ego—or the self-sustaining power with which every individual is normally equipped, and which like a shield protects him from invasions of alien influences—is ruthlessly torn down by the hypnotist, leaving in the mind of the victim a wide breach for any passing influence or will-impulse to enter.

The fate of the hypnotic "subject" of an unscrupulous operator is indeed appalling. Once thoroughly dominated and controlled by a hypnotizer, the victim will suffer a life-long subjection. Distance or separation in such a case avails not. Thus a German officer, serving in the American civil war, was "cured" of a severe attack of rheumatism through hypnotic treatment. Having returned to his native home in

Germany, the officer enjoyed good health for years afterward, when suddenly the old disease returned with all its original severity. Later on it was ascertained that the return of the disease had coincided with the death of the hypnotizer through whose influence it once had been removed.

Professional teachers of hypnotism often train their pupils in the practise of "self-hypnosis," through which the "subject" by gazing at a bright object—for instance, a brass button—is capable of hypnotizing himself into a state of hallucination: the simple molecular vibrations of the brass button being permitted to supplant the finer vibrations of his own brain. No longer able to control the operation of his mind, the individual soul is forced to surrender its seat to other entities or powers, through the play of which the mind is thrown into hallucinations. The danger of this practise is evident. Often its victim becomes so sensitive to "influences" that a piercing look, a sudden sound, or the flare of light will throw him into temporary unconsciousness, leaving the unprotected mind wide open to alien invasions.

Even when employed as a therapeutic agent, hypnotism is more detrimental than useful. Instead of curing the disease, the practise merely shifts its base of action. Thus, while failing to give the patient an opportunity through natural treatment permanently to remove the ailment from his system, hypnotism by its unwarranted "reassurances" lulls him into a false safety, through which the disease is left unchecked to invade other parts of his constitution.

Still more harmful is hypnotism when employed in curing moral diseases, such as bad habits and general indulgences. In order to be healthful and permanently effective, an influence must address the individual while he is under the guidance of unimpaired self-consciousness, as only then is the full play of judgment and free choice possible. Through the exercise of *free will*, the individual has reached his present evolutionary stage, and only through the continued and undiminished op-

eration of this psychic factor can he advance. The improvement of a man's moral nature, if brought about by "suggestion" under trance-conditions (when no effort of the individual himself is brought to bear upon his moral liberation), has neither sanction nor support from evolution, and it never becomes a vital or dynamic part of growth. It is a mere veneer, incapable of touching the deeper springs of man's nature; and such a "cure," instead of being of true assistance to a morally diseased person, simply bars him from the opportunity of self-conquest and the consequent generating of conscious moral strength through the action of volitional, deliberate choice.

The evolution of man admits of no vicarious atonement. Man must work out his own salvation. There are no victories without battles. It is a fact, evident to every person that has taken his life in earnest, that evolution goes up-hill—along the craggy heights of moral conquest. To blindfold a timid fellow-traveler, and by some mechanical contrivance despatch him from acclivity to acclivity, from precipice to precipice, will only serve to make him still more helpless and unfit to climb the new and ever loftier ascents of progression, which require the strength attained from already mastered difficulties.

While it is our duty to be of help and service to our fellowmen, we must carefully discriminate as to the kind of assistance we furnish. The best aid we can render an individual is to help him to help himself. Conscience, Judgment, Reflection—these are counselors given for our guidance in life; and any attempt to improve our moral nature through the suspension of any or all of these functions—as is the case in the hypnotic trance—will result in an impediment to true progress.

The vital solidarity and identity of destiny connecting all creatures with the same principles of growth endow the various minds with a receptivity to universal influences. The practise of hypnotism is not limited to the kingdom of man, but is found in full operation in the lower orders. The boa

constrictor, by catching the eye of a passing deer, is able to force the trembling animal within the reach of its fatal embrace. A similar influence is exerted by the poisonous toad over certain insects on which it feeds, and most of our snakes possess hypnotic powers. An example may be found in the common grass-snake, which, through the irresistible influence of its hypnotic gaze, can drag a fluttering bird, despite its evident horror, down into its wide-open fangs.

Even plants evince a receptivity to external influences. The lotus-flower, the sunflower, and the acacia open their petals in the morning to the rays of the sun, and close them at the approach of night. Again, while a marked antagonism exists between the cabbage and the vine, yet between the vine and the olive reigns as unmistakably a mutual sympathy. A similar sympathetic influence obtains between the Ranunculus and the water-lily, and between the rue and the fig-tree.

Thus a chain of mutual influence seems to interlink all beings. Surrounded and interpenetrated by vital ether,—the *Archæus,* or *astral light,* of the Rosicrucians; the *Pleroma,* or *Alma Mater,* of the Gnostics; the *"luminous substance"* of Professor Crookes's "Modern Chemistry,"—the world we inhabit constitutes with its teeming millions of entities a stupendous fabric of life, segregated into individualized centers of consciousness and constantly acting and reacting upon one another along the lines of universal evolution. Through these interactions the various entities are presented with opportunities to exchange experiences and feelings tending to promote the ascent of cosmic life.

This mutual receptivity to *influence* between various existences forms the basis of the practise of professional hypnotism. The difference—great and fundamental—between Nature's hypnotism, if we may use the term, and that of man lies in the fact that the former enhances and promotes the action of self-consciousness, while the latter enfeebles and arrests it. Nature addresses her influences to the *wide-awake* consciousness

of her subjects, while a human hypnotizer sinks his subjects into *sleep* and *mental aberrations.*

Successfully to defy the refined and subtle selfishness that lurks underneath the practise of modern hypnotism, a positive and self-centered mind is required.

With its high-wrought intellectual capacities, unaccompanied by a corresponding development of the heart, the civilized world is at present passing through a most ominous crisis, when the great question of a moral *to be or not to be* must be determined. The issues confronting humanity and demanding solution are too grave to permit the play of so fatal a sport as hypnotism, since through the latter the mind, instead of gaining the strength and impregnable firmness necessary for its protection, is undermined and weakened at its very foundation.

Behind the practise of hypnotism stands *love for power*—selfish, unmerited, and unmoral authority. The aspirants, however, will soon learn that true and enduring power cannot be bought for anything less than its true worth, and that Nature guards her secrets too well to permit their unraveling by those unfit to be trusted with them. If acquired for the mere sake of its possession, power shall ever lead to disastrous results. Instead of being a source of joy and happiness, such undue possessions will sooner or later become a source of untold anguish and despair. For Nature cannot be bribed. With consummate vigor she resists every inroad made on her domain. Physical and moral ruin and mental aberration and insanity are among the penalties she exacts from those who attempt to storm her fortresses without being morally armed for the undertaking. And this armament—invulnerable and invincible—consists of *Love* and *good will, purity of motive and universality of purpose.* When the disciple is ready for the lesson, the Master will be present and ready to teach him.

Thus saith the Hindu scriptures: "A clean life, an open

mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness toward all, a readiness to give and to receive advice and instruction, a willing obedience to the behests of truth, a courageous endurance of personal injustice, the brave declaration of principle, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human perfection—these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the aspirant may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom."

THE sense of right and wrong, the principle of honor, or the instinct of benevolence, are barriers too feeble to withstand the strength of passion. In the tranquil seasons of life these natural principles may, perhaps, carry on the ordinary course of social duties with some regularity. But wait until some trying emergency comes. Let the conflict of passions arise. Let the heart be wounded by sore distress or agitated by violent emotions, and you shall presently see that virtue without religion is inadequate to the government of life. It is destitute of its proper guard, of its firmest support, of its chief encouragement. It will sink under the weight of misfortune, or will yield to the solicitation of guilt.—*Blair.*

MAKING a mistake in the outset of life is like beginning to wind a skein of silk at the wrong end. It gives infinite trouble, and perhaps is in a tangle half through; but it often gets smooth and straight before the close. Thus many a man has so conquered himself, for duty's sake, that the work he originally hated and therefore did ill, he gets, in time, to do well and consequently to like.—*D. M. Craik.*

YIELD thy poor best, and mind not how nor why,
Lest one day, seeing all about thee spread
A mighty crowd, and marvelously fed,
Thy heart break out into a bitter cry—
"I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,
The two small fishes and the barley bread."

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

BERKELEY AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY FRANK BURR MARSH.

Christian Scientists have, of late, attracted so much attention to their denial of the existence of matter that a word or two upon Berkeley (the only great English philosopher who has held this view) may not be altogether amiss. But Berkeley is not a philosopher who can be considered alone: he must rather be studied in connection with the whole intellectual movement of which he formed a part.

This movement began nominally with Descartes, but practically with Luther. With Luther, or more accurately with the whole Reform period, began a movement in European thought that was destined to overthrow the old scholasticism, until then predominant, and to impress an extreme individualism upon the European mind. A period of confusion had followed; from this Europe was rescued by Descartes. The age he lived in was one of doubt and uncertainty, and this prevailing mood was reflected in his thought. As a preliminary step toward his philosophy he resolved to doubt all that could be doubted; what he could *not* doubt should form the basis of his thought. This laid the foundation of the Cartesian system of philosophy, which marks the beginning of modern thought.

Cartesianism rested on the antithesis of mind and matter: each is the opposite of the other, and they form two entirely disconnected worlds. Here Descartes is confronted by the difficulty of bringing together these two utterly opposed elements, of which his universe is composed; but he was forced to effect such a junction—for the supreme fact of the universe is just this fact of their union. To bring about this unity Descartes was forced to appeal to an infinite Being who by

sheer force dragged the two together. Real interrelation there was none; but by a divine ordinance, the fiat of Omnipotence, every change in one was answered by a corresponding change in the other. From such a concept he was led to the theory of "innate ideas"; that is, that certain ideas originate in the mind itself, wholly distinct from that part of knowledge built up by the aid of the senses.

When the Cartesian philosophy was brought to England, John Locke raised objections to certain parts of the system—not against the method, nor against the antithesis of mind and matter, but against the theory of *ideas* advocated by Descartes. Locke held, not that the mind originated its own ideas, but that it received them from without; that is to say, we have been given two things—first a mind, and second an external Nature utterly different from the mind. The means of communication between these are the senses. The outer world acts upon the senses, which carry certain impressions to the brain, and from these impressions the mind elaborates knowledge. Locke held that all knowledge is derived from sense impressions, and by this theory he paved the way for Berkeley and Hume.

But in Locke's system there lurked a fallacy in one particular: he shrank most signally from the conclusions of his own premises. This fallacy and this shrinking are alike found in his theory of the primary and secondary qualities of matter. This may best be understood by an illustration. A box possesses two sets of qualities: first there is the substance itself (matter in itself), and secondly there are its various aspects, as form, color, weight, etc.

This division was the point of Berkeley's attack. His reasoning was simple: All knowledge must come through the senses or be built up from sense impressions. But the sense impressions of a box are its form, color, weight, etc. When you have exhausted these you have exhausted your knowledge of the box. Where does the substance come in?

How does matter itself, as distinct from color, weight, size, shape, feeling, etc., affect the senses? Yet are color, weight, etc., matter? Clearly not; they must be at once described as qualities or attributes of matter—the matter itself lying outside the range of the senses, and hence of human knowledge. But this is really the same as saying that matter is merely the creation of the imagination; it is something that we, in fancy, project behind our varying sense impressions, and we do this without the slightest justification. Thus, on Locke's principles, matter as a substance lying back of phenomena was clearly an illusion. By this reasoning Berkeley swept matter from the universe; for him nothing exists but spirits and their modes. So he reached one of the fundamental principles of Christian Science—that matter is non-existent: that Spirit is the sole Reality.

All this would have been very well had not Hume detected in Berkeley's reasoning a fallacy similar to the one discovered by Berkeley in Locke's—Berkeley had shrunk from the legitimate consequences of his own theories, just as Locke had done.

If all knowledge is purely sensory, then Hume admitted that matter was non-existent; but, said he, spirit is equally so—all that we know of consciousness is that it is a varying stream of sensations, emotions, impulses. To account for this stream of conscious states, which is absolutely all of which we are really conscious, we conceive both matter and spirit. Externally, to account for our sensations we assume matter; internally, mind. Both are pure assumptions, and both are entirely unwarranted. We have no more reason for assuming the one than we have for assuming the other, and we have no real reason to assume either. All, then, of whose existence we have the slightest certainty is a train of varying conscious states, unconnected on the one hand with mind or soul, and on the other equally unconnected with matter.

Such is Hume's position, and it is really the only logical outcome of the primary assumptions of Locke and Berkeley.

This gives us, furthermore, the key to Hume's place in the thought of the eighteenth century. His office was to show the world clearly what were the sole conclusions to be derived from the premises then accepted.

Philosophy was here brought face to face with the alternative of either denying the pure sensationalism of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, or of accepting Hume's nihilistic conclusions. English thought could do neither—and stagnated; Germany, on the contrary, possessed a man with sufficient greatness to face the question and return an answer. Kant boldly rejected the strict sensationalism of Locke, and German thought under his influence achieved its marvelous development under Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, and Hegel.

So we see how far Berkeley is from Christian Science, even in his apparent approach to it. The only English philosopher who denied the existence of matter did so on grounds that were equally fatal to the existence of spirit and logically led to the blank skepticism and utter nihilism of Hume.

THAT prayer of an unhappy queen: "Oh, keep me innocent! Make others great!" that prayer of a great saint: "Give me, O Lord, a noble heart, which nothing earthly can drag down!" that prayer of a sinful yet saintly king: "Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God. Let thy loving spirit lead me into the land of righteousness;"—those are among the best prayers I know.—*Canon Farrar.*

WHETHER you speak in metaphysical or metaphorical language, in the purest words of inspiration or the grossest images of materialism, the conceptions conveyed by the same word are essentially different, according to the soul which receives them.—*F. W. Robertson.*

RELIGION is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak. —*Bunyan.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE DREAMER.

BY CARINA CAMPBELL EAGLESFIELD.

Dreams are intangible things, and dreamers have ever been despised; but the work of the practical man would be unavailing were it not for the dreamer, who paves the way and stirs men's minds to deeds and action. The life-work of many a man consists of one dream, and the world owes mighty changes to his visions. Our imagination exerts a profound and oft unrecognized influence over our lives, and our ideals often accomplish more than our boasted practical calculations. The practical man sees neither backward nor forward, and the present is his sole guide; whereas in many crises we need the power of our higher faculties to carry us over the shoals and quicksands into the still waters of faith and hope.

The essentially practical man has no imagination, and when his plans miscarry and he loses his grip over the narrow present he is helpless and rudderless and knows not the way to turn. It is the reserve power of imagination that upholds all great inventors, reformers, poets, and seers. It gives them also the faculty of seeing their case with the eyes of the other party and of extracting what humor it contains. This is denied to the pragmatic man and is the reason why he can bear less mental strain than the idealist and dreamer. The latter is constantly buoyed up by his hopes and dreams of the future; he is equipped with weapons that carry him beyond the gnawing cares of the present, and his elasticity of spirit gives him the courage to wait till the fateful moment comes.

We all have some of these saving qualities, but we are not apt to value them as highly as those that bring in immediate returns, and we do not cultivate them as our dearest intellectual treasures. Nor do we analyze ourselves deeply,

so as to recognize the immense worth of these divine gifts, and their message often passes unheeded over us.

The enormous strain of American life demands the possession of imagination on the part of the most practical business man, and the attendant genii of hopes and dreams are as efficient factors in his success as his grasp and knowledge of practical details. The stupendous reach of enterprise and the boundless hope and courage that characterize the work of our best minds in every walk of life prove the existence of imagination. But no danger so menaces our American civilization as that we may underestimate the value of the ideal, and give all credit to the practical issues of our lives. We owe our success mainly to the idealism of our national character. The American people are not the sordidly practical people they are represented to be. They have imagination, and are about to enter upon an era when opportunity will be given them to show their possession of this quality.

The first century of our national life had to be devoted to practical work, and we, as a sensible people, saw that the time called for pioneer men and women. We put our shoulders to the wheel and dug and delved till we had gained our ends and the leisure of wealth beckoned us to a wider life. For a young nation we have no cause to be ashamed of our attainment in art and music. We are beginning to focus our imaginations in another direction, and the message of our dreamers rings out a new note in song, in art, and in poetry.

Never was the scientific imagination of a nation so rich; and our inventors, our poets, and our discoverers all have the courage and unswerving faith that are ever linked with creative power. They dream their dreams and they traffic with the mysterious forces of Nature in the serene consciousness that their ideas have eternal vitality, and the message they bring will be taken up by the practical workers who follow in their footsteps.

It does not follow, because a people is practical, that it has

no imagination. The turn taken by the inventive and scientific imagination depends largely upon the time when it manifests itself, and it works in strict harmony with the needs and demands of its own age.

The American temperament is essentially poetic. It is idealistic far more than any other Anglo-Saxon or Germanic race, and everything is transformed in the crucible of the national imagination. All our inventors—and we outrank any other power—are the result of imaginative genius. We are practical simply because the stage of our development demands practical more than artistic things; but the day of artistic growth is at hand, and we are ready to enter upon our inheritance.

Christianity and the civilization it has produced give a high place to the seer, and the things that cannot be proved and the ideals that have never been attained are real forces in its development. All religions appeal to the imagination, and their high priests have all been dreamers. The Church owes much to the dreamer, for her saints and martyrs are of this class; and their dreams, their faith, and their perfect renunciation of everything that runs counter to the inner voice still color the Christian ideals of to-day. Had they not been dreamers—had they believed by the intellect alone, and had they lacked this divine faculty of making their visions a palpitating thing of reality—they could never have had the courage or strength to endure. It was not the present that they saw, but the beatific future, beckoning to their enraptured eyes and opening up the rewards of a world beyond.

No one can doubt that the work accomplished by St. Francis d' Assisi is beyond calculation; yet it was all done through visions and dreams, and could probably have been effected in no other way. In his footsteps followed the practical workers, the nurses, the builders of hospitals, the teachers who recognized his divine message—but the first impetus was given by the enthusiast and dreamer, and his is the glory.

Joan of Arc was another dreamer, and her visions turned the destinies of two nations. What she effected was due to the wonderful power of imagination, coupled with the inspiration of heaven-sent visions; and it is significant that she entered upon the troubled arena of international combat only after the wise counselors and practical advisers had failed. Her eyes saw nothing of the dark, unpromising present, but pierced the veil that divided her from the future and looked beyond to the predestined end.

The Crusades show as no other series of historic events how great movements are dependent upon the imagination. Here the message of the dreamer stood the Crusader in good stead; every leader was a dreamer, and the ideal goal, the hope of a thing unseen, and the anticipation of a good unrealized led them through obstacles and perils that would have turned back the stoutest of practical-minded men. Could the Crusades have been undertaken in any other way? Could the sordid and mercenary rewards of worldly-minded generals have led the people better than the fiery eloquence of Peter, or the prayers of the saintly Bernard? The resultant benefits of the Crusades no doubt depended largely upon the work of the practical men who followed, but so visionary an enterprise could scarcely have been undertaken had the Crusaders been impelled by love of greed and gain—had they thought more of material success than of the spiritual rewards held out by their priests, and had the symbol of the cross not been a reality to them.

What do we live for? What is the object of existence? Does the toil of the day bring its sufficient reward; or is it not rather our dreams and ideals that cast a halo over all we do—tingeing the most sordid tasks with rosy hope and ambition? Is it not the step toward the ideal that we have set higher than any other eye dare fathom; is it not the gradual growth toward what we alone feel is our rightful measure? If our lives were as tame and colorless to ourselves as they

often appear to others, we would sink under the knowledge. Here is a mother living a narrow round of domestic duties, seeing nothing of the great world and deprived of every element of beauty; there a man whose days are spent in the regular treadmill of work—yet their faces are lit with inward hope and contentment shines from their eyes. Their work is commonplace, sordid, uninteresting, but they are not dull laborers; for it is hallowed by the motive power, and they judge it in its true relation to their highest selves.

So little work is intrinsically interesting, and so few tasks really absorb us, that we *must live in our dreams.* If we love, abnegation and self-sacrifice are sweet, and no hardship can touch our serenity. Love's message indeed rules us all, and, though the vision may at times be sadly dimmed, it is the best part of us; and when we lose our ideals, when we dream no more, nothing is left. We are done with hope, and that means with life, and the gates of despair close behind our bowed forms.

The progress of the world is dependent upon the dreams of its poets and seers; they lead the way and hold the beacon-light to show us of limited vision the path we shall take. Therefore, the greatest poets have been optimists and have held out the hope of better days. Emerson, who could be spared least of any man, says that "ideas only save races;" and this is true. When a nation like the Roman ceased to dream, and the horizon of its people was limited to material gain and conquest, they lost their vitality and went under.

It is the dreamer who keeps the level of our American civilization so high—the man with the imagination to invent, to discover, to embody our highest thoughts in words whose message is the splendid voice of the age.

When a man is an idealist and a practical worker also, it is always his ideas that outlive his work. They are the divine part of him, and are limited by neither time nor space. Take the message of two dreamers like Robert Owen and his son.

The influence of their theories has been far greater than the practical work of their arduous and busy lives. New Lanark and New Harmony will be forgotten, but the nobility of their ideals, their dreams, and their altruism will live on and on. The practical part of these men amassed a great fortune, established wonderful schools, entered into all kinds of beneficent enterprises; but the message of their striking and original minds extended beyond the bounds of home and was interwoven into the fabric of two other civilizations. To Robert Owen's original conceptions of education Prussia owes her first experiment in a national system of schools, and his insight into the needs of the poor caused the Dutch government to establish after his model its first system of pauper management. This is but one case in many in which the message of a dreamer, whose practical work seemed to end in disaster, has sounded its triumphant note down the centuries.

But it should give us courage to believe that not all success is material, and that the ideas that we fail to embody may be the best part of us. In Richard Realf's poem, "Indirection," we see the true value of ideas and recorded acts:

"Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did unfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretell, but a mightier seer had foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the creation beheld, but vaster the inward creator.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing.

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine."

All our institutions are firmly based upon the conception of some dreamer. The Utopia of More and the dreams of the Transcendentalists have borne some practical fruit. The

bloodshed and fire of revolutions die with them, but the altruistic ideas and the lofty hopes that conceived them live and are grafted upon the constitutions that follow.

Almost every reform embodied in the nineteenth century was dreamed of by some fanatic in the eighteenth; and the visions of the former will be the foundation-stones of the present century. We of to-day are governed by the visions that our forefathers failed to realize, and our laws are their dreams.

The evil of any great cataclysm is felt by its contemporaries, but the good hidden in it lives on and is taken up at the opportune moment—like seed that has long been lying in sterile soil awaiting the fructifying suns and rains of many days before it is ready to bloom.

It is not true that a man can live before his time. Every man must belong to his age; but the difference between the dreamer and the practical man is that the work of the latter is bounded by his age, while the influence of the seers goes down the centuries, and, "like ascending constellations, they control the coming years."

Let us cling to our ideals; let us live as near to them as we can—for they seldom lead us astray, and our practical work will be glorified by coming in close touch with them.

Thank God that we all have the power to dream, and that the struggle for existence has not robbed us of that divine gift! Take our dreams away, our visions of a better time, our pitiful faith in our own small performance, and no punishment that an angry judge could mete would equal that in horror.

But, above all, we should keep in mind that our practical achievements, in which we so glory, are but the result of dreams and visions; that the dreamer stands above the worker, the idea rules the deed, the mind controls the body. Let us give credit where it belongs, and hold firmly to our glimpses of a wider life.

IS NATURE THE VASSAL OF THE SOUL?

BY C. G. OYSTON.

The incubus of fear clasps the hand of superstition; the fetishes of a distorted imagination obscure the mental vision and pervert the legitimate aspirations of the soul. Man takes a comprehensive view of the universe as known to him while sojourning on earth, and he becomes overwhelmed by the magnitude of the intelligence and thought by which he is surrounded. He prostrates his individuality and manhood before an idea, and external influences lead him captive at their own sweet will.

To assure him that he possesses interior possibilities that, working in conjunction with the great aggregate of human intelligence, promote the progress, unfoldment, refinement, and beauty of the world upon which he dwells, would cause the superficial thinker to lift his hands in pious horror; he would consider such a proposition blasphemous and absurd. Yet, scientifically and logically, this position may be positively demonstrated and maintained.

If we accept the testimony of those advanced human souls in the higher world who have rendered it possible for communion to be established between the two planes of being, then verily "there is nothing real or permanent in existence but the human soul."

Mark the astounding declaration of those wise beings:

"The bright souls of a purer life can cause thought-forms to assume human characteristics, and beckon to the dweller on the shady side of spiritual existence to struggle on until he reaches a land of liberty and spiritual peace; but such a mental will-o'-the-wisp never allows itself to be overtaken, no matter what strenuous exertions the undeveloped spirit

may make to gain the prize. When it has succeeded in its purpose, its high author can by a single act of will cause that spirit-substance to become dissolved and return to its original condition. These august beings send forth birds, emblematic of happiness and love. They hover over the less fortunate on joyous wing, and give expression to sweetest songs of harmony and love, making melody in the dark and gloomy brakes of the spiritual life. Have you never heard at the midnight hour, when not a sighing zephyr has stirred the trees, the rich music of the nightingale, as it swelled on the still night air, breathing symphonies of a higher and a better world? Has it not awakened responsive echoes in your grateful soul, and caused every nerve and fiber to thrill with joy? Then you may have some faint idea of the beneficent mission of these thought-forms to the dwellers on the threshold of the spiritual world. They awaken the slumbering faculties of appreciation, and a desire for purer conditions and higher joys is the result of such spiritual attentions."

True, this proposition is to us but an assertion that cannot be absolutely verified in our present limited sphere of operation, yet analogous illustration is undoubtedly supplied by suggestion. Our present quality of spiritual unfoldment prophesies the future, and, as our destiny is everlasting progression, thought and power will be expressed commensurate with our continued advancement. The human physical body is the epitome of the material universe, even as the soul of man is representative of all spiritual possibilities. The constant operation of refining thought, modifying and molding the grosser body as man has traveled down the ages through successive embodiments, has evolved the highest and best expression of Nature; for "heaven's last best gift," the female form divine, is the most perfect representation or culmination the external has thus far supplied. But, after all, this concentration of Nature's best effort is only an act of coöperation with the human spirit. The invisible is the real, and embodies

or materializes its ideal. The various moods of the soul, the true condition of unfoldment, and the proper degree of refinement are indicated on the external, and Nature herself voices the characteristics of the human soul.

Men in their various grades or degrees of thought-expression display peculiarities exemplified in animal life. Cunning, cupidity, selfishness, treachery, docility, morbidity, slothfulness, courage, ferocity, faithfulness, revenge, hatred—all these phases of emotion are shared by man and beast alike. It seems evident, then, that the animal is but an embodiment of the spiritual substance and mentality of the human, but, not being individualized, these aggregate elements become dissipated at dissolution. If, therefore, the animal be an embodiment of human soul expression, destined but to subserve the progress of the race, may not other forms of external activity be dependent upon the human for their very existence?

By breathing, and by the combustion of food, man exhales upon the material and spiritual atmospheres elements that enter into the combinations of external Nature, while his thought coöperates with and influences his surroundings. Thus the violent storm, the raging whirlwind, the devastating cyclone, and the howling tempest are but echoes of the surging passions that rend the human soul. The tender, loving, altruistic emotions breathed forth on the summer breeze are the sweet exhalation of the spirit; corresponding emanations are evolved from the flowers, and every mood of Nature is responsive to the pulsations of spiritual life from within. Faithfully reciprocal, the outer has ever been passively obedient to the dictates of soul power, as man has ascended the rugged heights of progress through eons past. As he becomes more harmonious—more a law unto himself, superior to, above, and beyond that which at present holds him in thrall—grand, glorious, sublime, and refined will be his outward surroundings; for where no violence is breathed no commotion can obtain.

What, then, must be the outer expression of those very demi-gods in the spiritual realm, who are "brighter with ineffable glory than the brilliant sun at noon-day?" Surely, every sound must be a symphony, every vibration an inspiration, and every thought an impetus forward. The thoughts breathed from human entities will saturate the spiritual atmosphere with quivering life and vitality; mortal emanations from the dwellers on earth, coöperating and coalescing, will gravitate to conditions that can give them expression in animal embodiments, and forthwith we have representations of grosser life corresponding to the various animals that may exist. These embodiments will necessarily voice the true condition of advancement of the human, and as long as they are necessary for man's continued unfoldment they will remain in his thought sphere. Therefore, whatever phase of animal life may manifest activity, a faithful indication will be supplied of the status of man's progress on earth.

These subsidiary entities will assume an appearance somewhat similar to their human progenitors, thus pointing unmistakably to the source of life manifestation. When they have subserved their purpose in this world, they will become diffused throughout the etheric realms of the spirit. Thus man ever maintains mastery over animated Nature, and determines who and what shall be his servants.

The electrical and magnetic elements that constitute the properties of the sunbeam, working in conjunction with atmospheric potentialities, promote vegetable growth and beauty. As sunlight is the most direct medium for the manifestation of that indescribable condition which we term *life,* may there not be a spiritual sun corresponding to our solar orb that reflects spirit substance in its primordial pristine purity? By associating with our material orb and latterly the physical atmosphere, it becomes the progenitor of activity on the earth plane. The demi-gods,—human souls with god-like possibilities,—concentrating their thought and power upon the

spiritual sun, cause life and vitality to be deflected therefrom. This substance is materialized in the earth's atmosphere, where it becomes interfused, impressed, and incorporated with the emanations from this world. Man, in the material form, causes his spiritual breathing to blend with the element thus supplied, and external Nature repeats in embodiment the thought originally conceived.

As animal life on earth is but human thought embodied in objective form, amenable to refinement and improvement commensurate with man's progressive tendency, may not the *vegetable* kingdom be responsive in its vibrations to the same power and intelligence? It would be difficult if not impossible to cite an instance of direct life-infusion into external Nature from the soul embodied in mortal environment, but the phenomena of the séance-room suggest a stupendous and overwhelming fact. If a seed placed in direct contact with its native element can be so quickened in vibration by the operation of an external human intelligence as to develop to maturity in a few moments (as has been repeatedly demonstrated), then the whole phenomena of possibility are objectively demonstrated before our eyes. Man just behind the veil is probably in no way superior to ourselves, intellectually or spiritually; yet by virtue of his peculiar position he can represent the operations of Nature as obedient to his will and desire.

Involved potentialities that were primarily associated, or aggregated, in external manifestation, and that to-day are evolved to promote the progress of mankind, are subservient to human intelligence and power. The invisible and most potent forces of Nature are utilized, and man bids the external obey his mandate and minister to his requirements in his onward march.

"THE mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity and cast down by adversity is generally abject and base."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A SUMMER SCHOOL ON THE HUDSON.

THE need of a center for the dissemination of the New Thought has long been felt by many people, and a large and picturesque tract of land has been secured in the uplands on the Hudson, only thirty-eight miles from the Grand Central Depot, New York. The place is admirably situated, about two miles from Oscawana station on the New York Central Railroad, being easily accessible for those in the larger cities of the East, as trains are frequent and it can also be reached by the Hudson River boats.

"Upland Farms," rich in wooded hills and fertile valleys that abound in brooks and springs, combines the essential points of productive land and beautiful scenery. The section that will form the center of the summer interests commands a charming view of the Hudson and the distant mountains, being over eight hundred feet above sea level, thus insuring a cool and health-giving atmosphere. The place offers attractions to those interested in fruit-growing or small farming, and it also abounds in fine old groves and rugged scenery.

It is expected that many will build camps and summer homes, and land for such purposes may be leased for a term of years at a nominal rental. The farmers in the vicinity will furnish board at from six to eight dollars a week, and furnished or unfurnished tents will be rented by the management at a moderate charge; but those desiring to bring their own tents may do so. Provision will be made whereby those living in tents or cottages may take their meals at a very reasonable rate.

The plan for the present year is to have the formal opening

on July 1st, the School term to continue during the months of July and August. This, however, will not prevent any one from going earlier or staying later.

Throughout the season two free public lecture courses will be given by representative speakers in the different lines of thought that make for the betterment of mankind.

While Upland Farms will be known as a New Thought center, we realize that a movement standing for universal Fatherhood and brotherhood must not shut itself off in a little world of its own, but should aim to recognize the power for good that is at work in other movements; and we recognize that there is no need to sacrifice the very principles we hold dear by withholding the bond of charity from others who are as earnestly striving to serve mankind as we ourselves.

The New Thought movement should never be allowed to degenerate into a sect, and if our good Hindu brothers desire to affiliate with us we will certainly try to make them feel at home. We cannot entirely agree with the brother who writes asking for the exclusion of the dark-skinned Hindu, the Single Taxer, and the Socialist. The effort should be to discover points of contact with all progressive workers and to establish a sympathetic union whereby we all may consciously work for a grander and nobler humanity. It should be fully understood that the School is to be conducted along thoroughly constructive and optimistic lines, and we shall expect that the message brought to us by the different speakers will keep this well in view.

Classes in Mental Science, Music, Painting, and kindred subjects will be formed, and there will also be a Nature School, which is intended largely for children. A moderate charge will be made for class lectures, but the aim of the management will be to bring the price within the reach of all. During the morning and evening hours different ones will have charge of the devotional service.

Realizing the need of rest and relaxation in the summer months, the management will aim to insure a due amount of pleasant social life and wholesome amusement, such as musicales, games, etc. A catalogue will be issued about May 15th, and will be sent free, with other information, on application to Miss A. M. Gleason, 327 W. 56th St., New York. Those desiring to go frequently back and forth from the metropolis may secure railroad tickets of the management at reduced rates.

* * *

COURSE IN NATURE STUDY.—For six weeks, beginning July 1, 1902, Miss Mabel L. Robinson (Radcliffe College), a pupil of Mr. C. J. Maynard, the well-known naturalist, will conduct classes in practical Nature Study, the object of which is to induce students to observe and think for themselves. During the summer of 1901, Miss Robinson had charge of the Nature School at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine.

The method adopted will be that of outdoor rambles, with informal talks about the animal and plant life of the neighborhood. For five days each week the class will spend two hours out-of-doors with Nature. Among the subjects to be considered are the following:

Birds—Their identification, habits, nest-building, colors, songs, and food.

Trees and Flowers—Their identification and habits; functions of root, stem, and leaves; foliage and light-relation; flowers and pollenation.

Fungi, Mosses, and Ferns—Habits; method of growth.

Occasional indoor talks will give the pupils opportunity closely to examine bird skins and specimens. Opera or field glasses will be found necessary for the satisfactory observation of birds. Terms for the course of six weeks, $10.00. Special arrangements will be made for those who cannot take the whole course.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.—This will be under the direction of Miss Mary G. Burd, of Flemington, N. J. Miss Burd is well known at Greenacre, where she was assistant to Miss Mary H. Burnham for four seasons (1897-1900) and director of the Music School last year. Miss Burd has studied and mastered the methods of scientific teaching under the tuition of Mr. Emile Schoen, of New York, who recommends her very highly. Those who join her class will have the advantage of the most modern and progressive pianoforte instruction.

* * *

WORDS OF COMMENDATION.—The appended letters received by the writer from active workers in the New Thought movement will show the interest taken in the Summer School project throughout the country. As there is but one discordant note in the entire chorus of approval, it is hoped that all friends of the higher life by their enthusiastic coöperation will second the efforts of the management to make the new undertaking a lasting success.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

* * *

Victoria Hotel, Chicago, Jan. 27, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

I am glad to know of your purpose to institute so near New York a summer work that shall stand definitely for the higher element in the New Thought movement, and in which you will have the coöperation of other workers. I shall be glad to see, and take part in, such a work—one that has a definite object and purpose and will tend to unite in common effort those who aim to instruct the people, more especially as it is your intention, you tell me, to have sound business management and adequate provision for the every-day needs of the dwellers within the gates. Such a work, so conducted, cannot fail to benefit all who participate in it, both givers and receivers.

Yours faithfully,

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

496 Mass. Ave., Boston, Jan. 23, 1902.

DEAR DR. PATTERSON:

I wish to congratulate you most heartily upon your splendid new project—the founding of a Summer School on the fair Hudson for the study of the various phases of the New Thought, which is one of the most important movements of modern times. With your fine genius for organization, your practical, harmonious, and balanced nature, and your profound interest in the New Philosophy of Health, I feel sure the School will prove a real success and will be productive of great good. Such a New Thought center as you are proposing to establish is, I think, particularly needed at this present time.

Very sincerely yours,
E. M. CHESLEY.

The Metaphysical Club, Boston, Mass., Jan. 18, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

I am very much interested in the plan for a Summer School on the Hudson as you have outlined it to me, and have received many inquiries from people who are looking for just such a place to spend a portion of the summer. If it is conducted on the inclusive and constructive basis which you propose, it cannot fail to be a strong, unifying force much needed in the New Thought movement. I shall take great pleasure in doing whatever I can to make it the great success it deserves to be.

Cordially yours,
WARREN A. RODMAN.

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272 Congress St., Boston, Mass., Jan. 19, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

I am much interested in the proposed plan for a New Thought conference, though I confess that my enthusiasm for summer conferences has waned as a result of studying some of them. However, "there is always room at the top," and you will have the benefit of others' experience. Other conferences and conventions have failed for at least three reasons: (1) Instead of pursuing the higher ideals of the New Thought, they have deviated into occultism, socialism, single tax, etc. (2) These conferences have been badly managed, so far as the business department was concerned. (3) There have been too many dark-skinned Oriental people as teachers, at the expense of the best that our Western world can give.

I suppose any line of thought thrives best when it is persistently true to itself even at the risk of being somewhat narrow. Some one ought to make a vigorous effort to lift the New Thought out of its present crude, somewhat commercial, decidedly personal (though called "impersonal") stage, and endeavor to prove that it is universal. It has been a "Thought;" now let it become, or try to become, a science. I believe this will involve

many modifications and much intellectual growth, so that the result will be a larger doctrine than the New Thought. But if so, so much the better. Metaphysical science is nothing if not universal, and, if the New Thought prove to be a specialism simply, the attempt to prove it universal will the more clearly show its inadequacy. If you will undertake this larger work, you will do the movement a service.

Wishing you all success, I am, yours faithfully,

H. W. DRESSER.

New York, Feb. 3, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

It was with pleasure I received the announcement of a contemplated Summer School of the New Thought. I heartily indorse the movement and congratulate you upon your selection of such an admirable locality. The great trouble with kindred schools has been their inaccessible location. But now we are to have a "modern thought" school within easy reach of almost every one. We prophesy success to the venture, and most heartily extend our services in any way available to prove our prophecy true.

Cordially yours,

FRANCIS EDGAR MASON.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

I wish to express my hearty approval of the school of philosophy you are forming, for I rejoice in the prospect of its fulfilment. This is because I believe it will fill a need that is strongly felt at the present time. Its field of usefulness is beyond calculation. I recognize that its object is to fulfil that need in the human life that ecclesiastical authority or professional skill can never satisfy. Humanity is in pain. It does not understand that the labor of rebirth, of regeneration, is a normal process. Hence suffering. Relief can only come with understanding. Nothing can be more essential than the principles which the work of your school stands for, and this is why I favor the project.

Very cordially,

FRANK C. LEAVITT.

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34 Esmond St., New Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 18, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

I am much interested to know that you contemplate a Summer School, which will be a center for the New Thought movement. I have felt for some time that there is a need for a place of this kind, where one may find both mental and physical recreation and spiritual refreshment. I know of no one who is better able to organize and successfully conduct such an enterprise than yourself. Wishing you the realization of your ideals for it, I am

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

Chicago, Jan. 22, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

I shall consider it an honor to be enrolled among those who indorse this movement for the dissemination of this divine knowledge, for I see it as the same impersonal expression that was back of the Convention last year, ever seeking to break down the walls and bridge over the apparent chasms that seem to separate those who have the same great basis for all their life-work—this, that *All is Mind.*

Any action or plan that tends toward our even *knowing* each other shall be blessed, and at last your disinterested work and spirit will be given recognition, and we shall look back upon these efforts as the beginning of the *expression* of that great unity which we really have in spirit and which many of us workers are quite aware of already.

May the good work that you are identifying yourself with go on increasing until the whole earth shall feel its sweetness and light!

Yours faithfully,

ANNIE RIX MILITZ.

New York, Feb. 8, 1902.

DEAR MR. PATTERSON:

It affords me the greatest pleasure to write a congratulatory word concerning the Summer School at Oscawana, which I am thoroughly convinced will prove a most successful means of still further enlarging the united work of the many representatives of spiritual, ethical, and progressive thought who invariably derive and confer great benefit whenever so auspicious an occasion brings them outwardly together. Such an opening affords a splendid opportunity for mutual conference amid the beauties of natural scenery and in the midst of a truly genial and restful, as well as exhilarating, mental atmosphere. It has been my excellent fortune to participate in many similar gatherings, and I have invariably experienced a very great sense of elevation and enlightenment whenever I have taken part in an assembly convened for the dual purpose of enjoying natural beauties and devoting thought to those high themes which carry us far beyond all outward semblances.

As my work in England will close for the present season before the end of July, and I expect to see America again at the beginning of August, I am already looking forward with most pleasant anticipation to the great occasion when by kind invitation of the chief promoters I shall be able not alone to deliver my message in the midst of the great convocation but to enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing many of my esteemed co-workers and comparing notes with them on those mighty questions in which all true philanthropists, regardless of special party affiliations, are most vitally interested. I am convinced that the Summer School will be a triumphant success and a source of immeasurable blessing.

Fraternally yours,

W. J. COLVILLE.

A PECULIAR MENTAL TRAIT.

That mental impressions made in early life are most vivid and lasting is well known; but that these pictures may through the association of ideas become a drawback to perfect mental action in later life is not so well known.

In this article I wish to impress upon parents and teachers the importance of making the impression of immaterial things as abstract as possible.

We must, of course, have pegs on which to hang our ideas, but they need not be so prominent as to overshadow the ideas themselves. We meet people every day and they make a certain impression upon us. "I would know a man after meeting him once if I didn't see him again in twenty years," you will hear some one declare. This may be true. The color of the hair, a strange cast in the eyes, a trick of the voice, a peculiar way of walking—all these may combine and make a picture that is stamped upon the memory. There are, however, mental traits with which, even in our most intimate associates, we never become acquainted; and the mental make-up and complexion of every man, woman, and child are as distinctive and original as are their physical peculiarities.

Some one has said that "every one is more or less insane." This, of course, is not true; but it is a fact that the mental processes of some people are so peculiar that they suggest insanity. People as a rule do not like to exploit their physical infirmities or peculiarities, and much less do they wish to expose their mental weaknesses. Therefore, we know people for years; they become perhaps our dearest friends; we know their footfalls; we could distinguish their voices among hundreds—but, to people with whom they casually come in contact, the operation of their minds is as a sealed book.

When as a child I was learning numbers, they were impressed upon my mind as being associated with the place where I lived. Starting from the back door of the house, the numbers (in my mind) were located along a path leading to the barn. At the corner of the barn was a pair of bars, and this was the dividing line between 9 and the succeeding numbers. From the bars

a path led through a beautiful orchard, and the 'teens were located along this path.

All numbers to me have *color.* Why the figure 5 should be white I do not know, any more than I know why the figure 8 is slightly pink. Such, however, is the case. Some of the numerals present themselves to my mind as dots of a certain color arranged in a certain way and never varying.

Any mathematical proposition involving the numbers below 20 brings a certain picture to my mind. In the adding of 3 and 3, the house, the barn, the yard—all have their place in the picture. With most people, that 3 and 3 are 6 is simply a form of speech, involving no mental process whatever. With me the proposition is as I have indicated. When the example is above 10, it is more complicated.

Probably from the fact that, as a small boy, I was not allowed to stray far from the back door, I bring my numbers from the orchard, and, selecting a level place where I used to play, I arrange them nicely and perform the mental problem with the same picture as a background. This involves climbing the bars mentally.

Those not hampered in this manner can hardly imagine the inconvenience of this mental trait. While those whose mental processes are quick are not always rich, certainly those hampered by peculiarities such as I have described had best not try to become Napoleons of Finance.

A. H. SOUTHWICK, M.D.

THE human soul is God's highest creation and noblest organ, and his clearest revelation must be through that and through the noblest part of the human soul. Every form of genius is inferior to conscience, to the heart, to faith, sympathy, and love.—*Thomas Starr King.*

I HOLD not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill, and all things are not well, but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.—*Robert Browning.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE.

One of the most vital elements of character is courage. How to develop this, if either moral or physical aspect seems lacking, is a most decisive test of parental training.

Because of the ignorance prevailing as to the momentous importance and significance of right spiritual, mental, and physical conditions at time of conception, many little ones come into the world hampered by an endowment from either or both parents which, ripened into expression, is rank cowardice. This is often why we have "sissy" boys and hysterical girls, and why some poor little beings are afraid of the dark or some unknown ominous danger, and why lies are ready on every occasion that threatens punishment. As Professor Elmer Gates remarked, in a recent conversation with the writer: "Moral or physical characteristics desired in a child should be diligently cultivated in the parents at least *two years* before the child is begotten."

But regrets are useless. We cannot undo, or do over again, what is done. We may, however, by intelligent and patient effort, be able to modify, correct, or perhaps obliterate hereditary tendencies by substituting influences and insights that will awaken the child's *conscious* aim to overcome weakness and cultivate strength in the required direction.

Lack of courage means fear; and there is only one panacea for fear. This is knowledge; and the power that knowledge brings is often courage of the most heroic type. Let the child

that is afraid of anything—a horse, thunder, his bullying schoolmate—be taught that within himself is the power to withstand any danger; that his own invincible Soul will save him if he will only trust in it. If he remain calm, his Soul will teach him (by putting wise thoughts into his mind) how to get out of the way of the horse. Thunder is only the effect of a cause, not the cause itself. Teach him of the Power, above and beyond outer conditions, in which he lives, and by which he is able to think and be, whether he is in the body or out of it. Impress upon him continually that Life is not dependent upon the body; that as he knows and believes this he will be fearless, and being fearless will be able most sensibly to avoid putting himself into conditions dangerous to the body. Then if the conditions are unavoidable he will have courage to face them. He will face them, not as a cringing coward, but as a hero. Tell him stories of the heroes of history—real men and women whose ideals of Right and Life were so great and grand that they were not afraid of anything that evil or death could do to them.

In every way seek to establish an *ideal* of heroism. Gradually he will form in his mind the picture of himself as a hero, empowered not merely by physical strength, but by moral as well. He will easily learn to distinguish between doing right for right's sake and doing right because afraid to do wrong. The idea of justice will prevail over that of fear, and to it will be added others, such as truth, honor, courage. You will then no longer find him ready to hide any mistake he may have made, or to sneak and cringe as a moral coward, when his integrity is involved. Get once the love of Right firmly implanted in his heart, and his moral courage will flourish as a beautiful tree bearing blossom and fruit.

The question as to the bullying schoolmate needs careful consideration. You say the bully threatens a "licking" if your

Charlie dares trespass on a certain side of the playground. Naturally Charlie resents this interference. What shall he do?

In the first place, what is there in Charlie that invites this challenge? Is he *really* frail and delicate, or have you made him think so by constantly hovering and brooding over him whenever he falls, or has the stomach-ache, or feels hurt because the boys tease him? Much depends on this. Bullies delight to command such subjects.

"But they have no right to do so!"

True enough. Yet we must take human nature into the question and see what in one calls out that which is in the other. If, on thinking the matter over, you decide that Charlie is really able to hold his own physically, and that he needs a wholesome substitution of courage for fear, say nothing, but let the youngsters meet on the field.

"What! *Fight!*" you exclaim. I see you are horrified; you have thought, as I did once, that, *under all circumstances,* the highest virtue is non-resistance. Sometimes it is, but in this case it is not. Charlie is naturally timid and afraid of physical pain. Fear of being hurt has been the largest idea in his mind. This makes him and always will make him a coward unless some other idea displaces or absorbs it. Every individual has an inherent sense of justice. This gives ability to judge between right and wrong. Occasions are continually coming up in which one must not only judge but *act* upon his judgment. This is an occasion for Charlie. He sees the injustice of being dominated by another. He also sees the possibility of physical pain. It is a question of standing for the principle of justice, which is the right, or yielding to injustice, which is the wrong. In other words, two ideas struggle for mastery—justice and fear.

You will note I said *in this case* let them meet on the field. Why?

Because Charlie needs to develop physical courage. He has been allowed to feel himself to be frail and delicate; he has been protected from physical pain or suffering until his very flesh creeps at thought of an onslaught. In his mind's eye he sees himself overpowered, dying or dead; and his constant impulse is to run away from danger, to smother and kill his sense of justice, meekly to submit to anything for the sake of safety.

Do you not see danger in the continuance of such habits of thought and action?

Very well; then, even though you have in the past preached non-resistance with golden-tongued eloquence, *this time* be dumb, deaf, and blind—and let come what will.

Afterward, when the glow of a new-found self-respect begins to straighten Charlie's back and put courage into his fists, you may set patiently before him that not fear but open-eyed righteousness will make all things plain to him—even how to deal with a bully; and that though he should strive always to keep his temper, to refrain from saying contemptible things, to have such high regard for himself that he cannot descend to the level of talking as a bully talks, yet, *if necessity demands*, he may teach the bully in the only way he is then capable of learning that the rights of an individual must be respected.

This is the first requisite toward the establishing of a sense of justice either in himself or the bully. Possibly also by this very means he may be able to transform his whilom enemy into a well-behaved boy, with aspirations toward a noble manhood.

Now, if you had asked the same question as to what to do with George instead of Charlie, even under the same circumstances, I should have given you entirely different counsel.

Would you not like to discuss this question? If so, write freely to

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle's sound—
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Grass-blades, up from your earth pillow—
Hear who is calling you—March!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

JOHNNY'S DREAM.

Jolly March had come back. He blew across the meadows, and over the hills, and whirled round and round in the hollows. He whisked off the children's hats, and said, "Ho, ho! children, how d'ye do? I'm back again!"

The children laughed and shouted and ran after their hats. My! wasn't it funny when Johnny Smith's cap went sailing up and landed on the top of the flagstaff in front of the schoolhouse! And Lucy Peters's mitten blew out of her hand and was caught, after a wild chase, by a little dog who had long brown ears and large brown eyes, and who sat up and begged ever so hard for the mitten when one of the boys took it away from him and gave it back to Lucy. Lucy felt so sorry for the disappointed doggie that she gave him two chocolate creams and one peppermint lozenge. These he found tasted much better than woolen mittens, and made him Lucy's devoted friend.

March is too frisky for many people. They don't like him very well; but that is because they don't understand the March language. The children do. March roars to them:

"Marble-time is coming! Get out your kites, boys! Time to save your pennies for new hoops, girls! Pussy-willows are stirring! I'm waking up the meadow-folk! First thing you know I'll blow some buds right out of the bushes and trees. Whoop-la! And oh, I'll stir up the sap in the maple-tree! *That* means maple-sugar, pretty soon. Hooray!"

Then March will be gentle. He will coo like a dove to the hepaticas and violets to begin to wake up, and—goodness me!—he'll turn right around and put a blanket of snow over everything; and then you can hear him chuckle to himself until his smile is so broad and warm that—presto! the snow is gone in a trice.

"March has more 'n forty sides to him," whispered Johnny Smith to himself, as he sat at his desk in school. "He growls and howls, moans and groans, freezes and thaws, and snows and hails and rains;" and Johnny thoughtfully chewed the end of his penholder.

"*Johnny Smith!* Are you hungry?" said Teacher.

"No'm," answered Johnny; and he began industriously writing the copy for the day:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry opening flower."

Johnny's thoughts ran on rather dreamily—"Honey isn't half so nice as maple sugar, ma-ple su-gar, map——"

Johnny's head nodded over the pen, and then—something happened! The penholder was standing up alone, right in the middle of the desk! It began to grow, and it grew higher and higher, and bigger around, and branches shot out from it, and—why! where was his desk? There wasn't any desk—only brown earth with the grass just beginning to turn green, here and there; and there were patches of snow about. Johnny saw that there were ever so many other trees—maple trees—and in each tree a small hole had been bored from which the clear sap was trickling into a tin pail that hung from a wooden peg. Johnny looked into one of the pails. The sap didn't look as if it would taste a bit good, but he thought he'd try it. So he dipped a small twig into the sap, and then put it in his mouth.

"Bah!" exclaimed Johnny; "it doesn't taste like *any*thing!"

"It's just like folks," said a voice so near the little boy that it made him jump. "That sap will have to be boiled before it will be good. People have to have something disturb them and stir them up, too, before they amount to much. *You* wouldn't know just how to give sweet sympathy to a fellow who's cut his finger

with his new knife if you hadn't hurt yourself the same way—would you, now?"

Johnny was gazing in surprise at the speaker. He was a young man—tall and broad-chested; his skin was brown, and his cheeks and lips red as maple-buds. His hair tossed in curly confusion all about the rim of his cap—such a funny cap! It was made of icicles and red willow stems. A great brown coat he wore blew wide open, and now and then snowflakes showered from it. From head to feet he was covered with a close-fitting gray garb of—"pussy-willows, I declare!" said Johnny to himself.

"I'm March," said the young man, smiling down on the boy.

Johnny felt very warm beneath that smile, and unbuttoned his jacket.

"Human beings don't like me very well, as a usual thing," sighed March. The smile was gone, and the wind blew a cloud of snowflakes from the brown coat. Johnny shivered and buttoned up his jacket.

"I think most of the *children* like you, Mr. March," said Johnny.

"That's so," said March, brightening up. "Come and take a walk with me;" and March held out his hand.

Johnny put his hand in the big one held out to him, and away they skimmed over the ground, their feet not touching it at all. Although they traveled rapidly, yet Johnny noticed how everything changed as they approached. Willow-branches turned red or yellow, dead-looking boughs began to show signs of life, and here and there little green grass-blades started up.

"I'm a busy man," said March. "I've so many things to watch."

He shook his coat and a great patch of snow spread beneath them.

"The violets there were waking up too early," explained March. "If I hadn't put that blanket over them they'd have had their little purple buds out too soon, and these would have been frozen before ever they'd had a chance to blossom."

"They must feel grateful to you," remarked Johnny.

"Grateful!" exclaimed March. "We'll go back, and you listen."

In a twinkling they were hovering again over the snow-patch.

"Listen!" whispered March.

Johnny listened, and heard soft voices sounding through the snow.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" they were murmuring; "we'd just got our heads poked out of the ground to see the light, and here it is dark again!"

"I was thinking of putting out a bud," said one tiny voice.

"And so was I—and I," breathed hundreds of soft voices.

"But now," said the first voice, "it is so dark! But I must say I feel warmer. I was quite chilly before this blanket was thrown over me."

"I'd rather be chilly than to have to stay in the dark," murmured many little voices together.

"You see, that's all the thanks I get," said March, ruefully, as he and Johnny sped on.

"But I wouldn't mind," said Johnny, "because you *know* you're doing what's for their good."

"Why, that's so!" said March. He smiled cheerfully, and the clump of willows they were passing through instantly sent out hundreds of soft, gray, furry buds. "I suppose," continued March, "you always like what your father and mother do for you, because it's for your good."

Johnny blushed, but, like the brave, honest boy he was, answered:

"N-no. Sometimes I'm pretty cross because they make me do things I don't want to—and they say it's for my good."

"Flowers and people are a good deal alike," said March. "I keep the buds from being frozen, and they complain. I blow and blow and shout and roar, and the people say, 'Dear me! these disagreeable March winds!' They never stop to think that I'm driving away Winter. He's very old and deaf—Winter is; and he doesn't like to move on. I'm sure I don't know what April would do without me—she's such a dainty little thing. She'd stand before Winter and smile and ask him in her sweet, gentle voice to please go; but he wouldn't hear her. Then she'd wring her hands and cry. But he'd never see the tears. No; April's flowers and leaves could never come out—not even her pink-

and-white arbutus—if I didn't go before her and drive Winter away."

Johnny and March now entered a forest. Glad little voices sounded from underneath the dead brown leaves that covered the ground.

"Those are the arbutus-plants. *They* are always glad to hear me; they never——"

"*Johnny Smith!*"

"Yes'm," said Johnny, rubbing his eyes and staring in bewilderment at his teacher looking down upon him.

"You've been asleep!"

"Why, no!" said Johnny, eagerly. "I've been with Mr. March. We've melted the ice off the ponds, and——"

The children laughed so hard that Johnny was thoroughly wakened.

"My! I must have been dreaming!" he exclaimed.

"Tell us your dream, Johnny," said Teacher.

So the little boy stood up, as if he were reciting a lesson, and told his dream. It delighted the children, and Teacher laughed and said:

"Well, I'll forgive you this time; for we've all learned a lesson from your dream. We have just time for a song before school closes."

So the children sang merrily:

"To-day the South Wind sweeps away
The faded autumn splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus-flowers—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

. . . . . .

"Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves
God sets the sweet flowers growing."

F. P. P.

CULTIVATE the habit of always seeing the best in people, and, more than that, of drawing forth whatever is the best in them.—*Cuyler.*

THE COWARD.

"You're afraid!" cried the boys, laughing at him and ridiculing him—"afraid, afraid!"

"I am not afraid," he answered, tearfully. "I would do it if I had to. You do it because you do not think."

"You're afraid!" the boys repeated; "you're afraid!"

For a moment he was tempted to enter into the sport with the rest of the boys to show them he was not afraid; but he did not.

The Boy became the Man.

One day friends asked him to climb with them a steep and rather dangerous mountain. He refused, but could give no reason. They looked at him with meaning glances, and talked about him after they had left him. He knew they would, and became fretful with them, the world, and with himself—because he was not understood. "If it were worth the risk," he thought; "if an object were to be gained whose value equaled that of my life, *then* I would show them that I am not a coward—them and the world."

He went out. Far up the street he saw a carriage approaching rapidly. The horse was utterly beyond control, and ran fiercely and wildly. The carriage swayed from side to side. With a convulsion of feeling he saw that its occupants were his wife and child. Directly behind him the road curved suddenly around a high embankment.

For a few agonizing seconds he tried to force himself in front of that on-rushing horse. Then he fled quickly, wishing as he did so that he could die. Soon he stumbled, fell, and fainted.

LEWIS B. WHITTEMORE.

[This little story, children, teaches us that if we allow fear to control us in unimportant things it will also master us in great things. The boy in this story tried to persuade himself that he was not afraid; but the only way to have been sure of himself would have been to *perform* the deeds instead of hesitating over them and persuading himself that it was unnecessary to do them. There is a saying, "But if ye parley with the foe you're lost." Understand—we need not take foolish, senseless risks; but we must not be forever looking ahead for danger and accidents, or we surely will become cowardly.—F. P. P.]

BIRDIE.

Birdie, birdie, on the tree,
You've gone South with your tweedle-dee-dee.
How I miss you all day long,
And your happy warbling song!

But you sing to little folk now,
From lemon-tree or orange-bough;
And when 'tis spring you'll come to me,
And sing again your tweedle-dee-dee.

ESTELLE MENDELL AMORY.

WILLIE'S JOY-GARDEN.

Willie had decided to have a "joy-garden."

"What is a joy-garden?" asked Willie's mama. She was fond of having her little boy tell her what was in his mind.

"Why! don't you know, Mama?" said Willie. "A garden that will bring joy to people."

"In what way, my dear little boy?" asked Mama.

They were sitting on the porch in the early spring morning. Rover, the dog, was there, too, watching Willie with grave, loving eyes.

"First thing," said Willie, "Tommie Blodgett wants a printing-press, and he hasn't any money, and he's lame, and——"

"My little boy wishes to be able to buy one for him—is that it?" said Mama.

"And Mr. Rollins says he'll take my flowers into market and sell them for me, and perhaps," said Willie, a little doubtfully, "I could get private custom too."

"Of course you could, and I will be your first customer," answered Mama. She had to smile a little when she thought how Willie was counting his chickens before they were hatched.

All the same, Willie's joy-garden was planted, and, after a while, it bloomed into violets, pansies, Easter lilies, roses, sweet peas, oleanders, jonquils, hyacinths, and oh, dear me! a host of

lovely, fragrant flowers perfumed the air and made Willie's joy-garden a thing of beauty indeed. Many of the flowers were sold—some to the market, some to private customers, Mama included. Many of them in dainty bouquets were given to those who were sick or sad or in some way seemed to need just that ray of sunshine that lived in the hearts of Willie's flowers. Best of all, Tommie Blodgett got his printing-press, and started a little business of his own out of the proceeds of Willie's joy-garden.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

Two little sisters, with but twelve months' difference in their birthdays, were christened Mary and Helen; but their relatives and friends soon dubbed them "Sunshine" and "Cloud." And these were very appropriate names indeed, as you will presently learn.

Early in the morning Mary, or Sunshine, would hop from her couch and, while dressing, sing a merry lay. Helen, or Cloud, would yawn sleepily, turn over, and murmur that morning had come. Then, after urgent calls, she would slowly begin to dress; but invariably something would be missing. Then she'd moan and cry out: "Mary! Come find my shoe—or stocking-strap!"

Sunshine would gladly hasten to assist her anxious sister.

Alas! Helen's troubles were at their beginning. At the breakfast-table she'd look askance at everything, and push away her dish of oatmeal in disgust—saying, or rather whining, "Why didn't you have wheatlet?" (If it had been wheatlet she would have sighed for oatmeal.)

Upon the arrival of school-time she would complain bitterly of a headache, and beg leave to remain at home from school. Sunshine would then say: "I'll make you a cup of chocolate, sister dear, and it will help you; for you didn't eat any breakfast."

Cloud would most ungraciously accept her sister's kind aid; not even a "Thank you, sister," would she think to give.

And at school the teacher and playmates were repelled by the frowning face and morose ways of Cloud, who would fret and

fume, because she saw they did not like her. Bitterly would she complain to her mama about the disagreeable teacher and the slights of her schoolmates.

I really wish that I might tell you that she overcame her cloud-like actions—that she grew lovable and sweet; but this was not the case. Instead, she developed into a complaining woman whom people avoided because she had so many *fancied* ailments. Her aches and pains were her most cherished topics of conversation.

At the root of so unpleasant a disposition is extreme selfishness. She, Helen, became a veritable worshiper at the shrine of *self;* hence, she was most miserable. Surely, so cloudy a presence could not brighten the lives of those about her!

Now, you know, my dears, that the "orb of day," as the sun is often poetically named, gives out its beautiful, life-preserving rays in every direction. So blessed is its powers that it has even been worshiped by dwellers upon the earth; therefore, to be named "Sunshine" was a great compliment. What wonder that Mary strove to deserve the happy nickname? By her goodness, her thoughtfulness of others, she sent forth rays of sunshine. She really made the world better and brighter because she was living.

Strive, my dear little readers, to be sunny, and to shed sunshine all about you. FANNY L. FANCHER.

DISCONTENT is not always a bad quality. It is well to be contented with some things, but better to be discontented with others—contented with the good things around you and discontented with the bad things within you. If there is any hope of your being able to improve yourself in any way, or better any course of action, by all means be discontented with your present plan. Some of the greatest improvements in civilization, and the noblest advances in human intercourse, have been brought about by active discontent. But be careful, my youngsters, how you handle this bit of advice. If you take hold of it at the right end, and don't swing it too far, it will be useful to you.—*"Jack-in-the-Pulpit."*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY. By Annie Besant. 400 pp. Cloth, $1.50. John Lane, publisher, New York.

The sub-title of this book is "The Lesser Mysteries." It is a needed exposition of the *underlying* truths (the occult side) of religions in general and of Christianity in particular. It runs the whole gamut of theology, considering such subjects as the atonement, resurrection and ascension, the Trinity, prayer, the forgiveness of sins, sacraments, revelation, and the Christ—historical, mythical, and mystical. The author's position in the Theosophical movement entitles her researches in the esoteric realm to the respect of scholars everywhere, and an undoubted merit of the present volume is its accurate and lucid definition of the principles of genuine Theosophy. This is revealed as a study of fundamentals that exist universally—foundation truths on which are based especially the exoteric teachings of Christ: the "simple gospel" of his disciples. Much of the book is confirmatory of the claims of the New Metaphysics, and its careful perusal by the clergy would result, in the writer's opinion, in a radical modification of the repellent features of modern orthodoxy. The book is instructive to an eminent degree, and as a treatise on the scientific groundwork of a wider religious unity is unique among the progressive literature of the day.

MARY STARKWEATHER. By Corolin Crawford Williamson. 603 pp. Cloth, $1.50. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

While dramatized novels seem to rule among theatrical successes, it is a refreshing variation to encounter a novelized drama. This term, however, scarcely describes this remarkable book, although its chief characters and incidents are drawn from "Truth," a society play by the same author that has been successfully produced in Boston. The theme of both book and drama is essentially modern; it relates to the potency of mind in the cause and cure of disease. In the novel the principles of mental healing—as applied to both bodily and social ills—are elaborated with a clearness and strength of argument that the exigencies of stage

action forbid. The story is most fascinating in its variety of types as well as in its brilliant though subtle dialogue, and it may be read with profit by the devotees of any school of advanced thought. It has all the charm of sincerity, irresistible humor, and literary merit, and contains nothing offensive to cherished opinions or refined tastes. It may be regarded as an instructive treatise on the practical phases of the New Thought, and should have a place in every metaphysical library. "Mary Starkweather" is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art, and has a frontispiece portrait of the author. J. E. M.

* * *

DOMINION AND POWER. By Charles Brodie Patterson. 217 pp. Cloth, $1.00. The Alliance Publishing Company, New York.
[*A Critique by W. J. Colville.*]

It is with sincerest pleasure that I recommend to friends and students everywhere "Dominion and Power." I have never read a book with greater satisfaction and delight, nor have I ever seen a clearer or more attractive presentation of spiritual science and philosophy couched in language adapted alike to the fastidious scholar and the unpretentious working multitude. Not only are Mr. Patterson's own exquisite essays mines filled with priceless instruction for every student of life's mysteries, but the admirable quotations from numerous great authors—ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental—which constitute the headings of the twenty-two chapters are in themselves worth more than many a costlier volume. "Dominion and Power" is a great book with a great title—a book that will live; and the longer it lives the more honored and beloved a friend will it become to the reading and reflecting public the wide world over.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS. By Thomas E. Willson. 74 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by Charles Johnston, Flushing, N. Y.

THE BOSTON EPHEMERIS FOR 1902. By J. G. Dalton. 27 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, 6 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

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